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A

JOURNAL OF TRAVELS

IN

ENGLAND, HOLLAND AND SCOTLAND,

AND OF

TWO PASSAGES OVER THE ATLANTIC,

IN THE YEARS 1805 AND 1806;

WITH

CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS, PRINCIPALLY FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS OF THE AUTHOR.

THIRD EDITION,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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1820.

DISTRICT OF CONNECTICUT, ss.

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"A Journal of Travels in England, Holland and Scotland, and of two passages over the Atlantic, in the years 1805 and 1806; with considerable additions, principally from the original Manuscripts of the author. Third edition, in three volumes."

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CHAS. A. INGERSOLL,
Clerk of the District of Connecticut.

A true copy of Record, examined and sealed by me,

CHAS. A. INGERSOLL,
Clerk of the District of Connecticut.

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July 6.—I do not mean often to trouble you with my peculiar employments, but a circumstance of some interest has grown out of them, which I shall now take the liberty of mentioning. I pass three or four hours, every morning, in professional pursuits, with able masters, and a part of that time I employ with Mr. Accum, one of the best practical chemists in this country; my object is to repeat in his laboratory, and with his assistance, such chemical operations as are more particularly difficult and critical. Of late, I have found myself growing very unwell, and with a train of symptoms which affected me in a manner quite novel: an insupportable languor has, for several days, pervaded my limbs, and rendered every exertion painful; while an extremely disordered stomach has deprived me equally of the power and the disposition to receive any support from food. As these distressing sensations had been rapidly increasing, I was led to cast about me for the cause, when I recollected that,

not long before, I had been occupied, for some time, in the laboratory, while it was filled with the poisonous fumes arising from a mixture of arsenic and red hot nitre, upon which we were operating. I then remembered that I had since heard Mr. Accum complain of similar sensations, and I could no longer be at a loss for the cause. Although I had, in a degree, persevered in active employments, I had been obliged, occasionally, to resort to my bed in the day time. It is not necessary to expatiate upon the deleterious properties of arsenic; unhappily they are but too well known in the dreadful memoirs of private poisoning. Probably arsenic inhaled into the lungs is not less poisonous than when received into the stomach. The miserable convicts who work in roasting the ores of Cobalt in Saxony, one object of whose labour is to collect the arsenic, which, in copious white fumes, is abundantly exhaled by heat from these ores, survive but a few years, and are the victims of a grievous train of maladies.*

Undoubtedly, all persons who operate upon arsenic, should avoid the fumes, for, although it is a very dense and heavy mineral, it rises in a cloud of snowy vapour, far below a red heat, and is readily drawn into the lungs with the air: these fumes should always be allowed to pass up a chimney.

Being convinced that moderate exercise was the best thing to restore the tone of my muscles, and that cheerful

*Aug. 1818. The Journals have recently informed us of the death of the celebrated German chemist, Gehlen, who imprudently breathed the arseniated hydrogen gas; but no more than by smelling it as it was evolved from the materials. He languished in dreadful tortures, and no resource of art or skill could save him.

society would counteract that downward tendency of the mind which is produced by its sympathy with the languor of the body, I commenced a slow walk toward Finsbury Square, which is nearly three miles from my lodgings. I gained strength from the exertion, and performed the walk with only one resting spell, and that at a bookseller's shop, where I found amusement from the news and literary topics of the day.

In Finsbury Square I met

AN AMERICAN PARTY,

at the house of Mr. Williams, late American Consul for the port of London. From this gentleman I had received a series of kind and useful attentions, which made his house a home, and in this I was not alone, for few men ever rendered themselves more useful to their countrymen abroad, or more respected by the people of the country. At his house to-day, as had often happened before, I met a party exclusively American. Although, as I have before remarked, a traveller should rather avoid than seek the society of his countrymen, still, there is a feeling of country, which may sometimes be advantageously indulged by a temporary association with people whose habits and feelings, whose very prejudices and follies, correspond with our own. I dined with an American circle to-day, and found a correspondence of views and opinions, which has rarely failed to shed over such parties a peculiar interest, and to produce a peculiar gratification.

There was present a brother of the celebrated Madame Jerome Bonaparte, now attending his unfortunate sister, whose recent repulse from the shores of the continent, ex-

cites in this country no small sympathy for the lady, and equal indignation against the authors of her misfortunes.

We were so happy as to have at our table an American, well known at home as a man of talents and distinction, who has recently returned to England from a residence on the continent, principally in France and Italy. The politeness and suavity of his manners, his easy command of the best language, and the animated manner in which he speaks, enable him to display most advantageously the rare acquisitions he has made, and to instruct and delight the circles which he frequents. I have seen him in English parties, where I felt proud of him as my countryman, because I was certain that he did us honour. Indeed the idea advanced by Buffon, Raynal, and other European writers, that the human mind has dwindled on the other side of the Atlantic, is too insulting to be treated with the decency of a sober refutation, and too ridiculous to need it. While I feel the utmost respect for the enlightened intelligence of the English mind, I have seen no reason to think that my own countrymen would suffer by a comparison.

Finding myself better for the exertion of going to Finsbury Square, I walked back. It was nearly 12 o'clock when I arrived; you will recollect, however, that in this country, at this season of the year, it is but just after dark, at midnight. The days are of a fatiguing, I had almost said tedious length, to those who are unwilling to let any portion of day light pass unused.

At so late an hour it is rare to meet beggars, most of the professional mendicants having usually retired. Near my lodgings I was, to-night, abruptly addressed by a voice indicating extreme misery: "pray, sir, give me a little

money, *I am very hungry.*" Thinking this to be a case of real misery, I turned and saw behind a lamp post a poor ragged boy, about ten years old. I asked him, how long he had been hungry—(he appeared to understand me to say, how long he expected to be hungry)—he replied, "till I can sell these matches," (shewing a little bunch of them to me.) It might be *acting*, but to my mind it was the despairing voice of starvation, and who could withhold from such an object, enough to buy a loaf of bread. I am almost never abroad without meeting similar adventures. Returning from the parliament house a few nights since, between one and two o'clock A. M. a haggard female addressed me, as she rose from the steps of a house where she was laid down. Presenting her emaciated features by the light of the lamp, she said: "for heaven's sake, sir, save a poor woman from death; I am on the point of starving, and I beseech you to have mercy on me and give me enough to buy some bread." These constitute very painful features in the portrait of this splendid metropolis.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

July 8.—In the evening I went to the Haymarket theatre. It is opened only during the summer months, and its performances begin when those of Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden close. The house is small, but neat, and even to a certain degree elegant.

The play performed to-night was *Speed the Plough*, with the after-piece of *The Hunter over the Alps*. Both the plays, and the manner of acting them, would have admitted of criticism, but, on the whole, I was entertained, and even considerably interested. As usual, love was a

prominent feature in the story, but nothing can be farther from the language and manners of this passion than the ranting professions and frantic gestures which usually attend it on the stage.

The dancing was very indecent; modesty seems not to be a necessary qualification in an actress. It would be unjust to say that it is never found on the stage, for the character of Mrs. Siddons is known to be estimable in private life, and I believe was never reproached. But Mrs. Jordan, one of the most eminent actresses at present on the London stage, is openly the mistress of the Duke of Clarence, and has been so for many years. This duke is a son of the present king; Mrs. Jordan is the mother of several of his children, and whenever she is to play a distinguished part, he usually attends.

In the plays this evening there was a considerable degree of profaneness, some coarse and indecent deportment, and frequent inuendos too palpable to be misunderstood. I could not mark either displeasure or embarrassment in the countenances of the audience; fashion sanctions every thing, and even modesty may be brought by degrees to smile where it should frown. Enthusiastic applauses were bestowed by the galleries this evening, on this sentiment—that if a poor man had but an honest heart, there lived not one in England who had either the presumption or the power to oppress him. In this incident may be seen the active jealousy of liberty, which exists even in the lower orders of England.

ATHLETIC EXERCISES.

July 9.—Having never seen the Aquatic Theatre, at Sadler's Wells, a little out of London on the west, I went thither this evening with an acquaintance.

In our way we passed over an extensive field of green grass, where a company of young men were playing at ball. This climate is so temperate, that even such violent exercise may be indulged in with safety and pleasure, at a season of the year when, in America, the heat is almost intolerable. I have worn broad cloth and cassimere thus far this summer, and have found no occasion for those light stuffs which, in the United States, are so welcome during the sultry heats of July.

The mode of playing ball differs a little from that practised in New-England. Instead of tossing up the ball out of one's own hand, and then striking it, as it descends, they lay it into the heel of a kind of wood shoe; the shoe is hollowed out from the instep back to the heel, and upon the instep a spring is fixed, which extends within the hollow to the hinder part of the shoe; the ball is placed where the heel of the foot would commonly be, and a blow applied on the other end of the spring, raises the ball into the air, and, as it descends, it receives the blow from the bat.

They were playing also at another game resembling our cricket, but differing from it in this particular, that the perpendicular pieces which support the horizontal one, are about eighteen inches high, and are three in number, whereas with us they are only two in number, and about three or four inches high.

The young men of England are very active, and play with much adroitness and vigour. Their habits of activity contribute much to that appearance of florid health which is so remarkable in the youth of this country.—Probably the genteel young men of England are the handsomest men on earth. It is true this is in part attributa-

ble to their dress, which is remarkably correct; their clothes are of the best materials—genteely made, and genteely worn, and always clean and whole. They are never put on after they have become much defaced; still they are plain, and appear to be made for comfort and decency more than for exhibition. There is much less finery than with us, and there are very few fops. The footmen are almost the only coxcombs seen in London.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.

This theatre is situated a little out of London, near the village of Islington. There is a chalybeate spring here, which was famous before the Reformation for the cure of certain diseases; but the priests of the Romish Church, who lived in the vicinity, had the address to persuade the patients that the efficacy of the waters was owing to their prayers. For this reason the spring was stopped up at the Reformation, and its virtues, and even its situation were forgotten. In the year 1683 it was accidentally discovered again by a labourer, employed by a Mr. Sadler, from whom it derives its present name. Since that, the place has become famous for the exhibition of pantomimes, rope-dancing, and feats of activity, for which a theatre has been erected, and the mineral spring now forms its smallest attraction.

In the entertainment which I saw, the early parts consisted principally of low buffoonery—coarse wit, and feats of activity. You may judge, by the following circumstance, what sort of mirth is relished here.

The clown attempting to draw on a boot in presence of the audience, and, his foot having nearly reached the bottom, he roared out as if from pain, and drew his foot

violently out, when a large rat was seen hanging by his teeth upon the clown's foot, while he ran around the stage in apparent consternation. The thing was received with great applause, and doubtless succeeded better than the most brilliant effusion of wit would have done.

There was a great deal of dancing. The females laid aside the petticoat, and appeared in loose muslin pantaloons, white silk stockings, and red slippers. They wore also, an open short frock, hanging loose like a coat. Such facts need no comment. I shall say nothing more than that they danced with much spirit and elegance.

The dancing was succeeded by a popular song, the subject of which was a late gallant achievement in the taking of a fortress in the West-Indies, by a boat's crew of a British ship of war. The applauses bestowed on this piece, particularly by the galleries, were frequent and loud.—The English naval enterprise was probably never higher than at present, and the theatres fall in with the national feelings; on this subject the meanest fellow in the gallery feels proud.

Next came a long piece, which was partly spoken, and partly exhibited in pantomime. It was one of the Scotch popular tales, involving all their poetical machinery of witches, weired sisters, ghosts, enchanted castles, &c. the dresses, dialect, and scenery, were all Scotch, and, as usual, *love and murder* formed the catastrophe. There was but one thing in the performance which I think worth mentioning.

The last scene gave us a view of the famous Fingal's cave. This representation was very interesting. A surprising circumstance in this piece of scenery was, that the place which but a moment before was a common stage, all

dry like a house floor, now became a great expanse of water, extending back and back, beneath the arches of the cave, and between its huge basaltic columns, till, from the distance, and the consequent obscurity, the eye could no longer perceive any distinct images. You are prepared to say, that this was all produced by the magic of painting. No, it was not—the water was real, for it was soon filled with the boats of the Highlanders, some of which contained six or eight men, and were rowed with facility. A lady, who is the principal subject of the performance, had been brought by her lover in a boat, and landed on one of the crags of the cave, where she concealed herself to avoid the pursuit of her lover's rival, whom she hated. But soon his boat appears, approaching from the dark recesses of the cavern; he discovers the lady in her concealment, forces her into his boat, and is bearing her away in triumph, when she leaps into the water, and swims to the boat of her lover, which now appears, again coming from among the basaltic columns, on the other side; she reaches it, climbs up the side, and, all dripping as she is, lies down at full length in the boat. I mention this circumstance to prove to you that it was a real water scene.

The head of the new river which supplies London with water is near this place, and I suppose, furnishes the water for the marine exhibitions of this theatre, thence, I imagine, deriving the name of the Aquatic theatre, by which appellation it is frequently called.

It was to me a perfectly novel and an entertaining exhibition.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

July 11.—Mr. Accum, to whom I have been indebted for many instances of kindness, since I came to London,

this morning conduced me to see the royal institution. This institution was set on foot a few years ago for the purpose of encouraging useful knowledge in general, and for facilitating the introduction of useful mechanical improvements. Now, public lectures are delivered in the institution on different branches of science, and particularly on natural philosophy and chemistry. The establishment was munificently endowed, and Count Rumford was placed at its head, where he had opportunity to give full scope to his culinary and other experiments. The institution has become quite celebrated, and for two or three years past, has made more noise than any other in Europe. It is on a very extensive scale: for, the English, whenever any favourite object is in view, never spare money, and indeed, as the patrons of such institutions are generally rich, they commonly prefer the most expensive establishments, because there is a gratification derived from the distinction, as well as from the consciousness of doing good.

A number of contiguous houses in Albemarle-street have been so connected as to form one building, and this contains the numerous apartments of the royal institution. There are rooms for reading the journals and newspapers; others, devoted to the library, which is already considerably extensive; others to the philosophical apparatus, the lectures, the minerals, the professors, the cookery, servants, &c. In the lowest apartment they pointed out a great number of culinary utensils, consisting of stew pans, boilers, roasters, and other similar things, which Count Rumford has, at various times, invented, for reducing the humble processes of the kitchen to philosophical principles. The experiments were carried *quite* through, for,

one of the objects of the institution was to give *experimental* dinners, at which the Count presided, and the patrons of his experiments attended, to judge of the merits of any newly invented mode of cooking, or of any new dish. It was probably not very difficult to *recruit* a sufficient number of men for this service, in a country where good living is so much in fashion, and could philosophical pursuits always come furnished with equal attractions, they would never want devotees.

Do not understand me however as meaning any reflections on Count Rumford. His labours have been highly meritorious, and useful to mankind, and I would be the last to throw an air of ridicule around those men who strive to make philosophy the handmaid of the arts.

They shewed me also the system of boilers and pipes, by means of which the Count has contrived to carry steam through this extensive edifice, and effectualy to warm the theatre by diffusing through it the air which has become heated by contact with the pipes containing the steam.

The theatre is the room where the lectures are given. It is a superb apartment, and fitted up with great convenience. It is semicircular, and contains a pit and gallery, in which the seats rise row behind row. It is lighted from above, through a circular orifice, which, whenever the lecturer wishes to darken the room, can be shut at pleasure by a horizontal screen connected with a cord. This theatre has often contained a thousand persons. It is so fashionable a resort, that the ladies of Westminster are in the habit of coming to the royal institution to derive instruction from the rational pursuits of philosophy. Surely every one would commend this preference, when the compe-

tition lies between routs and masquerades, and the delightful recreations of experimental science.

But, as one object of the institution has been to attract an audience, of course every thing has worn a popular air, and the amusing and the brilliant have been studiously pursued as well as the useful. The apparatus is by no means so extensive as I expected to find it.

Very recently two new institutions have been projected in London, on principles similar to this. They are patronised by the people of *the city*, as distinguished from Westminster, and are designed to rival the Royal Institution. There is a spirit of jealousy and rivalry subsisting in the city towards the people of fashion in Westminster. In the former, people accumulate fortunes by industry and spend their lives in business; in the latter, they live to be amused, and to enjoy their fortunes. Although there can be no hesitation in deciding which class is really most deserving, and which ought to be honoured and applauded, some how or other, the world has always been so *wrong-headed* as to permit elegant and fashionable idleness to give the ton to every thing, while less polished but more useful industry has stood in the back ground. It must be acknowledged that the citizens have taken a very laudable way to assert their dignity.

Besides these institutions there is still another of very recent origin, the object of which is to hold forth encouragement for the cultivation of the fine arts, particularly those which are connected with the manufacturing interests of Great Britain. The encouragement contemplated is not merely that of honorary distinctions, but of substantial pecuniary aid, and that sufficiently liberal to answer the purpose.

No. XXVIII.—LONDON.

Royal circus—A pantomime—Absurdity of battles on the stage—Horsemanship—Ludicrous scene—Courtezans—Old Bailey—Incidents there—A wonderful old sinner—Debtors in Newgate—Goldsmith's garret—Morland picture gallery—Ludicrous courtship—The painter his own satirist—Evening at home—Mr. Nicholson—Dr. Hooper and the Mary le Bone establishments—Celibacy.

ROYAL CIRCUS.

In the evening I went with an acquaintance to the Royal Circus, which is in St. George's fields on the Surry side of the Thames. This circus is an elegant building, fitted up, like other places of the kind, with a pit, boxes, and a gallery, and with a stage and scenery adapted to pantomimes, buffoonery and feats of bodily activity.

The entertainment consisted of specimens of all these. The pantomime was nearly unintelligible to me, as I was unacquainted with the story. I believe however that it was taken from Shakspeare's Cimbeline. The English are still fond of battles on the stage, as they were in Addison's time, nor do the judicious objections raised against this kind of representation by him appear to have at all corrected the national taste. This evening there was a great battle fought between the Romans and ancient Britons, with much noise and strife, and no small clashing of swords and helmets, but *as nobody was killed*, it was somewhat difficult to believe that the combatants had really been in sober earnest. As this impression will always remain on the mind, it is certainly better that fight-

ing and murdering scenes should be related, and not acted.

The horsemanship was *wonderful.* The feats which these people perform would, I think, be incredible to any one who had not seen similar things. Could we perceive any useful purpose, either of war or peace, to which this surprising muscular activity can be applied, we should look at equestrian exercises with more complacency, but, as the case is, they must be regarded as a frivolous and childish amusement.

You have seen equestrian exercises in America, and the common feats of riding on one foot, on one toe, (the great toe of course) while the other foot is in the air—of riding with one foot on one horse and the other on another—of lying extended upon the back lengthwise, on one horse, or crosswise on two; of riding on one hand, the body being thrown up into the air; of vaulting to the ground, and back to the saddle, alighting in both instances on the feet, while the horse is in full gallop; these, and other similar feats, however surprising, have in a measure, lost their effect by familiarity. I saw one feat to-night however which was novel. A board full of lighted candles stuck into holes bored in it, was held by two men very high, over the course, and at right angles with it; the horse in full career passed under the board, and the equestrian with an astonishing leap bounded over it and over the burning candles, and alighted upon the saddle, as the horse came out from under the board. It is said that the same feat has been performed where instead of lighted candles the points of naked bayonets formed the fence to be leaped.

In the course of the evening Harlequin and Scaromouch were introduced on to the stage, and were, without doubt,

very gratifying to those who can be amused with seeing man become a monkey, and "the human face divine" distorted with every possible spasm and grimace, and disguised with the most ludicrous and absurd combinations of artificial colour.

There was one circumstance which afforded the gallery a high degree of amusement. Scaramouch sat down to supper, and all of a sudden, the table was transformed into a tall pale ghost, which rose and embraced poor Scaramouch, who was petrified with consternation; with a desperate effort he disengaged himself from the ghost, which then walked slowly and solemnly around the stage.

This peice of deception was effected by concealing a man beneath a table; his head was let through it by means of a hole, and covered with a napkin as if it had been a roasted goose. At the appointed moment, the man rose, with the table on his shoulders; the table was so small that the table cloth answered very well for a winding sheet, and fell down around the ghost, trailing on the floor and concealing his limbs.

There was a great deal of buffoonery, indecent dancing, mimickry, and other similar things most of which were as dull, as they were all silly and childish. Such are the amusements with which some of the people of London recreate themselves after the fatigues of business. I mixed with the crowd in the pit and other parts of the house, and indeed it is my wish, as far as possible, to mingle in scenes of every description, whenever I can do it without guilt or danger, for, if one would form a correct estimate of human life and the human character, he must "catch the manners living as they rise." To obtain an adequate idea of the morals of London, it is necessary to visit the

theatres, the gardens, and other public places, and to walk at night through the principal streets. In all these places you will see multitudes of those whom it is scarcely possible to name without offence and disgust, and whose impudent and shameless advances, made without any regard to the decorum of time, place, or character, nothing but the most frequent and decided repulses can repress or even discourage.

Perhaps I ought to apologize for alluding to a subject so painful to every virtuous mind, but circumstances of this nature are so frequent and so glaring, and form so prominent a feature in London manners, that it is scarcely possible to pass them by in total silence.

OLD BAILEY.

July 13.—I dined with a friend, and in the afternoon went with him to the Old Bailey, a court which I need only name, to *you*, who are familiar with English jurisprudence. It is under the same roof with the famous Newgate prison. The cells which separate the unhappy felons from the rest of mankind; the court that furnishes their death warrant, and the fatal apparatus which launches them into eternity, are all here upon one spot. Tyburn is no longer the scene of execution; that distressing, although necessary act of justice, is now performed at the door of the Newgate prison, in one of the most public streets in London. In the back yard of the Old Bailey, we saw the scaffold. It is a stage erected on runners, and furnished with a gallows, beneath which is a trap-door, that falls from under the culprit; when an execution is to take place, the machine is dragged out from the yard into the street, and placed before one of the prison

doors, through which the prisoner is conducted to the scaffold. There he is suffered to hang, sometimes for an hour. Although several executions have happened since I have been residing in London, it has not been my misfortune to pass by Newgate, in time to see a kind of tragedy of which I would not willingly be a spectator.

At the Old Bailey, a man was under trial for his life, on an indictment for burglary. I witnessed the issue of the trial. Judge Lawrence summed up the case to the jury, with perspicuity and humanity. Without leaving their seats, the jury acquitted the man of burglary, but found him guilty of a common larceny. Influenced by that commisseration which we are too prone to feel for one in his circumstances, I was gratified to find that his life was not forfeited, especially as he appeared like a forlorn, distressed man. He seemed to be half starved, and when called upon by the court for his defence, he said that he was without witnesses and without friends.

Immediately after, a woman was brought to the bar, and indicted for crimes, for which, if convicted, she must loose her life. As we did not stay to hear this trial through, I do not know her fate. Judge Lawrence had retired, and the Recorder now presided. I was disgusted with the captiousness and imperiousness which he displayed. Surely, while an upright judge asserts, with firmness, the dignity of the laws, he should bear himself with all possible humanity towards the trembling wretch who stands before him.

Last evening a young girl of sixteen or seventeen years of age was condemned to death in this court for forgery. In the same place, and for the same crime, stood convicted the famous Dr. Dodd, whose singularly distressing case

called forth the pen of Johnson, and excited your friend Mr. ——— with a warmth of friendship which we must admire, while we cannot but censure its interference with the laws—to exert himself, although unsuccessfully, for his rescue.

In the course of this week, an old man of about eighty years of age, has been tried for the sixty-first time at the Old Bailey, and this, after having been fifty-seven times publicly whipped, and otherwise ignominiously punished, and after being once condemned to death, the infliction of which was prevented by a pardon. I question whether the annals of criminal law can furnish a parallel. The old man was condemned again, at this trial, but not capitally, so that he may yet make the number of his convictions equal to three score and ten.

There is a great number of debtors confined in Newgate and the adjoining prisons, and most of them are immured for small sums, and have very little hope of escaping, because they are miserably poor. They are crowded, in great numbers, into small apartments, and I have never heard more piteous cries of distress, nor more moving entreaties for relief, than from the grates of the Fleet prison, as I have been passing along between it and Fleet-market.*

* Although known by the person to be a mere temporary resident in London, I was pressingly applied to by a Londoner to contribute towards the relief of an artist, *come down*, (as they term it from Manchester) and who, although ingenious and industrious, was by misfortune thrown into the prison for debt, and was represented to be almost in a state of starvation.

GOLDSMITH'S GARRET.

My companion, who although residing in this country as a merchant, has indulged that curiosity which the habits of his early education were calculated to excite and direct, took me from the Old Bailey to Green Arbour Court, one of the early residences of Goldsmith. This court but poorly deserves the name which it bears, for it is obscure and dirty, and has neither arbour nor verdure about it. Although Mr. M——— had been here before, we searched for some time, and went into a number of houses, before we could find that in which Goldsmith formerly lived. It was a very ordinary, indeed I may say a very poor house, and the poet resided in the very garret. His chamber was lighted by a single window in the roof, and its antiquity was sufficiently evinced by the diamond form of the glass, which was very small, and set in lead. The chamber itself was small, and so low, on account of the sloping of the roof, as to leave only a few feet where one can stand upright.

We should not expect such a place to be honoured with the visitations of the Muses, yet it is said, that this garret witnessed some of the finest effusions of a mind which has left much to delight and instruct the world.

His chamber is now inhabited by a poor woman, who seemed to be very little conscious of the honour of being Dr. Goldsmith's successor; for, when we asked her concerning him, she said she knew nothing of the matter, although she had heard that such a man once lived there. When we enquired whether she had any thing of his in her possession, she even seemed wounded at what she appeared to feel as a reflection on her honesty.

MORLAND GALLERY.

July 15.—On my way home through the Strand to-day, my attention was arrested by the Morland Gallery of pictures, in surveying which I spent an hour. There are nearly one hundred pieces, all done by Morland, a very eccentric English artist, lately dead. The scenes are all from nature, and from real life, and what is more, they are all English scenes. There is not a single shred of Roman or Grecian fable, and therefore the pictures are generally understood, and being admirably executed, they are generally admired. I have never seen any pictures which exhibit the appearance of the ocean in a storm so well as these, and they produced their full effect on my imagination, on account of the strong impressions, which I have so recently received of marine scenery.

Morland has been equally happy in his winter scenes, and peculiarly successful in exhibiting the moral traits of common life. There is a picture of a bashful country lad, making love to a lass as bashful as himself, while the old people are looking on. This picture amused me much.*

* As I cannot show you the picture, you shall have the story on which it is founded.

"Young Roger, the ploughman, who wanted a mate,
Went along with his daddy a courting to Kate:
With a nosegay so large, and his holyday clothes,
His hands in his pockets, away Roger goes.

Now he was as bashful as bashful could be,
And Kitty, poor girl, was as bashful as he;
So he bow'd and he star'd, and he let his hat fall,
Then he grinn'd, scratch'd his head, and said nothing at all.

This story, not badly told in rhyme, is admirably told on the canvas, and the effect, as you may well imagine, is ludicrous in the extreme.

Morland was a man of wild eccentric fancy, in the indulgence of which he travelled all over England, to copy some of its finest scenes. He has given a faithful portrait of his old white horse, which carried him in his excursions, and he took the strange whim into his head of painting a caricature of himself.

He is exhibited as sitting at the canvas, with his pencil between his fingers, and his pallet on his thumb;—with stockings full of holes, and a coat out at elbows; nor has he forgotten to satirize his own infirmity, by placing the gin keg (which is said to have been his ruin) in full view.

My evening was rendered very pleasant at my lodgings by a call from two Americans, who took tea and spent the evening with me. We returned in imagination to our own country, and beguiled several hours in the most interesting conversation on American scenes. Never, till since my arrival in England, did I realize the strength of the tie which binds one to his country.

My windows are barred and doors shut as close as if it were winter, and this has generally been the fact for some time past. Even in the day I have found it sometimes necessary to wear an outside garment and gloves, when reading in my apartment. It is widely different with you at this period, when the sultry heats of July oblige you to open your doors and windows to every breath of evening

If awkward the swain, not less awkward the maid;
She simper'd and blush'd, with her apron-strings play'd;
Till the old folks, impatient to have the thing done,
Agreed that young Roger and Kate should be one."

air, and to divest yourselves of every article of superfluous apparel.

MR. NICHOLSON.

July 16.—I had an interview this morning with Mr. Nicholson, the conductor of the Philosophical Journal, and author of several works on Natural Science. He is so well known to the scientific world, and has long held a distinguished place in it both as a writer and teacher. It is always gratifying to find distinguished men amiable and attentive to civility in private life.

Mr. Nicholson is so in an eminent degree, and in several instances in which I have consulted him on subjects connected with his peculiar pursuits, he has exhibited a degree of urbanity and intelligence, which could not fail of making an advantageous impression. He holds a conversazione at his house; I was present at one.

I believe few men in Britain would, at the present time, be considered as higher authority in any thing relating to science, than Mr. Nicholson. I had long respected and admired him at a distance. But he is one of those men whose mental magnitude does not diminish by a nearer view. Great men, like islands seen through a mist, usually appear the largest at a distance; this misty magnitude is very apt to vanish as we approach them; like the islands, what seemed vast in extent and to the imagination stored with the finest productions, but turn out sometimes barren in soil, mean in cultivation, and inconsiderable in size. In preparing to decide what artist or artists to employ in constructing the philosophical apparatus for Yale College, I had frequent occasion to consult Mr. Nicholson, and he gave me the following wise advice. "Seek

(said he) for a man who has both skill and reputation, but one who is still ambitious of rising, and who still has, in some good degree, his fortune and name to acquire; with such a man, it will be a great object to serve you faithfully, and especially to gain a name abroad; but some of those who have already gained great celebrity and grown rich, are less careful that their articles should be excellent, than that they should be showy."

When I apologized to Mr. N. for the trouble I was giving him by such frequent applications, he replied that I need feel no delicacy on that point, for he had always, through life, made it a principle to afford cheerfully, every assistance in his power, whenever called upon, and that in his opinion this was the wisest course, for it would procure a similar return. In his own experience he said he had ever found this expectation verified.*

If it be a matter of some delicacy to *praise* living men, it is certainly a much more difficult task to pursue the opposite course; were it not for this, it would not be difficult to find in London, originals among men of great name, and high self-consideration, of whom the most faithful portrait would bear every appearance of a caricature. I could make you laugh and I could make you angry by a

* Aug 1818. The scientific world have now, for some time, had occasion to deplore the death of this very able and useful philosopher. I may be permitted to add, that he bore a strong resemblance in the features of his mind, to the late President Dwight. In his person, not unlike as to size and general port—in his communications, like him, copious, flowing, lucid, courteous---bearing upon the given topic with great energy and scope of thought---ready on almost every subject, and pouring a full stream, from a fountain, so much more full and ample, that it was never exhausted.

portrait of this kind taken from the life. I must not however proceed in this strain but will turn to a subject of an opposite character.

Dr. HOOPER and the MARY LE BONE ESTABLISHMENTS.

I went with Mr. Accum this morning to the west end of London, to hear a lecture from Dr. Hooper, a medical gentleman of great respectability and author of several valuable professional works. He has a fine lecture room, in a quiet street, and although his class like those of most private lecturers in London was small, it was attentive and decorous. Dr. Hooper lectured with dignity, perspicuity and ease, and seemed perfectly to understand his business.

By invitation, I went with him to the Mary le Bone Infirmary, of which he is the resident physician. This infirmary is an appendage of the Mary le Bone Work House, and both are situated on the North Western angle of London, quite on the confines of the city and country, where the verdure and fine air of the latter, are united with the accommodations of the former. These establishments were formed in 1775, and sometimes contain more than one thousand of "the helpless poor." They are very fine things of their kind. "The work-shops, wash-house, laundry, wards, kitchen, bake-house, chapel and officers' rooms are excellently suited to their different purposes." I have seen nothing in England of the kind more cleanly and desirable. Dr. Hooper, with that civility for which he is celebrated, made my visit interesting and instructive, and particularly so, by the exhibition of a great number of very fine drawings, and finished pictures of various diseased parts of the human body, done by himself from actual

cases, which have occurred during a residence of fifteen years in this Institution.

Dr. Hooper informed me that he was a fellow student with our distinguished countryman Dr. Physic of Philadelphia, whose professional eminence, especially as a surgeon, would probably place him on a level with the most distinguished in London.

CELIBACY.

If the age has gone by in England, when mistaken views of religion, or, more correctly, when a systematized ecclesiastical tyranny, permitting in its immediate instruments, no engagements militating against a complete devotion to its own views, enjoined upon the clergy a single life, another age has arrived in which the opulent, the splendid, the fashionable, the refined, the learned, the man of business, and the virtuoso voluntarily assume, or rather persevere in, that state, which as the sage English moralist says has "no pleasures" although its opposite has "many pains." Celibacy, I have reason to believe, is extremely common in England, for, in my short acquaintance, I find it among persons of all the descriptions hinted at above.

One gentleman, a friendly cordial man, who in his youth had served against us in the revolutionary war; whose name stands high in the records of science, and is known in every land where science is cultivated, is still a bachelor, and resides in lodgings. Another, hardly less eminent in science, nobly descended and nobly connected, improved by much foreign residence and extensive travel, surrounded with the splendors of fortune, the chef d' œuvres of taste, and the rarities of nature, opposed to the

court in the effort to subjugate us, but still a privy counsellor of the king; this gentleman presents every attraction at his splendid establishment, except the domestic delights, which are worth all the rest.

Another, devoted to professional achievements, rides in his coach, to relieve the sufferings of his fellow creatures, and gives so undivided an attention to these interesting calls, and the scientific efforts which are necessary to the successful treatment of them, that his sun of life already shines from its meridian, but shines not on the domestic altar.

Another, whose head is already silvered by time, deeply versed in the mysteries of commerce and enriched by its gains; in hospitality boundless, in services to strangers unwearied; with an ample and well served establishment, and a table, which is not unfrequently graced by females of the greatest respectability; this gentleman respected by his own government and honoured by foreign ones, is still a bachelor.

A fourth travels, and travels so industriously, that there is hardly a nook or corner of England which he has not visited, and when he is tired he returns to London, dines with his friends, relates his adventures, stores his curiosities, and then sets out and travels again; but although forty-five summers have passed over his head, no wife or children regret his departure or greet his return.

A fifth, smitten with rural beauty, lives in a villa remote from the noise and strife of the town; picturesque scenery, of hill and dale, and rivulet and meadow, and wood and fertile fields and all the sober calm of country stillness, gives many charms to his situation; servants minister to every want; horses, dogs and guns invite to rural

sports, and convivial pleasures often enliven his board, but still in those hours (and they are not a few even in the life of the most busy man) when all these resources are of no avail, and solitude comes at last, there is no one to whom he can whisper, with the French sentimentalist, that "solitude is sweet."

A sixth, with a taste partly rural, lives immured in the noise and smoke of London, but enamoured with river scenery, invites his friends of both sexes to excursions on the water. His boat is a moving house, with every convenience and comfort, close packed in elegant snugness, so that he soon transports himself and friends to some favourite lawn on the Thames; a rural entertainment is given in the open air, and he returns to town at evening, to seek the country again, and again to return to town, with no cares but for himself. These sketches are all from the life, and I am persuaded they might be varied endlessly without the aid of fiction. England abounds with genteel bachelors; men who seem to have forgotten that the creation did not stop with Adam, and that no pleasure reaches its acme till it is participated. I am far however from charging all such gentlemen with cold and selfish feelings; some of them I know to be eminently feeling, social, benevolent and bountiful; in many instances, without doubt, extrinsic circumstances have given the direction in the first instance, which habit has afterwards continued.

With the enormous expense which, in England, attends a family establishment, no man, without fortune, can be censured for stopping short of the chagrin and embarrassment, which a connexion with elegant society entails upon him, who has a family without an adequate revenue, and

even in America, a man should *reflect twice*, before, in this instance, he *acts rashly once.*

But what can we say for gentlemen who, with elegant houses and equipages—with a train of servants, and the opulence necessary to this style of living—with cultivated minds and polished manners, still live in celibacy: what shall we say of them, even with the mildest spirit, but that they mistake equally their duty, and their happiness.

It is true they have high examples to countenance them: most of the Royal Dukes are bachelors, but so many reasons of policy enter into the alliances of men of their rank, that we cannot wonder that they are not forward to connect themselves with those to whom, *it may be*, they are drawn by no attraction of the heart, and whose language, even, may be the *shibboleth of a foreign tongue.*

No.—XXIX. LONDON.

American refugees—American family—Family accommodations in London—The Opera—An amusement of the great—Nature of an Opera—Absurdity of Italian Operas before an English audience.

In one way and another, a stranger will frequently find out his countrymen, and the strength of the tie of country is never fully felt, till one is placed in a foreign land. It is wonderful how, under such circumstances, all those prejudices which grow out of sect, party, and local feeling vanish, and are succeeded by more generous impulses. Since I came to London I have become acquainted with

a venerable American, one of the few remaining of that class of men, who in America are known by the name of refugees. Among them were men of the first respectability and worth, who, conscientiously differing from their countrymen, either as to the principle of our resistance against this country, or our ability to sustain it, against such immense odds, (most of them however hesitated on the latter ground,) withdrew from their own country and took refuge in Britain, or in some of her still loyal colonies. Of this description I believe this old gentleman to have been. He was from Connecticut, was conversant with our family for two generations, before our time, and exhibited a fair specimen of that dignified description of men—the natural aristocracy of the country, who, formerly in New-England, effected more in preserving the best interests of society, than can now be done by the naked force of law unaided by personal influence. This gentleman has some consequence here, as appeared from his being a governor of the Foundling Hospital, which I visited under his auspices; and, in a considerable circle of friends assembled at his own house, he maintained his own dignity, by wearing through the evening *a cocked hat*, although seated in his drawing room.

I have dined to-day, at the Caledonian Hotel, in the Adelphi buildings, with a very enlightened and polished American family, in which all the sympathies of country were again powerfully awakened, and much interesting discussion took place concerning England and America. This family, consisting of gentlemen, ladies and children, enjoyed in the Adelphi buildings, all the quiet and comfort of home without its cares. Large, elegant apartments, handsomely furnished, were exclusively appropriated to

this family, and in them their table was served, without any connection with the rest of the house. This is an example of the comfort which may be attained in London for every description of persons, but the price is of course proportionate.

THE OPERA.

At half past seven o'clock in the evening, I went with an acquaintance to the opera, which is in Hay-market-street. You will recollect the amusing remarks of Addison on the subject of this opera, which was established in his time, that is, in the reign of Queen Anne, in 1705.

I had never seen any thing of the kind before, and I believe there is no opera in America. No place in the United Kingdoms is so much resorted to by people of rank and fashion, and in none is more expense in dress exhibited than here, and the prices for admission are much higher than at the other theatres. The opera is therefore in a great measure avoided by the lower, and even by the middle classes of society, and given up to the fashionable world. To go into the boxes, or even into the pit without being in full dress, would be regarded as a high indecorum, and you will remember, that, in this country, a full dress always implies *un chapeau bras*, that is, an enormous cocked hat, which folds in a manner perfectly flat, so as to be carried beneath the arm, when it is not on the head, (whence its French name of a hat for the arm) or even to be laid on the seat beneath the owner, or dangled in his fingers, by way of pastime or relief, from the awkward embarrassment of not knowing what to do with the hands.

I shall not enter into a particular account of the entertainments of the opera. I feel strongly disposed to despatch the subject in one sentence, by saying that the opera is the most insipid, unintelligible, and stupid of all things that I have ever seen pass under the name of amusement. Notwithstanding this, it is the favourite amusement of the fashionable world, and the reason probably is, not because they are enraptured by Italian music and French dancing, but because the expensiveness of the opera makes it almost exclusively the amusement of the great, and probably because a frequent attendance there implies a knowledge of the Italian language, and thus may raise a suspicion of having travelled in Italy, a country which once furnished the world with heroes and conquerors, but now with singers and fiddlers; not Italy as it was when the Roman Eagle carried terror through the world, but Italy as it is now, frivolous and corrupt.

The opera-house is a vast and magnificent theatre, and its scenery and decorations are in the first style of elegance, expense and beauty. It has five or six tiers of boxes, a fact which will give you some idea of its height, and it would hold many thousands of spectators.

Without presuming to give a definition of an opera, I may safely say, that the one which I saw was an Italian drama, which was not spoken, like a common play, but sung by the actors and actresses, who are accompanied by appropriate instrumental music from the orchestra. It seems to differ in no other respect from a common drama, for it is exhibited on a stage, with correspondent scenery, dresses, and action. Pantomimes and dancing seem to be appendages, and serve as interludes and conclusions.

Now the humour of the thing is, that an English audience, not one in ten of whom can distinguish Italian from low Dutch, sit here five or six hours, to hear these performers *sing an Italian drama*, of which most of them comprehend not one sentence. They may, indeed, if they choose, give two shillings for the play with an English translation, which is sold at the door, but, then they must study it all the time of the performance, by which means they loose the action and scenery, and are still so much disturbed by what is going on that they can form no distinct comprehension of the plot of the play, even with the book before them. Like Goldsmith going in his youth to teach the Dutch English, they must first procure the Hollanders to teach them Dutch. I remained and heard this Italian drama through, and although it was tedious and unintelligible, I must still do the performers and myself the justice to say that I did obtain one idea from the representation. It was manifest from their "gestures fierce and mad demeanour," that love was the main spring in the plot. This potent drug seems to be an indispensable ingredient in most theatrical compounds; without it they would not go down. In this instance, however, it did not as usual effervesce with bloodshed and murder.

The great things aimed at in the opera are the highest attainments of music, particularly vocal, and the most finished elegance of dancing. The music is such as can be understood and relished only by amateurs, and the feats of the dancers, although wonderfully agile and elegant, are very extravagant, and those of the females very indecent. Minute description of dress and dancing as I saw them at the opera would compel a modest eye to turn

from my page, and I therefore dismiss the subject. As to the perfection of the voices of the men singers, the means of attaining it are not less barbarous, than the object is puerile, for what can be finer than the finest female voices?

There were interludes of pantomime, unintelligible as usual, but rich in decorations, scenery, and all the auxiliary means adapted to give currency to these insipid exhibitions. Many children were introduced upon the stage; they, as well as their older companions, danced with great spirit and activity; but the stage seems a miserable school in which to form the minds of children to useful knowledge or pure and virtuous principles and habits.

The performances were over, a little before one in the morning, and I hastened home, gratified at having seen the opera, because it is one of the shows of London, but, on every other account, fatigued and disgusted.

It would be inconceivable to me, how people can spend night after night there, from year to year, did I not know the force of habit, and the possibility of acquiring a taste for any thing to which the mind is directed by motives sufficiently powerful.

No. XXX.—LONDON.

Anecdotes—Specimens of female manners from low and high life—Sentiments of an American lady—Royal Academy—The life Academy—Living figures—Astley's Amphitheatre—A sanguinary pantomime—Naval exploit—tricks to make sport.

ANECDOTES.

July 17.—I was, yesterday, passing through a narrow lane, leading into Oxford road, when I saw a very athletic woman dragging by the collar, a man much stouter than herself, and, with very appropriate eloquence, upbraiding him for attempting to go off without paying for some cherries, which it seems, he had bought of this modern Amazon. The poor fellow looked very much abashed, as she brought him back to her wheel barrow, greatly to the diversion of the populace; and truly, when you consider the disgrace of being dragged in this manner through the streets, and the still greater disgrace of using force against a woman, it must be acknowledged that this was an embarrassing situation, and afforded to the advocates of Miss Wolstonecraft a triumphant example of the practical enforcement of the rights of women, and indeed she might well talk about the rights of women, in a country where such is the general robustness of constitution, that the sex seem very competent to defend them by that argument which is the last resort in all controversies.

As I was walking through Hyde Park the other day, I saw two ladies in a phæton, without any gentleman, and one of the ladies was driving. It is true there were two servants on horseback, not far behind, who were ready to

succour them in case of disaster. Our female charioteer had the very equestrian air; she was dressed in a close suit of broad cloth, with a small beaver hat, and she cracked the whip, and humoured the reins so well, that one would think that she had been taking lessons from a master. Driving is, at present, quite fashionable among the ladies of England, and sometimes it is done where the good man sits peaceably by the lady's side—a passenger only. In our country where in villages, it is really a matter of convenience, and sometimes of necessity, that a lady should be able occasionally to drive a chaise, this kind of skill is useful, but in London it is equally unnecessary and unbecoming.

From solitary instances, derived from the two extremes of low and fashionable life, it would not be fair to infer that the female character in England is, in this age, tinged with masculine manners; and if, in walking the streets of London, one does not meet with so many of those timid retiring faces, and of those soft features, which are so frequent with us, he ought perhaps to impute it rather to the immense size of the place, and the familiarity which the eye soon acquires with ten thousand strange faces, and the unblushing indifference with which it learns to gaze upon them, than to any improper boldness of mind, or native insensibility of features. Besides, the great capital of a great country never affords a fair exhibition of national character, and no one who sees London alone and forms his opinions solely on that scale, can possibly make a correct estimate of England.

I shall not hazard any opinion of my own on a subject with which I am not sufficiently acquainted, but I may, without impropriety, mention the sentiments of a respect-

able American lady, who has been, for many years, an inhabitant of England, and has seen much of English society. She remarked to me that there was much more freedom in the manners of the English ladies, particularly in their treatment of gentlemen, than with us, and that they conversed with them (in a serious style) without any consciousness of impropriety, on subjects, which it was scarcely possible to introduce in similar American circles. In these respects she thought the English manners superior to ours, that her own country women carried the point of delicacy even to *prudery*, (this was her language,) and that a greater degree of freedom would render them more interesting, and promote the social intercourse of the sexes, without at all impairing the dignity of her own.—There is much more freedom here in the manner in which ladies treat gentlemen; ladies here almost universally walk arm in arm with gentlemen, in the day time, through the streets; they move with equal vigor and speed; they chat with them very familiarly, as they walk, and if they meet a male friend, in the street, they do not hesitate to stop and stand awhile to talk with him.

Returning home, from the city, to-day, I found on my table a letter on which I recognised your *well known hand*. I need not say that it was most welcome, nor was it less so for being written jointly by yourself and H——. This is the first line which I have received from any of my family friends since I left home, a period of nearly four months; by its date however it seems to have been long on the way. I trust it is only the earnest of repeated epistolary favours.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

July 18.—An accidental acquaintance with a young man who is a student at the Royal Academy, in Somerset House has procured me an introduction *there*. I ought to do Mr. Medland the justice to say, that his politeness was gratuitous, and I shall recollect the circumstance with pleasure as another honourable instance in favour of the liberality of English manners.

Mr. West succeeds Sir Joshua Reynolds as the President of this institution, which I had, this evening, the pleasure of visiting, and of seeing the students at their work. We went first into the antique academy. This apartment is filled with casts of ancient statues and of busts, selected from among the most celebrated productions of antiquity that have reached modern times. Among them are the Apollo of Belvidere, the Venus de Medicis, the fighting and dying gladiator, Mars, the boxers and the Farnesian Hercules. From these figures the students are employed in drawing, in order to the attainment of the most correct ideas of symmetry of proportion, and force and beauty of muscular expression. Indeed, it is very wonderful that mere unorganized matter can be made to assume such a degree of apparent life and intelligence.

The young men are superintended by an overseer, who is always some celebrated artist. This evening it was no other than Fuseli himself, a man not less celebrated for his uncommon attainments in his art, than for his having been one of the most favoured intimates of the great champion of female rights, in whose memoirs, written by another of her admirers,* who had not the wit or decency to

* Godwin

hold his tongue, this great painter is celebrated; and will probably be remembered as long as painting and Miss Wolstonecraft have any friends or enemies. He is now verging toward old age, his head is white as snow, and forms a striking contrast to his florid countenance.

From the antique academy we went into the library.—This collection consists of books on the imitative arts, principally in the French and Italian languages. The ceiling of the room is adorned with a very majestic female figure, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, representing the theory of the art of painting.

Last of all we visited the *life academy*, where the student is not confined to statues, models, casts, and pictures, but copies *nature*, without any intervening representative. An overseer, a man of gravity and years, always attends the students in this apartment. It is only when male figures are standing that visitors are admitted; for this service the male figures receive from the students two shillings and six-pence, and the female half a guinea a day. They are selected for their uncommon beauty of form, and stand, *naked*, in the attitude of statues, while the students copy them. It is hardly necessary to add that they are taken from that class of society who value money more than some other considerations. The man who was standing to-day had been a soldier in the horse-guards, but was bought off from the service by the students, upon condition that he should expose himself for their improvement.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

July 19.—I had made an appointment to meet an American friend this evening, at the door of Astley's

amphitheatre, which is just over Westminster bridge on the Surry side. This theatre is precisely on the plan of the royal circus, and the entertainments are of the same kind, that is, pantomime, buffoonry, and riding. The house is very splendid, and the scenery, decorations, and machinery are in a style of very uncommon elegance.

The evening was opened with the pantomime of *Zittaw*, or the Woodman's daughter. It was the most intelligible pantomime that I have ever seen; this was owing to the liberty they took of speaking certain parts in plain English—of singing others, and of frequently displaying pieces of painted cloth, containing, in large capitals, a hint of the story.

And what was the subject of the pantomime? Do you ask? It was that which is the *first*, *second* and *third* thing in all theatrical performances.

If we are to believe the theatres, love is a most sanguinary passion, for it rarely comes to a catastrophe without murder. They killed no fewer than four, in the course of this pantomime. Even the lady herself, who is the heroine of the story, is made, in the progress of the representation, to appear on the stage, and to fence for a good while, with one of her unsuccessful suitors, whom at length, (being unable to despatch him with the sword,) she destroys with a pistol ball. It is to be hoped that this was not a very faithful copy of life, for, surely, it is enough to be repulsed, without being murdered besides.

The pantomime being through, we had next the achievement of Lieutenant Yeo,* who, under the command of Captain Maitland, with a boat's crew or two, from the

* Since Sir James Yeo, and in the late war with England, so famous on Lake Ontario. 1818.

frigate La Loire, a short time since, carried by assault, a Spanish fort, in Muros bay, in the West-Indies, and this, against astonishing obstacles.

The achievement, although a very gallant thing, was, in its consequences, of no great importance, but, in a war so barren of great events, the theatres make the most of little things. This piece was executed very well. The scenery was fine; the fort, the frigate, the boats landing the men, and the assault itself, were all well represented.

You would be interested to observe the aspect of an English audience when subjects of this kind are exhibited. They are received with enthusiasm by all classes of people, and it is easy to see, that a conviction of their naval superiority, and a disposition to maintain it, beat in every pulsation of an Englishman's heart. Should they lose this superiority, even without being conquered, it would probably break down the spirits of the nation.

In the course of the evening we had numerous feats of bodily activity, and exhibitions of astonishing equestrian skill, so perfectly like those which I have noticed before that I shall not say any thing more concerning them.

Harlequin in Scotland, another pantomime, concluded the exhibition.

In this piece there seemed to be very little of a plot; the object was to make sport, and for this purpose we had Harlequin and clowns, and Scaramouch and bears, and monkeys and spirits, and heroes and apparitions, and devils. If all this would not move the audience, there would certainly be little hope of doing it by any means. Most of it was contemptible, and rather ridiculous than humerous. But, the seemingly magical transformations, such as that of a case of drawers which became a flower-

pot, and of a flower-pot which became a man, with the uncommon beauty of the scenery, were well worthy of notice. The dancing, which seems to be a very favourite part of the entertainment in all the English theatres, was rather more indecent than usual. The performances were through at half past ten. I am afraid that you will think me very censorious, since I find, in the theatres of London, so little that I can commend; but my only apology is, that I give you my genuine impressions.

No. XXXI.—LONDON.

Animals—A camel with a monkey for a rider—Puffs—Lloyd's coffee-house and the Royal Exchange—Rare things advertised there—Vauxhall gardens—Their attractions announced—Shopkeepers—Their modesty, arts, and address.

ANIMALS.

July 23.—Having occupied my leisure hours, of late in perusing Buffon, Shaw, and other writers on zoology, I have been naturally led to visit the museums, and collections of animals, which are found in such perfection in London. With these views I spent several hours before dinner in Pidcock's menagerie at Exeter Change, and at the Leverian Museum. There are not many animals of importance which one may not see, at this time, in London; to mention only a few of those which I have examined to-day;—the lion and lioness, royal tiger of Bengal, panther, hyena, tiger cat, leopard, ourang-outang, elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, great white bear of

Greenland, the bison, elk or moose deer, the zebra, &c. Most of these were living. I was regretting, as I was returning home, that, in all the collections of animals in London, there was no camel, and I had never seen one since I was a boy. With this regret on my mind I had almost reached my lodgings, when I was saluted by martial music, which I thought must proceed from a regiment of volunteers going out to a review; but, on turning the corner of Margaret-street, what should I see but a camel, directly before my windows. The music preceded the camel, which was led by a man, while a monkey, dressed in a scarlet military coat, with much seeming gravity, was mounted on his back as a rider. It was the Bactrian camel, with double bunches, which were very acute cones, rising about two feet from the animal's back. The space between them furnished a very convenient place for the monkey to ride in. To increase the mirth, a boy mounted the camel, and the little red coated equestrian took his station on the boy's head, and played off his feats of activity with as much skill as Astley or Ricketts, and without degrading his nature like them. I was amused with the oddity of the group, while I was seriously gratified with a sight so unexpected. This camel seemed rather dispirited and poor in flesh; he was reluctant to move, as the rough stones of the pavement appeared to hurt his feet, accustomed as they had probably been, only to grass or sand. He would not stir without whipping, and then uttered a piteous noise like a groan.

PUFFS.

July 24.—In the course of the morning I was at the Royal Exchange, and at Lloyd's Coffee-House, which is,

perhaps, more extensively known than any other in the world. Here, as well as in the Royal Exchange, it was amusing to me to listen to the busy hum of hundreds of voices, and to mark the calculating features bestowed by the presiding genii of the place on those who pay their daily devotions to the powers of loss and gain.

The Royal Exchange is a vast quadrangular building, encircling an area where the merchants assemble; all around the area, are extensive piazzas, to protect them from the rain. Here, not only the greatest commercial arrangements of the emporium of the world are made, but the claims of empirics and impostors of all descriptions are exhibited.

The walls are covered with bills, printed in large characters, and containing the praises of the rare things of London. Here, cheap stage coaches, improved japan blacking, worn by his majesty and the royal family; catholicons, elixirs, yellow fever drops, anthelmintics, pectoral balsams and cosmetics, and every thing else which decrepitude, disease, fastidiousness, and vanity can demand, may be found.

Were you here, you would be amused, as I am every day, at the manner in which the people of London puff every thing off, which they offer for sale. There is no use for adjectives in the positive degree; even the comparative is too tame; superlatives alone, and those exalted by adverbs, and other powerful intensitives, will answer the purpose.

Vauxhall gardens appeared this morning on all the corners, in crimson capitals, legible a quarter of a mile, announcing that "this terestrial paradise" will be lighted up to-night, "in a style of most superlative beauty and

magnificence," in honour of the illustrious Marchioness of Hertford, who deigns this evening to appear in the gardens. The musicians are to outfiddle Orpheus, and the very nectar of the gods is to flow on the tables; the fireworks will render the stars invisible, and the assemblage of beauty is to be such as would put Venus quite out of countenance. Now, you will perceive that all this is only a decent way of picking pockets, and, in London, there are a thousand modes of doing this which are not cognisable at the Old Bailey.

The tradesmen take vast pains to display their wares and goods. You will see a shop at the corner of two streets, completely glazed on both sides, that is, forming one continued window from top to bottom, and from the sides to the corner. This is filled with goods, unrolled and displayed in the most advantageous manner, and cards are usually pinned to the articles, informing the reader how good and how cheap they are. For instance;—"this beautiful piece of muslin at so much, two shillings in a yard cheaper than any other shop in London."

I passed, this morning, by a shop in Oxford-street, where large letters, in gold, appeared through the windows, containing this declaration, which is doubtless as true as it is modest; "every article in this shop warranted twenty per cent cheaper than any other shop in London." In short, if you were to believe the shop-keepers, they do business solely to oblige their customers. They are not contented with displaying their names *once* over the door; first of all, if the situation is such an one as to afford a distant view, you will see the inscription painted in gigantic capitals on the brick wall—you may read them a quarter of a mile. Then you will see the inscrip-

tion over the door, over the windows, in the windows, and in short, in at least half a dozen places.

When they have once enticed you in, you must possess no small share of effrontery and address, if you escape without buying. I went into a hosier's shop, some time since, and bought some coarse hose, to be worn with boots. Before I could turn on my heel, two or three packs of silk stockings were displayed, and the shop-keeper, with the manner which the rhetoricians call *insinuation*, said: "allow me, sir, to put you up half a dozen pair of these stockings, wonderfully cheap, only twelve shillings a pair."

I positively declined.

"I am very sorry, sir, I hoped to tempt you—they are so very cheap." I reply—sir, your temptation may yet prevail, if you will only make it strong enough, by taking off a few shillings more from the price.

The night caps were next produced. "Some very fine elastic double cotton night caps, sir, shall I roll you up a couple of these." I answer no, and precipitately leave the shop.

All these arts, it is easy to see, arise from the immense competition of London. Thousands are competitors with other thousands, and while this causes improvement in the quality and reduction in the prices of articles, it produces also artifice, fraud, and manœuvres without number.

I might extend these observations much farther, and give numerous facts of this kind from various pursuits and conditions of life, but these instances will serve as examples. Nevertheless, I believe the trading character is as honest here as any where in the world, but, as knaves are numerous, and *seem* the kindest people on earth, it becomes a stranger, especially, to be very circumspect in London.

No. XXXII.—LONDON.

Private parties—A present from the Emperor of Russia to an English merchant—A singular clergyman—Hatcham house, the seat of Mr. Hardcastle—Rev. Mr. Cecil—The Asylum—American Consul.

PRIVATE PARTIES.

July 25.—I was present to-day at dinner, with a small but very pleasant party at Mr. Vaughan's. This gentleman has been much conversant with the new and magnificent docks which I have mentioned already. He takes pleasure in gaining admission for strangers to see them, and, among others, the Russian ambassador received, some time ago, his particular civilities on this subject. He mentioned them to his court, and as a mark of royal gratitude, a diamond ring, and a grand hydraulic map of the Russian canals, were sent as a present to Mr. Vaughan. This map is now suspended in his dining room, with an inscription to this effect: "From Alexander, Emperor of Russia, to William Vaughan, Esq. merchant, London."

Such a mark of imperial munificence, it is presumed, few private men can exhibit, and few deserve it more, for Mr. Vaughan is famous for his hospitality to strangers, and his unwearied efforts to serve them.

July 26.—I have been dining with a venerable clergyman of the church of England, from whom I have experienced so many kind and useful attentions during my residence in London, that I shall ever remember him with gratitude and respect. From this gentleman and his son I received to-day every civility, and I found it impossible

to get away from their numerous good offices till nine o'clock.

At the table of my venerable host I met one who seemed quite unworthy of the friendship of such a man. He too was a clergyman of the established church, but his rosy cheeks and plethoric person evinced that, *in the natural sense*, at least, he was no stranger *to good living*, while the freedom of his sentiments and language equally proved that his clerical character imposed no inconvenient restraints on his practice. His hand, which at first was attended with such a tremulous motion, owing to a paralytic affection, that he could only with difficulty carry the glass to his mouth, became steadier as his nerves began to be stimulated with wine, till at length, he sunk into a slumber so profound, that we no longer regarded him as even a hearer. The conversation of those of us who were awake, turned on the usurpations of Bonaparte, and his threats, now more frequent than ever, of invading this country. At this crisis the Dr. lifted his heavy eye lids, and with a voice almost as sullen and unexpected as if it had come from a tomb, exclaimed, "What! Bonaparte come to England—he invade this country—a d—n-d lamp-lighting scoundrel!" His slumbers were now frequent, and were interrupted only by the return of the glass and a few remarks, graced with a good number of those fashionable expletives, which even the most lax regard as *rather incorrect* in him who "ministers at the altar." I have twice before been in company with a clergyman in this country, whom wine stimulated to use his Maker's name in a manner which I do not care to repeat. I do not believe, however, that such instances are common: much less am I disposed to draw any general infer-

ences from them, but, it strikes me with surprise that there should be *any* examples of this kind, in a country where public opinion is extremely offended by such gross violations, I will not say of religion, but of morals and decency, and where there is power to remedy the evil. From such examples it has probably arisen that the English church is so often stigmatized with us as corrupt. While the accusation, in many instances, proceeds, without doubt, from narrow and prejudiced views, it is to be regretted that any spots should be seen by the world on robes which ought to be only of the purest white.

July 27.—My morning was engrossed by business, and at two o'clock, P. M. I left home for Hatcham house, the seat of Mr. Hardcastle, whom, with his interesting family, I have mentioned before.

It was very grateful to me to escape from London, and to refresh my eyes with a view of the delightful grounds, around this gentleman's seat. Our party was very social and pleasant. Mr. Hardcastle has all the substantial excellence of the English character, with a degree of mildness and suavity of manners, which cause affection for his person to go hand in hand with esteem for his virtues. Mrs. Hardcastle and the young ladies are worthy of such a husband and such a father. After dinner a walk was proposed in the gardens, to which we all consented. Several of the gentlemen amused themselves with playing at ball, while Mr. Hardcastle, a young clergyman from Ireland, and myself, walked along the avenues and gravel ways. Fortunately this was not the Irish clergyman of whose loquacity I complained when here before. When the young ladies came into the gardens, I joined their party, and left the gentlemen. We rambled over and over

the grounds, and I found in the manners and conversation of these ladies much delicacy, affability and good sense. It would be difficult to discover any serious difference between them and ladies of the same standing with us, and I am satisfied that in England, as well as in other countries, an estimate of female character will be most correctly made from a familiarity with the retired scenes of private life. If barrow-women fight battles in the streets of London, and fashionable ladies drive phætons in Hyde Park, we must not conclude that masculine manners are general, and that female softness and loveliness do not shed a charm over the domestic circles of England. But, to such scenes a stranger is rarely admitted with any considerable degree of freedom.

Mr. Hardcastle showed me a curious relic. It was a cedar chest that once belonged to the celebrated Dr. Owen, when he was secretary to Oliver Cromwell, in which he kept the papers of this sagacious and successful usurper.

He exhibited to me also a pair of silk garters knit by one of the Hottentots who were christianized in this country. I walked home (six miles) and arrived in safety although at a late hour.

I have omitted to remark, that this excellent family are predisposed to treat America and Americans with much kindness. We owe this, principally, to their high admiration of our distinguished countryman, ———, who was familiar here. They consider him, as one of the first of preachers, and one of the first of men. One of the family said, "I delight to walk in these grounds, because they remind me of ———, who often "condescended" to walk with me here, and to exert his uncommon powers of instructing and pleasing." Another said: "we cannot pre-

tend to cope with him: we rarely see so great a man." This admiration, however, is blended with much personal affection.

July 28, *Sabbath.*—As I wished to form an estimate of the state of the English church from my own observation, I have not attended worship at any *particular* place since I have been in London, but have gone into the churches of the establishment wherever I could find them, and frequently without knowing the name either of the church or the preacher. To-day, I have been to a church of the establishment in Bedford-row, whither I was led by the reputation of Mr. Cecil, one of that description of ministers, whom those of similar sentiments style *evangelical*, while, by others, they are called *methodists in the church*. Mr. Cecil was not only full of his subject, but seemed "mainly anxious that the flock he feeds should feel it too."

His discourse was well written, but he has the misfortune to be possessed of a constitution so feeble, that his limbs are not competent to support him during the delivery of a discourse, and he is compelled to sit on an elevated seat; his house (a very large one) was crowded to overflowing.*

In the evening I attended service at the female asylum, on the Surry side of the river. This is a charitable institution for the education of two hundred female orphans. I had the pleasure of seeing them all neatly dressed, and behaving with much decorum during public worship. The asylum is designed to prevent the ruin of those who,

* There was one striking difference between this and other churches which I had attended in London: there was very prompt civility in offering a seat.

from being left destitute of their natural protectors, and of a support, would be exposed to almost infallible destruction. Here the female orphan is received, educated, and ultimately provided with means of procuring a subsistence.

I had occasion formerly to mention the civilities of the American consul at Liverpool, and I am happy now to acknowledge those of the consul for London. From Gen. Lyman, I have received unsolicited kindness, and sometimes of a very useful kind.

My letters from America have informed me that considerable solicitude for my safety had been felt by my transatlantic friends, on account of the ice which destroyed the Jupiter and so many of her people. I am, however, gratified by learning to-day, by a letter from New-York, that the safe arrival of the Ontario in England was known to my friends in America.

No. XXXIII.—LONDON.

Excursion to Greenwich—Method of sprinkling the streets in London, and of supplying it with water—New River and London Bridge Water Works—Vast commerce of the Thames—Objects on the river—Greenwich hospital—Great beauty of the buildings—Veterans—Their vacancy of mind—Greenwich park—Singular popular amusement—Royal Observatory—Seat of the Princess of Wales—Of the late Lord Chesterfield.

EXCURSION TO GREENWICH.

July 30.—Immediately after breakfast, I proceeded with a companion on foot to the tower. The morning

was warm for the season, but the evaporation from the water which was flowing in the streets, tended to restore an agreeable coolness. London is supplied with abundance of water, by machinery under London bridge, which raises the water from the Thames, and also by the new river, which is distributed into every part of the town by subterranean pipes.

I know not that I can convey in any way so good an idea of the manner in which the immense population of London is supplied with good water, as by the following account copied from the Picture of London.

"Notwithstanding there are one hundred and sixty thousand houses in London, yet by means of the New River and London Bridge water-works, every house and almost every room is most abundantly supplied with water, which is conveyed into it by means of leaden pipes, with unfailing precision and regularity, for an expense to each house of only a few shillings per annum. The new river is a canal of nearly thirty-nine miles in length, cut for the sole purpose of conveying a regular supply of water to the metropolis, by Sir Hugh Middleton, and first opened in 1608. Its termination, called the New River Head, adjoins to Sadler's Wells, and from hence the water is conveyed in every direction, by means of fifty-eight main pipes of the bore of seven inches. These convey the water under ground along the middle of the principal streets; and from them branch to every house, leaden pipes of half an inch bore." "The water rises in most houses into the second floor, and in many into the third and fourth stories. By means of one water and two steam engines it is, however, forced to a still higher level, and thus made to supply parts of the town which are situated as high as, or higher

than the surface of the bason." Water is supplied also for a considerable part of London, from the water-works at London Bridge. From the level of the river, the water is "forced up to a bason on the top of a building one hundred and twenty feet in height. From this bason it again descends into the main pipes, and is conveyed in all directions through the town. The water is raised by the action of four great wheels, which are turned by the stream, and every turn of the four wheels causes one hundred and fourteen strokes of the piston rod; by this means from forty to fifty thousand hogsheads of water are raised every twenty-four hours."

When we remember that the Thames is the receptacle of the filth of the city and shipping, and that the new river is the common bathing place of thousands, especially of the working men and boys, we should naturally feel somewhat fastidious as to the use of it. But the dirt which is mechanically suspended subsides by repose, and what is chemically dissolved is not obvious to the eye, and if it impart no peculiar taste, of course, escapes observation.

London is supplied with water in profusion, considering the magnitude of the place.

Almost every morning, some of the large water plugs are turned, and the streets are for a time partially inundated; this produces the double effect of cleansing them and of cooling the air. Both these effects are aided by a contrivance which I have never seen except in London.

There are carts fitted up with square boxes, watertight, except behind and below, where there are a great number of perforations like those in a riddle. When these boxes are filled with water the carts are drawn slow-

ly through the streets, which are, in this way, sprinkled. As the water subsides into the gutters, it is thrown out again into the cart-way, by men with broad shovels; the filth of the streets is also removed every day, so that London, considering its size, is wonderfully clean.

The object of our excursion, this morning, was Greenwich hospital. We took a boat at the tower and proceeded down the river. Our progress was between double rows of ships, stationed on either side of the river—innumerable—bearing the flags of almost all nations, and presenting, as far up and down as the eye could reach, a scene resembling a girdled* forest. It is useless for me to dilate on the vast commerce of the Thames; you know it well; this river, undoubtedly sustains more wealth than any other, and the innumerable wherries, passage-boats, lighters, and other small craft, swarm on its surface, like insects on a pool of stagnant water, in a summer's morning.†

As we passed down the river, we saw several ships of war lying at anchor; a great number of Dutch vessels under Prussian colours, and a Greenland ship, the blubber from which was then boiling on shore, and sent a very unsavoury effluvium between the wind "and our nobility." Against her masts a number of ribs of whales were placed perpendicularly, seemingly as trophies. On the

* *Girdled*, a word employed in America to denote the method used to destroy the trees by making an incision quite around them.

† No ships are seen above London Bridge. Boats with masts pass under the bridges by dropping the masts, which move on hinges.

south side of the river, near where this ship lay, there is a dock appropriated to the Greenland ships.

We passed by the West-India docks which I have already mentioned; nor did we stop at Deptford, a principal station for building, victualling and repairing the royal navy. Foreigners are not admitted there at all, unless by favour, for the English are very jealous of every thing connected with their naval greatness. We passed however close to the shore, and saw several large ships of war on the stocks, and they were just raising the masts of a sixty-four, which lay in the stream. Thus, by an unceasing attention to their navy do the English maintain its proud superiority.

We rowed by a small frigate, on board of which are about three hundred charity boys, receiving the rudiments of a naval education. The ship belongs to the Marine Society; and is permanently moored in the river; the boys, who are patronised by this society, live on board, and are instructed in such theoretical knowledge as seamen want, and are daily exercised at the ropes and great guns. When they arrive at a proper age, they are removed into actual service on board the king's ships, or those of the East-India Company.

Greenwich hospital is about five miles from London bridge, but, there is no interruption of the streets and buildings, and, a stranger would not distinguish that Debtford and Greenwich are not a part of London.

Being arrived, we landed and proceeded to the terrace, in front of this most magnificent hospital. It is vast in extent, as you may well suppose from its affording accommodations to two or three thousand persons within its walls. It is built of Portland stone, after the first design

of Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren, and is, in all respects, the most grand, beautiful and princely structure of the kind, that I have ever seen. It is not, like St. Pauls, and the other fine buildings of London, deformed with smoke and coal dust, but retains all the neatness which it had in the days of William and Mary, its royal founders. I shall not attempt a minute description of Greenwich hospital, because it would not be very intelligible unless accompanied by drawings.

We were conducted into a magnificent room, originally intended for a dining hall, but now not used. The walls and ceiling are adorned with very fine and appropriate paintings, but these fine pictures are seen in so imperfect a manner from below, that the effect is in a great measure lost. In this apartment there is a model of a Roman galley presented by Lord Anson.

Opposite to the dining hall is the chapel, an exquisitely beautiful room, decorated with the highest efforts of painting and architecture. The altar-piece was painted by Mr. West, and represents the shipwreck of St. Paul. It is a very large, and, as it appeared to me, a very fine picture.

Our guide was a venerable old pensioner, and wore something like a uniform. I inquired whether it was the badge of his office, *as guide through the chapel.* The old man's heart was not yet cold to naval pride, and the dignity of rank; and, while he informed me that this dress was worn by all those *who had been boatswains*, I could read in his countenance some displeasure at my ignorance of his former consequence.

We walked at leisure under the lofty colonnades, and through the extensive courts of the hospital. Every where

we met those veterans, who, after encountering the dangers of the ocean and of battle, and facing death in its most dreadful forms, are now quietly counting the last sands of life as they run. A comfortable provision for their old age, is an act of common justice, due to them from their country, but, small is this compensation for a life mercilessly cut off from all the charities of home, and for mutilated limbs, and broken constitutions. Their minds seemed to be very vacant; they were lounging, walking, or playing at cards, or sitting in listless silence. Some of them had but one leg; others none. They were dressed in a coarse blue cloth, and appeared to be well provided for. The number of out-pensioners is about three thousand, so that the whole number of persons belonging to the institution is five or six thousand. This hospital is the exact counterpart of that at Chelsea; as the latter is devoted to the land, the former is confined to the sea service. Greenwich hospital does great honour to the country, and is, without doubt, an institution unrivalled among the charitable establishments of the world. It is beautifully situated on the banks of the Thames, and is surrounded by fine verdure, fine views, and free air, while it is quiet as a hamlet.

Immediately back of Greenwich hospital is the extensive park of the same name. Greenwich was formerly a royal residence, and the seat of a palace, to which, I presume, this park must have belonged. We walked through it, and found it a delightful spot. It is varied with hill and dale, and on one of the hills a curious scene is exhibited, at a grand merry making of the populace of London, and its vicinity, which is held here in May, every year. It is an annual freak, of coarse popular sport, the existence

of which I should scarcely credit, had I not the best authority for the fact. The people assemble on a hill in this park, and then roll down the side of it, in hundreds at once, with all the promiscuous confusion which can be supposed to attend so rapid and unceremonious a descent, by the power of gravity alone. As the king has been in ill health, and in a state of mind which needed exhilaration, they contrived to have him, as if accidentally, (and certainly without his own knowledge) present at the last merry making, when he saw this grand rolling down of human bodies, and it is said that the extremely ludicrous nature of the exhibition affected his risibles very powerfully.

The park is ornamented with avenues of lofty and venerable trees, among which several herds of fallow-deer, very fat and sleek, presented themselves in different parts of the grounds. From constant familiarity with man, they are quite tame, and do not avoid ones approach more than a flock of sheep would do.

On an eminence, in the centre of the park, stands the Royal Observatory of Greenwich. I had the pleasure of being at this celebrated spot, and of setting my foot on the line, where (if all the world will so agree) longitude commences. As I had not any introduction to Dr. Maskelyne, the astronomer royal, I did not go into the observatory, but I intend to visit Greenwich again, for this purpose, as an English friend has promised to give me every facility on this subject.*

We now went out of the park into the extensive common of Blackheath, which, with Shooter's Hill, a neighbouring eminence, has long been infamous for highway

* It was never in my power to execute this wish.

robberies. On Blackheath are a number of handsome country seats.

In Greenwich park, and looking into the common, is the house where the Princess of Wales now resides, in a state of separation from her husband, who, it is said, still patronizes the lady that has so many years been his favourite. On such an instance of the violation of the most sacred laws by one whose private life ought to correspond with his high destination, perhaps it is better not to make any remarks, than to indulge the indignant spirit of censure which it naturally excites. He must possess very little firmness of mind, or sense of decency, who, as heir to the throne of a great empire, will not restrain those excesses which are disgraceful and ruinous to a private individual, and, as examples in a prince or king, noxious to the morals of his people, to a degree which he cannot duly estimate. The residence of the Princess, who is represented as blameless in her life, and amiable in her deportment, is very neat, but not at all magnificent. The young Princess is still under the care of her mother, but is, I believe, at this time, residing on Shooter's hill.

Very near the residence of the Princess of Wales is the seat of the late Lord Chesterfield. It is not remarkably elegant, but has an air of grandeur. We stopped a few minutes to view this house, in which Lord Chesterfield is reported to have written many of those celebrated letters that present such a strange mixture of frivolity and gravity, wisdom and folly, morality and licentiousness. We concluded our walk by taking a fine view of London and its environs, from an eminence adjoining Blackheath. The river, with its green banks, and its long forest of masts, was directly before us, and a little farther off, the

vast British metropolis, so remote as to hide all its deformities, and still so near as to exhibit a spectacle of great beauty and magnificence.

By this time we had acquired a good appetite for our dinner, which we took at Greenwich, and then returned, in the afternoon, to London.

No. XXXIV.—LONDON.

Second visit to the British Museum—Platypus of New-Holland—Roman stamps—Rings—Vases—Lares and penates—Roman eagle—Horse furniture of Hyder Ally—Crocodile—Royal correspondence—Townley's collection of busts and statues—William Hunter's Museum—Singular example of professional sang froid.

A SECOND VISIT TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

July 31.—I was so much dissatisfied with the hurried manner in which I saw the British Museum before, that I was very desirous to see it again under circumstances more favourable. Mr. Peck, of Harvard University, and myself, had been repeatedly disappointed in our attempts to see the museum, but this morning we succeeded in gaining admission, and were conducted, with some degree of deliberation, through its various apartments. But, it is much to be regretted, that more distinction cannot be made between those who go merely to be amused, and those who seek instruction also; for it is really distressing to be surrounded by a host of things which are full of information, and then to be hurried away from them just as one is be-

ginning to single out particular objects. It is however useless to complain of that which we cannot alter.

A number of things which I did not mention when here before, struck my attention to-day. Among the natural curiosities, we saw the duck-billed platypus from New-Holland. It was the first specimen brought to Europe. This most singular animal seems to form a part of the connecting chain between quadrupeds and birds. He has a body, like that of the beaver, covered with thick hair, with feet webbed for swimming, but so short as to resemble fins, and, what is the most surprising circumstance, *he has a bill like that of a duck.* It is no deception; the bill adheres to the jaws, by a natural and firm connection, and has the serrated edges, and the exact form of that belonging to the class of ducks called shovelers. There is nothing in nature analogous to this animal. New-Holland has furnished a number of rarities in natural history, and will probably still farther enlarge our knowledge of the Creator's works.

I was again highly gratified to-day in viewing the numerous Roman and Grecian antiquities, collected principally by the late Sir William Hamilton. I have not time to mention many of them; they will form a pleasing subject when we meet.

Among other things there were many Roman stamps, that is, pieces of metal on which names are designed, so as to make them resemble very much our marking irons, and they were used for the same purpose. How singular that they should have come so nigh to the art of printing, without discovering it.

There is a fine collection of the instruments which they used in sacrifices, and of their domestic utensils and house-

hold gods. Some of their rings are of exquisite workmanship, and rich with precious stones and gold. The Roman vases were extremely beautiful; modern arts have produced nothing superior in workmanship. I must not omit to mention that I saw the Roman Eagle which was carried aloft in their battles.

All these things serve to carry one back to the Roman ages, to identify the past with the present, and to produce a very pleasing impression when you reflect that a Roman hand once held the article which is now in yours.

There are also several specimens of Raphael's China, that is, of China which was painted by that celebrated artist. These things were formerly in the cabinet of Lorenzo de Medici at Florence.

One large room is devoted to the curiosities collected by Captain Cook in his voyages. They consist principally of the domestic and warlike utensils, and of the gods and sacred implements of the people of Otaheite and other islanders of the Pacific and Southern oceans. They are highly illustrative of their state of society and manners, and recall powerfully to one's recollection, the memory of that meritorious but unfortunate man by whom they were collected.

The dress and horse furniture of Hyder Ally, that formidable foe of the English power in India, is advantageously displayed in a large glass case. I observed particularly his boots and spurs, and his saddle and bridle. These things were obtained through Lord Clive, the successful antagonist of Hyder. They justify every thing which we have heard of Asiatic magnificence. The stirrups and bits are of gold, and every part of the furniture is ornamented with a profusion of that precious metal,

which appears to great advantage on stuffs of crimson and green silk. It is not for me to say how far the English wars in India are just, but it is scarcely possible to help pitying the vanquished monarch Hyder; and Tippoo, who was equally heroic, and equally unfortunate as his father.

The mineral collection is extensive. The specimens are uncommonly large and fine, and fill one with astonishment that this rude earth should contain such beautiful things.*

There is in the museum a crocodile from the river Ganges. It is eighteen feet long, and although it differs somewhat in the form of its mouth from the Egyptian crocodile, it is substantially the same with that, and with the American alligator. There is an idea prevalent that the American alligator differs from the crocodile by moving his lower jaw, while the crocodile is said to move the upper; but this is a vulgar error; both animals move the under jaw and this alone.

Our guide was a civil man, and, I persuaded him, although it was strictly, not within rule, to show me some specimens of the royal correspondence; for, among the innumerable manuscripts of the British museum, there is a collection of genuine letters of many of the kings and queens and great men of England, in their own hand writing. You will not doubt that the sight of these was a feast, and I employed the time as assidiously as possible in reading parts of letters written by Henry I. VI. and VIII. by James I. and II. Queen Mary, Queen Ann, Charles I. Lord Bacon, and Queen Elizabeth. Many of

* Since the death of Mr. Greville his superb collection has been purchased by government and added to the British Museum. 1818.

the letters of Queen Elizabeth are in Latin, which language she wrote with great purity and elegance. Her hand writing also was elegant and very legible. Her father Henry VIII. wrote a scrawling illegible hand. I sought but in vain for the original of that interesting letter of Ann Boleyn written to Henry, while she lay under sentence of death in the tower, to gratify his jealousy, and to make way for a new favourite and a new victim. What I have said of the British museum must be regarded as merely miscellaneous remarks, for volumes would be necessary to convey an adequate impression of the articles that are there. The museum is now shut for two months.

A grand collection of Roman and Grecian statues and busts, surpassing every thing of the kind in England, was made by the late Mr. Townley, and employed most of his life. This collection has been recently purchased for the British museum, but has not yet been removed from Mr. Townley's house in St. James' Park, whither we next went to see it.

Most of the numerous articles in this collection, which is considered as a cheap purchase at twenty thousand pounds, are the genuine productions of the Roman and Grecian chisel. The late Sir William Hamilton pronounced it the first collection in Europe, and indeed, it is very wonderful that marble can be wrought into forms of such exquisite elegance, and be made to express so perfectly the features of the mind.

In this collection there is a Grecian bust of Homer, and one of Pericles. A statue of Ariadne is very fine, and the pastoral muse Thalia, is exhibited in drapery which seems actually to possess the light airy folds of muslin, and to be at once a transparency, and a veil, for although clad

from head to foot, the lineaments of her person are perfectly visible. The same things may be said of a recumbent statue of Diana. But, it will be useless to enlarge, for I am too little conversant with subjects of this nature to judge correctly, and when I praise or blame it is from feeling, more than judgment. An artist or a connoisseur might decide very differently; but there is, after all, a natural taste in most men which generally decides with tolerable accuracy on the correctness of professed imitations of nature.

DR. WILLIAM HUNTER'S MUSEUM.*

August 1.—The gentleman with whom I yesterday visited the British museum, went with me this morning to see the museum of Dr. Hunter, an introduction to which was procured for us by Mr. Accum.

The anatomical theatre, which is also the dissecting room, was shown to us by the dissector. It is convenient, but is not particularly interesting, except from its having been the scene of the anatomical labours of the great William Hunter; there he delivered his lectures, and gave his demonstrations.

The museum is probably the first in the world, for the number and rarity of its anatomical preparations. We were indulged with a sight of it. The collection is not confined to anatomy. It embraces other objects, as for instance, antiquities and natural history. There is a collection of medals worth twenty thousand pounds, and a very choice cabinet of minerals and shells. Every thing is most happily arranged, both for exhibition and instruction. But, the anatomical preparations form the glory of

* 1818. This museum is now removed to Glasgow.

this museum, especially those of diseased parts, and monstrous productions. Of these there is an almost endless variety, and in a fine state of preservation. As the spectator passes along the crowded shelves, the preserved remains of thousands of our fellow mortals exhibit, in melancholy array, the host of ills that "flesh is heir to." It is enough to humble the pride of beauty and to make even pleasure sober. I could be particular, but the minds of those who have not been drilled into apathy, by a familiarity with the disgusting lacerated fragments of a dissecting room, cannot bear the exhibition of particular images of these things. I therefore dismiss Dr. Hunter's museum, without mentioning, as I have usually done in similar cases, some of the most interesting objects.

The dissector appears to be about fifty years of age, and has spent his life among bones, skeletons, and dead bodies. So completely has habit extinguished all "compunctious visitings of nature," on this subject, that, it is said, he has actually sold his own person to the anatomical class, and receives an annuity upon condition that preparations are to be made of it, and to be placed in the museum. Thus he is determined that his body, after death, shall still haunt a place, in which, while living, he has delighted to be. You must pardon me for mentioning disagreeable subjects, where they are illustrative of the human character. This man seems, long ago, to have extinguished every thing of that dread, horror, and disgust, with which most people contemplate these subjects, and to have advanced into a new world of enjoyments, unknown to those who have not kept such dreadful society.

Yesterday, news reached town, of the partial defeat of the combined squadrons of France and Spain. The tower and park guns were fired on the occasion, and this evening I heard the park guns again—probably on account of farther good news. But, it is painful to reflect that the peal of triumph is also the funeral knell of multitudes.

No. XXXV.—LONDON.

Incidents—Family of a village clergyman—A mistake—Thunder storm—Fetid gases disengaged in London—Vanity of an author—American ministers—An evening walk—Manufactory of carpets—Lord Bacon's tree—Hatton Garden—Singular invitation to dinner.

INCIDENTS.

August 2.—I have been not a little gratified to-day with a family scene which yet presented nothing new or uncommon, and indeed, it was for this very reason that I have been pleased. I had occasion to visit a village near London, and to make a call at the house of a clergyman. Previous circumstances had made it proper, and not embarrasing, to tell my own name, for, I was, personally unknown to them. The thing which gave me pleasure was the exact resemblance which this family presented to that of any respectable clergyman in Connecticut. I was received with the same open and friendly hospitality, and with the same sedulous attention, and felt actually domesticated within half an hour. The clergyman was at work

in his garden when I arrived, but he was immediately called, and came in, with one of those great white wigs on his head, with which we learned, when boys, to associate impressions of gravity and wisdom. Mrs. —— and her two daughters were employed about the domestic affairs, and, while the clergyman entertained me with remarks on religious sects, polemic divinity, American writers of sermons, and other professional topics, the cloth was laid, at one o'clock, and arrangements for dinner were evidently in great forwardness. It was in vain that I attempted to take my leave, feeling it not perfectly proper to extend a morning call so as to include dinner; their frankness and hospitality silenced or overcame my scruples, and I consented to stay. In the mean time one of the ladies sat down at the piano, and entertained us with music, and the father next invited me to go with him, and see the parish church and burying ground. On our return, we partook of what was, in every respect, a Connecticut family dinner. I could hardly persuade myself that I was not in my own country, and few occurrences since I have been in England, have been so interesting to my feelings. I will mention only one other circumstance, and this you will pronounce still more like Connecticut than any thing I have mentioned. Because I happened to be dressed in black, an impression, it seems, had, from the moment of my arrival, prevailed in the family, that I was a clergyman. I do not doubt that they would have treated me with equal kindness had their impressions been otherwise; but it was unpleasant to me to disappoint the calculations of aid on the approaching Sabbath, which I found that my worthy host had formed; for, after we had returned from our visit to the parish church, he very gravely re-

marked, (seeming to consider it as a matter of course) that he should expect my assistance in the desk, on the next Sunday. The explanation which necessarily followed, caused much mirth in the family, and although some little degree of mutual embarrassment was produced by the mistake, it ended so pleasantly, that I did not regret the occurrence.

There has been a thunder storm this evening, with torrents of rain, which have disengaged such quantities of hepatic gas, from the subterranean receptacles of filth, that the air has been, for hours, extremely offensive. I am told that sudden and heavy rains usually produce this effect in London, and that sometimes the gas is so abundant as to blacken the silver utensils in the closets.

These gases are varieties of hidrogen gas, or inflamable air, principally the sulphuretted and carburetted gases; they are generated by putrefaction, in the vaults and sewers, and the effect of showers may be in part to render this putrefaction more active, and thus to generate more gas, but principally to expel that which is already formed, and which needs nothing but hydrostatic pressure to force it out of the pores and cavities which it occupies.

August 5.—I have had occasion this morning to call with a friend on a man not a little known to the literary and scientific world, and one to whom I was almost a stranger. I had often heard that distinguished literary men were prone to be vain, but I never have seen so striking an example of it combined with so much good nature, and amiableness, as in this instance. After finishing our business, the conversation turned on the reviews of London, of which this gentleman complained, on the score of personal injustice done to himself. But, to convince us

that the world was not wholly undiscerning of merit, he brought us a number of little articles which he had, at various times, received as tokens of esteem from distinguished personages, and he came back from his study loaded with books, turned down in dogs' ears, to passages where himself or his works were quoted or praised, and with the utmost frankness and composure he bestowed on himself and his own productions the same commendations which, I have no doubt, he would with equal readiness have given to another who in his opinion deserved them.

The same companion went with me to call on the American ministers, to pay our respects to them as the representatives of our country: I allude to our minister resident, Mr. Monroe, and to Mr. Bowdoin who is now accidentally in London on his way to Spain. Both gentlemen received us with the greatest civility and kindness, which was the more gratifying as we were without introduction and performed this service for each other; we received offers of service and kindness, and left them not a little pleased with the urbanity of our ambassadors. A circumstance occurred while we were inquiring for Mr. Monroe's residence, which seems to evince that the dignity of an ambassador is not duly appreciated by every body in London. We went first to Dover-street, rapped at a house where we were told that the American ambassador lived: a woman came to the door, of whom we inquired whether his excellency, the American minister was at home; she replied that no such person lived there, but that she believed we should find *something of the kind* at the next house.

After tea, as it was a fine serene evening, I walked with an acquaintance out to Hampstead, a delightful vil-

lage, situated four miles north of London, on a high hill, which overlooks the metropolis and the country around for many miles. Very near Hampstead, on the same range of hills, stands Highgate, another pleasant village. Thomson in the prospect from Richmond-Hill has alluded to these two eminences under the name of "the sister-hills." Our walk was principally through green fields, among herds of very fine cows, which are fed here to supply London with milk. We saw a corps of volunteer riflemen firing at a mark, to acquire that skill for which there is still some reason to believe they may yet find occasion. We returned to town in a beautiful moon light evening, and arrived somewhat fatigued, after a ramble of eight or ten miles, but, sitting to write the occurrences of the day, has rested me again, and fitted me for quiet repose.

August 6.—I have been with an English companion to see the manufactory of carpets at Saffron-hill in London. There I had the pleasure of witnessing, on a large scale, the execution of most of the processes, by which those beautiful stuffs are produced, which adorn the floors of our halls and parlours. The weaving is extremely ingenious, but eludes my powers of description.

On our return, we went into Gray's Inn Gardens, to look at a tree under which the great Lord Bacon used to sit while writing and reading. He was a student at Gray's Inn, and this his favourite tree is preserved with great veneration.

We went next to Hatton Garden, where is a principal seat of inquiry into offences against the peace. This inquiry is held before a single magistrate, who proceeds in a very summary way, binding over, or dismissing the par-

ty, as he thinks proper. We went into the court, and heard an examination and decision in the course of five minutes.

The police of London must be very good, or the people uncommonly well disposed, for the place is almost as free from turmoil as a village.

I was invited to-day to dine with a club at the British Coffee-House, on an occasion of considerable interest, and carried with me a ticket of admission, signed by the member who had invited me, in which I was named *as a visitor*. But, on placing my foot upon the stairs, to ascend to the club-room, a servant demanded of me half a guinea, and, upon my expressing my surprise at such a demand, he told me it was for my wine and dinner. I told him that I came as a guest, and produced my ticket. He replied that this made no difference, every body must pay. Supposing that it might be an imposition, and, if not, conceiving the demand indelicate and inadmissible, I withdrew; but, I find, upon inquiry, that the servant was honestly doing his duty. I mention the circumstance without either commendation or censure, as being illustrative of some deviation, in the case of clubs in this country, from the received rules of private hospitality.

No. XXXVI.—LONDON.

Rules of riding and walking in London—Rapidity of walking—Denseness of population in the streets—Numbers of deformed and infirm—Anecdote—Excursion by water to Richmond—Ignorance of the English of their own history and antiquities—Objects on the river's banks—Rural dinner in the fields—Singular vehicle—Royal equipage—Richmond Hill—Thomson's description of the scenery around it—Comparison of American and English scenery—Dinner in the country with an English bachelor—An awkward New-England custom unknown in England—Comparison of manners.

RULES OF WALKING AND RIDING.

August 7.—The crowds that are almost constantly moving through the principal streets in London, are so great, that if a very exact etiquette were not observed, it would be impossible to move either with expedition or safety. The coaches, carts, and vehicles of all descriptions, are arranged in two rows, (whenever the street is crowded,) one on the right, and the other on the left, passing in opposite directions, like a revolving rope, or the return of an eddy. In Cheapside, for example, I have sometimes seen a double row of this kind, extending towards Cornhill, as far as the eye could distinguish, and occasionally carriages passing upon the cross streets, or foot passengers wishing to pass over, have been compelled to wait a considerable time. The principal streets of London are furnished with side-walks, both wide and well flagged, and upon these a similar etiquette is observed with great precision, and that even at night; for, in general, the great streets are so well lighted, both by the lamps and by the shops, that one may

in many instances recognize his acquaintance. The rule is, keep to the right, and, of course, give those whom you are passing, your left hand. This, of course, divides the passengers into two opposite, but not interfering currents; one half are moving one way, and the other half the opposite. In the great thorough-fares, such as Oxford road, Holborn, Cheapside, Cornhill, Ludgate Hill, and the Strand, it is quite indispensable to observe the rule; and if one, either through accident or ignorance, happens to get into the opposite current, he is elbowed and jostled, and his toes are trodden upon, till he is again in his proper place. You will not understand that every street in London exhibits this order, or that it is necessary in every one. But, in such streets as are named above, and other similar ones, it is often amusing to survey from a shop door, these vast currents of busy moving mortals. To an American, dropped in London, in the busiest periods of the day, and busiest parts of the town, it would seem as if some great solemnity, or alarm, had called all the population into the streets, and congregated them from the neighbouring country. On the contrary, it is said, that, to a person familiarized to London, the first view of our cities suggests the idea that some peculiar occasion has drawn the population from the streets, to the churches, or to the country. It is easy to see, however, that our city population must have vastly the advantage in point of accommodation, because they have much more room to live in.

It is not the denseness of the population alone, and its exact order of moving, that strikes one in London. The motion is also very rapid. There can be no doubt that the people of cities generally move more rapidly than the people of the country, and in general the motion is more

rapid as the city is larger. It is scarcely necessary to concede, that our physical powers limit this rapidity: but then all our powers, and that of walking among the rest, are capable of great improvement, and it may without hesitation be asserted, that the Londoners walk more rapidly than any other description of people in Britain or in America. This necessarily arises from the hurry of business and other engagements, and the great surface over which it is necessary to pass. I frequently find it necessary to walk eight and ten miles, and sometimes twelve or fifteen in the course of a day. It is true, the means of conveyance are generally at hand, and I sometimes make use of them; but, besides being somewhat expensive, if constantly resorted to, it is very unpleasant to be caged in a coach, on the pavements, when one wants every moment to watch with all his senses unincumbered, every object and every occurrence. I trust you will pardon me for saying that, accustomed at home, to walk with more than common rapidity, I found the habit eminently useful on arriving in London. Having here much to occupy me, I have learned to move even more rapidly than the common current, and in general one can by activity and attention, slip along through the crowd, in the same direction with it, and leave competitors behind. Occasionally however, the practice (a bad one it must be acknowledged, but, like many others, pleading necessity in its behalf,) is attended with inconvenience. Sometimes you are jostled in the opposite current, you encounter a heavy laden porter, his shoulders bending under a trunk or bale of merchandize, and he cries out: "*by your leave, sir,*" meaning that you should let him go quietly on; sometimes the halt, the maimed, the blind and the indolent, are in your way, and

sometimes you are so completely waged in the crowd, that it is impossible to gain an inch upon them.

London abounds with mutilated people; with the painful deformity called *knock kneed;* and that to such a degree, that the knees bow inwards, and one is constantly getting before the other; with ricketty people; deformed and stinted in their growth; and more than all, with that *enobled* class of sufferers, the *gouty*. As it is in point, allow me to mention a trivial incident among the adventures which rapid walking has caused me to meet with. As I was the other day passing in this manner, along the Strand, I accidentally trod on the toes of a true *John Bull*, who was hobbling along on his cane, sorely afflicted with the gout, and bearing in his countenance honourable testimony in favour of the roast beef and porter of Old England. I begged his pardon, as I darted rapidly by him; but he was not to be pacified with apologies for the torture which I had occasioned. Beg pardon! cried he, (meaning, without doubt, that it was unpardonable,) for he corrugated his features, most hideously, and raising his cane as if to strike one who was already out of his reach, he poured out such a flood of execrations, as followed me like the blessings of successful beggars, till they died away in the hum of the crowd.

EXCURSION TO RICHMOND.

August 8.—I was invited yesterday to join a small party in an excursion by water to Richmond. The party consisted of three ladies, and five gentlemen, and we were indebted for the excursion to Mr. B——, the owner of the barge, and of all the refreshments and conveniences with which it was freighted. This gentleman is an English

bachelor, and being fond of water parties, has built a very elegant barge, with an awning, stuffed seats, carpet, curtains and gilded railing, and furnished with compiete equipage to spread an elegant table, independently of any other aid; the very table itself, the seats and the tent are a part of the equipment of the boat. In such a vehicle, on as fine a day as I have ever seen in England, we proceeded up the Thames. Its banks are flatter and lower than is perfectly consistent with great variety of scenery; still they are very beautiful, being every where verdant, and bordered with frequent villages, groves, seats, and lodges. The river, in its course from Richmond, winds very much, so that our passage was not less than eighteen miles, when by land, the distance is not more than eight or ten. On that side of the Thames where London stands, we passed the villages of Chelsea, Fulham, Hammersmith, Chiswick, Brentford, Strand on the Green, and Isleworth, and on the opposite side, Lambeth, Battersea, Wandsworth, Putney, Barnes, Mortlake, and Kew. In and about these villages we saw elegant lodges and villas, belonging to the nobility and others. The most remarkable buildings were Chelsea Hospital, the seat of the Margrave of Anspach, Sion House the seat of the Duke of Northumberland, the new palace of George III. at Kew, and the seat of the Duke of Queensbury.

There are a number of interesting objects in this tour, which I shall not notice now, because I hope to make an excursion this way by land. To-day I was obliged to be regulated by the convenience of the party.

They were intelligent and polished people, but had very little taste for those objects which interest me most in my rambles. To an American, "England is all classical

ground;" after his own country, it is the one which interests him most; he, by the study of its history, is familiar with the great events and great names of former times; he knows with what places they are associated, and coming to England full of this fervor, expects to find the natives of the country as well informed at least, if not as ardent as himself. Every rood of ground, in the vicinity of London, more especially, is replete with historical associations, and perhaps no part of it more so, than from London to Richmond. But one often inquires in vain, for that minute local information which he needs; and indeed you would be surprised to find, how few people here are even tolerably informed concerning the history and antiquities of their own country, or even concerning its present state. I have often been distressed, when on some celebrated spot, for want of a companion thoroughly versed in affairs of this kind, and possessing that almost religious veneration for antiquity, which, if a weakness, is one both innocent and venial.

After leaving Westminster-bridge, there are four others over the Thames before you pass Richmond. At the latter place and at Kew are elegant structures of stone, but at Putney and Battersea they are of wood. Above London, the Thames becomes a very beautiful river, growing sensibly narrower as we proceed up the stream.

We arrived opposite to Richmond about two o'clock P. M. and landed on a delightful lawn, where, in a few minutes, as if from the effects of magic, a large tent, and a table covered with good things, appeared on the green bank. We dined, sumptuously, upon food which had been brought ready prepared from London in our barge, and we had the fruits of the season for a desert. As we sat

in our tent, "the silver Thames," the bridge, the numerous seats on the opposite bank, and the beautiful hill of Richmond, were in full view before us.

On this fine lawn a dutchess,—whose title I have forgotten, was taking the air in a very singular vehicle. She was advanced in life—very infirm and very heavy, so that it would have been obviously difficult to have placed her in a common carriage. To suit her case exactly, a carriage had been constructed, whose floor was about one foot from the ground, so that one step was all that was requisite to get into it; it was entirely open with a single low and broad seat, and was drawn on four wheels by a pair of superb bay horses which the coachman managed with perfect ease. The aged and venerable appearing lady, with a parasol to protect her from the sun, was thus rolled up and down on the rich green carpet, spread on the banks of the Thames, and I presume never attempted in this vehicle to travel in the open high way. Probably there are in England, more contrivances for comfort, than in any other country.

After dinner, in walking over Richmond Bridge, we met one of the Royal equipages. It was a Barouche, and occupied principally by ladies. The livery of the servants is scarlet; this is appropriate to the royal family, and thus their equipages are with certainty known, even by strangers. Our position on the bridge brought us close to them, but there was nothing in their dress and personal appearance to distinguish them from genteel people generally.

We next ascended Richmond-Hill, so long a favourite subject of poetical eulogium.

I had no time to examine into the antiquities of this celebrated place; Edward the third—Ann, wife of Richard the second—Henry the seventh—Queen Elizabeth and the poet Thomson all died here, and I shall be much disappointed if I do not visit Richmond again, when I shall not fail at least to find out Thomson's grave. I had his Seasons in my pocket, and took the volume out, and read on the spot his description of the view from Richmond-Hill;—his lines do so much better justice to this truly beautiful prospect, than my hurried prose, that I shall make use of them on this occasion:—

——————————— or ascend
While radiant Summer opens all his pride,
Thy hill, delightful Shene?* Here let us sweep
The boundless landscape: now the raptur'd eye,
Exulting swift, to huge Augustat send,
Now to the sister-hillst that skirt her plain,
To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
Majestic Windsor lifts her princely brow.
In lovely contrast to this glorious view,
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
To where the silver Thames first rural grows.
There let the feasted eye unwearied stray;
Luxurious, there, rove through the pendent woods
That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat;
And stooping thence to Ham's embow'ring walks,
Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd
With her, the pleasing partner of his heart,
The worthy Queensb'ry yet laments his Gay,
And polish'd Cornbury woos the willing muse.
Slow let us trace the matchless Vale of Thames,
Fair-winding up to where the muses haunt

* *Shene*, the Saxon name of this place.

† London. ‡ Hamstead and Highgate.

In Twit'nam's bow'rs, and for their Pope implore
The healing God ;§ to royal Hampton's pile,
To Clermont's terrass'd height, and Esher's groves,
Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd
By the soft windings of the silent Mole
From courts and senates Pelham finds repose.
Enchanting vale! beyond whate'er the muse
Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!
O vale of bliss! O lofty swelling hills!
On which the power of cultivation lies,
And joys to see the labours of his toil.
Heav'ns! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glitt'ring towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays!

To this description, almost all the objects of which may be at this moment distinguished from Richmond-Hill, as well as they could in Thomson's time, I have nothing to add, except the assurance, whose truth you will not doubt, that it gave me great pleasure to view, what I had long admired in imagination only.

On the subject of English landscape, I would remark, that comparing it with ours, it generally exhibits less boldness, but more beauty and finish. I am now speaking of populous and cultivated districts, in both countries, and not of mountain and alpine scenery. In England, there is an unrivalled neatness in their fields and hedges, and an intenseness in the verdure, which is not seen, in an equal degree, in countries scorched by a fervid summer sun. The most populous parts of our country still abound so much with forest, that England, in comparison, looks naked. From Richmond-Hill, however, there are more

§ In his last sickness.

trees seen, than from most places in England. Trees abound in the numerous parks and pleasure grounds attached to the palaces, or at least, to what have been, or still are royal do ains; the innumerable villas are rich in plantations of trees, and in the hedge-rows, they are also numerous, so that in the prospect from Richmond-Hill, even an American will say there are trees enough, while there are not many prospects in America in which an Englishman would not find too many for his taste.

Our return to London presented nothing particularly interesting, and we arrived at Westminster-bridge at half past eight o'clock in the evening, in a shower of rain.

August 9.—I have already remarked that celibacy is very common in England among men in easy circumstances, till a period of life when, from various reasons, they find it difficult to change their situations. I have known a considerable number of instances where gentlemen of polished manners and cultivated minds, live as bachelors, in a style of much elegance and independence.

I have dined to-day a few miles from London with a gentleman of this description. He has a charming rural situation, just on the declivity of a hill, which commands an extensive view of a wide and beautiful vale, intersected by a winding river, and bounded by verdant hills. This is only one instance out of thousands of that rural beauty with which England abounds.

Cowper, smitten both with love of rural scenery, and with veneration for the Creator, exclaimed, "God made the country, man the town," and no one who has been conversant with the beauty of English country scenes will wonder at Cowper's ardent admiration of them. With competent pecuniary resources (and they need not be

those of great affluence) a reasonable man may lead his life *most pleasantly*—I may add, *most rationally* also, in the rural scenes of England.

Mr. ———, at whose house we were, had spent several years in the United States, and is one of the few English travellers in our country who do it justice when they return home. He speaks of it as it is. For he had been conversant with its best society, and was personally acquainted with many of our first families and people.

He had been much in New-England, and is well acquainted with its manners. As I was sitting in a chair, he told me that he should have recognised me as a New-Englander, had he not known me. Upon my inquiring for the peculiarity which marked my origin, he told me that no one except a man educated in New-England, ever leaned back in his chair, so as to make it stand upon the two hinder feet only. Although I was not in the least aware either that this was a custom peculiar to my country, or that I was then in so awkward a situation, I found that I was so indeed, and while the incident produced some mirth, at my expense, in which however I was happy to join, I am sure I shall never forget again that a chair ought to stand on four legs instead of two.

I am aware that this habit, is not one allowed in our best circles, and that the general standard of good manners in England, and in America is substantially the same, but, I must add, that English decorum is generally more strict than ours. Among respectable people you rarely see in England any lounging postures of body; people sit upright in their chairs and allow their feet and hands and elbows to take their natural positions. I do not remember ever to have seen, in England, any except Americans

put their feet up into chairs or against the chimney, window or wainscoat, or repose a leg on a table—or spit on the floor, and indeed, very rarely, unless unwell, spit at all—or *chew tobacco*, or *smoke*. Most of these habits, I know, are by polished people with us, regarded as offensive; but still multitudes of our citizens who would be very sorry not to be thought very respectable and even genteel, do all these things and many more, that might be specified.

Our party, which was small and social, consisted entirely of Americans, and of Englishmen who had travelled in America, and of course there was much discussion concerning the merits of the two countries; and, out of compliment to the Americans present, even the peculiarities in the arrangements of the table in which there is any difference between England and us, were, in this instance, all in the American style. For instance we eat our cheese with our apple pye and not by itself, as is the English custom.

After dinner we walked in the gardens till evening, when a bright and full moon made our return to London exceedingly pleasant. I was with two Americans in a post chaise, and reached home about nine o'clock.

No. XXXVII.—LONDON.

Sunday, how considered by many in London—The Cockneys—Who they are—Found among all ranks and in all cities—Sunday walks in Kensington Gardens—The rabble—Athletic sports—Calls and visits—Magdalen Asylum—Excellent object of the institution—The Magdalens—Surry Chapel—An intelligible hint.

SUNDAY.

August 11.—I attended public worship to-day in a great church where there were only a few people. This I have very often seen before in London. The number of houses of public worship belonging to the establishment and to dissenters in London is very great although totally inadequate to receive the population were they generally inclined to attend. This however, it is most obvious, that they are not disposed to do, for in many of the churches, where I have been, on the sabbath, only hundreds came, where thousands might have been accommodated. Indeed, a very great proportion of the people consider the Sabbath as a day of mere rest, of relaxation, of amusement, or of dissipation, according to their employments, and rank in society. A person, while walking the streets on the Sabbath, will meet numbers of the gentry with their splendid equipages, going out into the country for an airing, or perhaps to join a party at some village in the vicinity. It is also a favourite day with them to begin a journey, as it is every where with sailors to begin a voyage.

The cockneys also emulate their superiors in this way, and although they cannot afford to keep coaches, you

will see them "close packed in chaise and one," or on horseback, riding furiously into the country. I suppose the word cockney and the idea attached to it are familiar to *you*, although they may not be to all my friends. It means "a citizen of famous London town," who has money enough to make a little show on the Sabbath, and certain other public days, but who is commonly employed in close attention to trade, or manual industry. He would deserve respect, (as sober modest industry ever does) if he were not smitten with a desire to emulate the fashionable world, who only look down upon him with the more contempt, as he exerts himself the more to be like them.—He is a kind of hybridous animal, half way between real gentility, and plain unassuming industry, and equally destitute of the good qualities of both. He talks much of Vauxhall, Drury-lane theatre, the Opera, Hyde Park, and Kensington gardens; is full of anecdotes of Mr. Pitt and the Prince of Wales, and even hints at his personal knowledge of the great. He is ignorant without modesty, profuse without liberality, gaudy without taste, and voluptuous without refinement.

There is a church in Cheapside, called Bow Church, and it is a common remark in London, that all born within the sound of its bell are *cockneys*. This kind of character is not however confined to such narrow limits; it is found occasionally in genteel life, and extends to other countries besides England. It exists in every great city, and on a smaller scale, although not with pretensions less ridiculous, it may be discovered in Philadelphia, New-York, and Boston, and even in smaller towns. But, in London it is found in full perfection. Some weeks ago, I was breakfasting at a house, *not within the sound of Bow*

Church bell, but in Westminster, when the lady of the house, a woman who *really* rode in her coach, and had servants in livery to attend her, was descanting on the sufferings and privations which she had endured on a journey to Manchester, and concluded a pathetic narration, by remarking, that *she thought it quite impossible to live comfortably out of London.* It was somewhat difficult to preserve a proper decorum of manners, under the expression of these sentiments, and to suppress the mirth and contempt naturally excited by such profound ignorance, prejudice, and city conceit. There is probably much of this kind of character, among people in high life, as well as among the cockneys. London—London is every thing; the rest of England is hardly tolerable.—Scotland is fit only for Scotchmen, who can live on oatmeal and water; and America is merely a place of exile, from all that is refined, elegant, or comfortable. When I first came to England, such things made me angry, but I have now learned to disregard them.

But, to return from the cockneys to our subject; during a pleasant Sunday, the environs of London swarm with emigrants from town. Hyde Park, and the vast forests and serpentine walks of Kensington gardens are thronged with people of all ranks. Gentry, cockneys, cits are all disgorged, and thousands and tens of thousands are seen going, and returning, in two opposite currents; and such an assemblage of burly corpulent people is probably not to be found in the world beside. The plethoric citizen and his no less plethoric family, come glowing to Hyde Park corner, after a walk of two or three miles from the city, and then, they labour on several miles farther,

through the Park and Kensington gardens, and this by way of being genteel, and of taking the air.

Again, in the streets and lounging about the corners, you may see thousands of wretches, who are dirty, ragged, and disgusting to the last degree, and the Sabbath, so far from giving cleanliness, comfort, or devotion to them, does not fail to bring a season of sloth, noise, and often of drunkenness. This class is the very rabble of London, whose condition is as debased as it is forlorn.

In the streets and in the fields also, sports of various kinds may be seen going forward, and athletic exercises, such as quoit, ball, &c.

The shops are generally shut, but those of the pastry cooks are kept open, and although the markets are closed, fruits, walking-sticks, and Sunday newspapers are hawked about the streets, and pamphlets, with accounts of the last *great victory*, the death of the last great man, or *the last words and dying speech* of the man who was hanged last week. The people who carry these things, generally blow a little trumpet to attract attention, and then audibly proclaim the wonderful things which they have to sell.

In town it is the favourite day for calls of civility and dinners, and the reason assigned is that it is a day of leisure. Till lately, the nobility had Sunday concerts, but these have been interdicted by the Bishop of London.

There is, however, a class of people here, who observe the day as it was intended to be kept, and their example, inflexible and undeviating as it is, forms a striking contrast to the manners which I have been describing.

MAGDALEN ASYLUM.

In the evening I went with Mr. D——— to the chapel of the Magdalen Asylum, in St. George's fields, on the Surry side of the river. This institution does honour to human nature, as having been set on foot for the reformation of those miserable deluded outcasts, whose cases more frequently excite disgust than pity, and rarely obtain redemption or relief.

It is a fact which ought to give encouragement to the patrons of such institutions, that out of three thousand three hundred and seventy who have been discharged from this hospital, since its first foundation in 1758, two thousand two hundred and thirty have been either restored to their friends, or placed in service, while only four hundred and seventy-six have been discharged for improper behaviour. Out of all those discharged, by far the greater number *are under twenty years of age.* It appears from the records of the institution, that a very great part of its subjects belongs to that class, whom credulity and affection, under the sacred promise of marriage, have exposed to the basest of all treacheries. Very many of those whom this institution has snatched from perdition, have been since placed in regular employments, and, in numerous instances, respectably married, and now form virtuous and useful members of society.

The chapel is a handsome octagon, and, this evening, was crowded with people. I do not know the name of the preacher. I should be happy to record it if I did, for his discourse evinced talents and piety. It was a chaste, correct, and manly performance. The eye was not compelled to strain at faint undefined images seen through a

glimmering moonshine; for he placed his objects in the full illumination of the sun of truth and righteousness.

Some parts of the church service are adapted to the particular case of the subjects of the charity. On the wall is inscribed in large letters of gold: "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

With a very commendable delicacy, the place where the Magdalens sit, is veiled from the view of the audience. Their persons can be indistinctly seen, but not their features. On every account this is proper, but especialy so, as a very great proportion of them "have been seduced from their friends, under promise of marriage, and have been deserted by their seducers."

Rejected by their friends, spurned by society, without money, and without resources, they fly to this asylum to avoid that alternative which would otherwise be their only refuge from starving or suicide. Who can be more proper subjects of pity, of relief, of protection and pardon!

The singing was accompanied by the organ; it came from behind the veil, and was truly admirable. There was nothing theatrical, all was simple, natural, and seemingly devotional. There was a particular female voice which was exceedingly melodious; it had a mellifluous softness, which produced a great effect. Judging from the indistinct view which I had through the veil, I should suppose there were about fifty of the Magdalens. Alas! you may meet more than this number in walking fifty rods by night in any great street of London, and even before the door of the Magdalen itself! I find so many good people in this country, and so many institutions for purposes of humanity, that I cannot but say with their own favourite poet Cowper:—

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still."

Returning, we were attracted to Surry chapel by a full choir of voices, singing sacred music in concert with the organ; we stopped a few minutes to hear it. The chapel was very much crowded, and a full burst of harmony from some hundreds of singers, produced an effect, at once powerful and solemn, and beyond what instruments alone can do. This is the chapel where the celebrated Rowland Hill preaches, but I was not so fortunate as to hear him either at this time, or in a former instance when I was here. There was a contribution after the service was through, and, the preacher, that he might remove all impediments to the exercise of a benevolent disposition, requested those who had not money in their pockets, to step into the passage-way, where they would find pen, ink and paper, to enable them *to draw upon their bankers;* I did not however observe that any body took advantage of this gentle hint.

No. XXXVIII.—LONDON.

Excursion to Wandsworth—Return to Vauxhall Gardens—A morning ride—Beauty of the country—Alarm of invasion—Haymarket theatre—Tale of Inkle and Yarico—Its moral effect destroyed by theatrical representation—Tom Thumb—A mock tragedy—Tommy swallowed by a cow—Performers on the London stage—The lama.

AN EXCURSION.

August 12.—It was four o'clock in the afternoon, when I stepped into a boat at Westminster bridge. The wind

and tide were against us, and the boatmen had hard work to make any head-way, so that it was half past five o'clock when I arrived at the hospitable mansion of my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Guest, at Wandsworth-common. They were already at dinner, but the same hospitality and friendly manners which have so often made me happy in this interesting family, again made me welcome to-day.

After dinner, it was proposed that we should stop at Vauxhall on our return to town, as this is the principal gala night of the whole year, the gardens being lighted in a magnificent style, in honour of the birth-day of the Prince of Wales.

Some of the party went by land, and the rest with me in the boat;—we were so fortunate as to meet our friends at the door of the gardens, and after being pushed and pressed, for a long time, in the crowd, we made good our entrance. I shall not repeat what I have said already on the subject of these gardens.

So great was the crowd to-night that it was almost impossible to move in any direction. We could not obtain a box or a seat; every thing of the kind was engaged, and some of them had been so for three weeks. The situation was therefore extremely fatiguing, and particularly so to the ladies. To give it as much variety as possible, we struggled through the crowd as well as we could, and visited different parts of the gardens till midnight. The entertainments were substantially the same as those which I saw here before; only, the scenery at the view of London bridge was changed to catch the feelings of the moment. There had been, for some weeks, a pretty active alarm on the subject of the French invasion; and, to-night, down in the dark grove which I mentioned when here before, a

distant view of the enemy's camp was given, and detachments of English volunteers were represented as marching over London bridge to the attack. There was another addition. On the top of the orchestra was exhibited a transparency representing the crown suspended by two seraphs over the head of the Prince of Wales. The fire-works were very brilliant, and amidst this scene of splendour the moon shone out from among the broken clouds, as if to show how much her modest radiance, in its power of giving delight, exceeds the most splendid exhibitions of art. Her lustre has delighted mankind in every age; it delights them now, and will, till she shall shine no more. But Vauxhall is beheld with less pleasure the second time than the first, and I can easily conceive that it would soon become extremely uninteresting.

We retired before the ceremonies of the night were through; our companions returned to town, and I walked back with Mr. Guest to Wandsworth common, which we reached at half past one in the morning. Our walk was by moon light, through scenes considerably solitary, but we met with no adventure which may serve to give my narration the attractions of romance.

August 13.—In the morning we returned to town in a gig. We passed through Clapham, a pleasant village, and over Clapham common, which is adorned with numerous country seats of uncommon beauty. The morning was one of the finest that an English summer affords.

The thermometer was at 56°: a brisk breeze prevailed from north-west, the sky was very clear, and the air was charged with the fragrance of fruits and flowers. As we rode I had fresh reason to admire the great beauty of the rural scenes of England; and they afford me uncommon

delight, because I see them only at intervals, when I steal away from the noise and smoke of London.

The alarm of invasion is now more active than ever, and the government have contributed to it not a little, by ordering all officers and soldiers absent from their respective corps, and every volunteer to be ready at a moment's warning; should he step out of his own house, he is directed to leave a card specifying where he may be found. The regiments of volunteers muster every morning, and the whole island is in a state of vigilance, activity, and solicitude. The effect has been produced, at this time, by the fact that Buonaparte is at Boulogne with his vast armies, and with his flotillas in a state of unexampled preparation, while most of the channel fleet is drawn off in pursuit of the combined squadrons of France and Spain, and certain intelligence has been received in England of the actual embarkation of a large army in the ports of Holland, which is destined for the invasion of Britain.

Whatever may be the event, the industry of this country is thus diverted from its agriculture and manufactures, and the purposes of the enemy are in some measure answered without crossing the channel.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

August 11.—Having been formerly much interested in the popular taste of Incle and Yarico, I went to see it exhibited, to-night, at the little theatre in the Haymarket. The representation was amusing, but, the sympathy which is so powerfully awakened by the narration, for the fate of Yarico, and the indignation which is excited against the man who suffers the emotions of gratitude to be overcome by avarice, are in a great measure counteracted, by the

dramatic exhibition. We can bear *to be told, in print*, that Mr. Inkle has been so grateful and magnanimous as to marry his protectress, because she has first saved his life, and then bestowed her affections upon him, and we silently admire and applaud him for it; but, when we come actually to see, on the stage, a polished European, among his white friends, while he is every where obliged to acknowledge this tawny female for his wife, and to keep her constantly by his side, we wish that it were, some how or other, possible to extricate him from so unpleasant an embarrassment. Thus the mind is imperceptibly prepared to view, with less horror, Mr. Inkle's subsequent treachery; and the moral effect of the story is, in a great measure, destroyed.

The after-piece was *Tom Thumb*, of giant killing memory. The little story which we used to read in our three-penny picture books, detailing the adventures of this pigmy hero is much more interesting than the stupid farrago which they have wrought into the dramatic form. I will not tire and disgust you by an account of the strange crudities, and monstrous doings of every kind, which followed each other, to-night, in rapid and ominous succession. The catastrophe was certainly the most gratifying incident, as it was the last, and indeed it had quite as much of nature in it as any portion of the performance.

The doughty hero, Tommy Thumb, a little boy, in scarlet, about forty inches high, after wonderful deeds of valour, in single combat, by which he wins a beautiful princess—that is to say, a coarse athletic actress, tall enough for a grenadier—is just on the point of making her his bride, when, terrible to relate, a great English cow, steps from behind the scenes, and, at one mighty gulp,

swallows Tommy down, sword and all. The thing was received with great applause, and indeed almost every thing succeeds when trick'd off with the decorations of the stage. I am aware that this little piece is meant for a farce, but it is not the less ridiculous for that.

In all the performances this evening, there was much gross indecency of language without any natural connection with the plot, and thrown in merely to catch the populace. It is really farcical to talk of the morality of the stage, unless there are theatres differently conducted from any that I have yet seen either in this country or my own.

As to the talents of the performers on the London stage, there are a few who are very great, but the majority are below mediocrity, and many contemptible.

The persons of most of the actresses are very clumsy; their figures are bad, their habits robust and corpulent, and some of them are ugly enough to frighten the ghost of Hamlet. I cannot conceive why many of them should have chosen a profession for which they seem utterly unqualified. There are a few handsome women on the stage in London, and I have seen two or three who might be called beautiful. The persons of the actors are incomparably superior to those of the actresses.

LAMA, &c.

August 15.—There is a class of men in London who are called animal merchants. They keep, both for sale and exhibition, collections, more or less extensive, of living animals. Pidcock, whose menagerie I have already mentioned, is a dealer of this description, and this morning I visited another similar collection, Brooks', at the corner of Picadilly and the Haymarket. The object which I had

particularly in view in my visit, was to see the South American lama, an animal which has been recently (for the first time as it is said) brought into this country.

It is used, in South America, for the same services which the Arabians impose on the camel, and is classed by naturalists with that animal. But, compared with most of the camel family, the lama is small, although very active; he is also destitute of the dorsal bunch, and is covered with hair as fine as the softest silk. He has one singular faculty, which, although a defensive one, is more ludicrous than formidable.

When I entered the apartment the lama was standing with his head from me, and wishing to have a better view, I tapped him with my cane, when he flew into a violent rage, whirled instantly around, and with great force ejected from his nose a greenish fluid into my face. I was glad to retreat a little, and every subsequent attempt to conciliate the animal's favour, only produced a fresh shower. This liquor, which appears not to be mucus, but a peculiar fluid, probably secreted on purpose for the defence of the animal, which is perhaps in this way enabled to blind its assailants, seems to be discharged with such surprising force by a strong movement of the nose. The fluid is thrown occasionally five or six feet, and it is said, that when the lama is eating beans, he will, if disturbed, project them in the same manner.

In Brooks' collection, I saw also the jerboa, a species of rat, very much resembling the kangaroo, and the golden and silver pheasant of China, birds of singular beauty.

No. XXXIX.—LONDON.

Foundling Hospital—Mr. Hewlet—Mr. More—English preachers—A sermon of twelve minutes—Singing at the Foundling—Two blind singers—The Foundlings—Hogarth—Captain Coram—St. Stephen's.

FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

August 18.—I have frequently attended divine service at the chapel of the Foundling Hospital. I was there again this morning, and heard an excellent sermon from Mr. Hewlet. It was levelled against some fashionable irregularities, particularly the breach of the Sabbath, for purposes of recreation.

There is another gentleman, whom I have repeatedly heard in this chapel, with great pleasure; I allude to Mr. More. His discourses are finished compositions, nervous, glowing, and impressive, while they are chaste, and free from verbosity and false ornament. He has, in his manner of speaking, many of the graces of an orator, and his performances are always interesting, because he seems *really in earnest*, and deeply impressed himself with those truths which he is endeavouring to enforce on others. In the indiscriminate way in which I have attended the churches of this country, usually without any previous knowledge either of the place or preacher, I have too often been unfortunate in not finding decisive indications either of great talents, learning, or piety, and I have no doubt that, in a majority of instances, I have fallen upon preachers who were far below the general standard of the country. I make no general deductions unfavourable to England, while I mere-

ly state these facts. I was, a few Sabbaths since, in a church, in which, from its being very near my residence, I have attended more than once, where a young man concluded a very loose declamation, in the form of a sermon, in precisely twelve minutes. He seemed to be one of those

> " ——— things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
> And then skip down again. Pronounce a text ;
> Cry—hem ; and reading what they never wrote,
> Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
> And with a well-bred whisper close the scene !"

This gentleman, however, had the advantage of Cowper's divine, by just three minutes of time, and, I presume, from his countenance, that he was really the author of the composition which he read.

The singing at the chapel of the Foundling Hospital is very fine, and forms one of those attractions, which, coinciding with the interesting nature of the institution, produce a great resort of genteel people to this place. I allude particularly to the singing of the Foundlings themselves, which is soft, melodious, and natural ; but there is a couple of blind leaders, who, from its being their profession to sing, and because they obtain their bread by it, must needs introduce so many trills, shakes, and guttural echoes, that they turn sacred music into a theatrical exhibition, and lead one almost to wish that, if it were proper to make an election among the judgments of heaven, that theirs had been to be dumb instead of blind.

I was in company to-day with a gentleman, who after morning service, took me into the dining hall of the female foundlings, where we saw a very interesting spectacle. Nearly two hundred of these little beings, apparent-

ly very healthy and cheerful, and neatly dressed, were partaking of a wholesome and abundant dinner. Before they began, at a signal given, they all stood in an attiude of reverence, while one of their number, a little thing of six years of age, with her hands clasped, asked a blessing in a perfectly proper manner, while the whole number, with one voice pronounced—*Amen.*

The dining hall is adorned with the portraits of the benefactors of the institution, and among these, that of Captain Coram, who spent seventeen years of his life in assiduous exertions to found this charity, occupies, as it certainly ought to do, the most distinguished place.

Coram was a private and obscure individual, a captain in the American trade, and his history will long be remembered, as affording a striking illustration of the force of benevolent affections and the success of benevolent exertions. The precise object of this institution is expressed in the following words; "For preventing the frequent murders of poor miserable infants at their birth, and for suppressing the inhuman custom of exposing newborn infants to perish in the streets."

The admission of foundlings is not however indiscriminate; it proceeds upon a principle of selection; those objects are preferred which have the strongest claims. It is needless to say that such an institution, in such a place as London, is always full; at present there are more than five hundred foundlings of both sexes, and it is impossible to look at these little friendless unacknowledged beings, who are ignorant of their natural protectors, and of the ties which connect them to the rest of the species, without strong emotions of pity.

We went next into the dining-room of the boys, who are equally numerous as the girls; the same decorum prevailed there, and one of them asked a blessing in the same manner.

Hogarth was a benefactor of the Foundling Hospital, and some of his best pictures are suspended here, particularly his master-piece, *The march to Finchley;* this, on account of some rather too faithful copies which it contains of traits of real life, will form a more proper topic of oral than of written description. Several other pieces, some of them by great masters, and relating principally to scripture history, are to be seen in the committee-room.

In the afternoon, I attended at St. Stephen's, Walbrook. After St. Paul's, this church is the most magnificent in London, and is reckoned one of Sir Christopher Wren's master-pieces. It is indeed a grand and beautiful structure. The preacher gave us a very good discourse, but, his task is a very discouraging one, for, in this magnificent church, the whole audience, including the clerk, the organist, and twenty charity children, who are obliged to attend, did not amount to fifty persons.

No. XL.—LONDON.

St. Luke's Hospital—An Asylum for lunatics—A distressing sight—Different forms and varieties of madness—Particular individuals.

ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL.

August 23.—This morning, in consequence of an arrangement which Mr. Ogilvy, an English friend of mine,

was so good as to make for me, I went with one of the managers of St. Luke's Hospital, to visit that institution. It is situated in Old-street, near Finsbury-square. The structure is extensive, being between four and five hundred feet long, and, although it is plain in its appearance, it is by no means destitute of elegance.

This is a charitable institution, for the reception, and, as far as possible, for the cure of those unfortunate beings, who are visited with the most dreadful of all the judgments of heaven, *madness*. My conductor, who, as a manager of the hospital, was now on a tour of duty, to inspect every part of it, took me with him and obligingly explained the whole system. The building is wonderfully neat, clean, airy and convenient. Here, it was my fortune to see, nearly three hundred of my fellow creatures, deprived of the due exercise of their understandings, and blotted out from the intellectual creation.

We first visited the women, whose apartments are, of course, by themselves. Their cells are arranged, on both sides of several long galleries or halls, with their doors opening into this common passage. There are also wings to the building which contain cells arranged in a similar manner. At night, each patient is shut up in a solitary cell, but, in the day, they are suffered to walk at large, through the halls, which are spacious and airy. From this indulgence, those lunatics who are dangerous are exempted; they are confined with more or less rigor, as the case may require.

We walked around among the maniacs, and my conductor, who was a respectable Jew, and possessed of much mildness and humanity, was immediately recognised by most of those we met, who seemed to welcome him as a

friend and protector, and the good man had something kind and parental to say to them all. Most of them behaved with great decorum, and some conversed so correctly that one would not have suspected them of lunacy.—But, it was one of the most pitiable and affecting sights that I have ever beheld.

Some were merry and full of glee, and declared that they were perfectly well and very happy; some were fixed in sullen death-like melancholy, sitting in corners or standing with their eyes fixed on the floor; some were restless, walking from place to place, and apparently in deep thought; others wept bitterly, wringing their hands, begging to be released, and complaining of their friends for deserting them in their distresses; others were actuated by furious madness, clanging their chains, gnashing their teeth, and screaming piteously, while their eyes rolled with all the wildness of frenzy.

There is a yard, immediately back of the hospital, where, in fine weather, the patients are allowed to go for fresh air. Among those who were there, was a woman in a straight jacket. Her features were fixed; she stood immoveable as a marble statue, gazing with a wild frantic stare, but without any certain direction, and, at short intervals, she uttered the most lamentable piercing shrieks that I ever heard.

But, there were others, whose deportment was soft, mild, and perfectly correct. This was particularly the case with two very young women, who from their youth, beauty, and interesting manners, naturally excited particular sympathy. When we entered their apartments, they rose respectfully, conversed intelligently, and seemed more fitted to adorn a polished society than to be inmates of

Bedlam. Although, from their being in that place, I could not doubt the fact of their mental derangement, I asked my guide whether those young women were really lunatic. He assured me that they were, and that it was not uncommon for lunatic patients to appear rational for several days together. My conductor seemed perfectly to understand the humours of the patients. We entered one room where a woman was busying herself with a few plants and flowers, which she was rearing in the window; to her he apologized in very polite language, for coming, *unasked*, into a lady's apartment. She seemed flattered with his attention to her feelings, and showed us her patch work and her little garden, adding, that autumn was coming fast upon us, and that her leaves began to fade.

In another apartment was a young French woman. She had a little mortar, and was grinding colours which she used in painting. Around the room were hung the productions of her pencil, which were very ingenious considering that she had no colours, except such as she made from the sweepings of the house.

We next went into the apartments of the men, and walked freely among them; they exhibited much the same varieties of madness as the women, but more of them appeared to be sullen and melancholy, and I did not observe any who were gay.

St. Luke's Hospital was erected by private exertions, and the present building, it is said, cost £40,000. It is asserted that there is no establishment of the kind in Europe which, for the extent of the plan, is more complete, whether we regard the convenience of the building or the excellence of the management.

The Bethlem Hospital, which is the one commonly known by the name of Bedlam, is at present undergoing a thorough repair, and the patients are removed.

From this distressing scene, I returned home, thankful to heaven that neither *moping melancholy* nor moon-struck madness had fallen to my lot.

No.—XLI. LONDON.

Excursion to Hampton Court—Pope's residence—Strawberry hill—Park of Hampton Court—The palace—Particular objects in it—Impressions excited—Star and Garter Tavern on Richmond-Hill—Origin of a popular song—Thomson's grave—Earl of Buchan's inscription—Rossdale House, Thomson's former residence—Relics of him—His seat in the garden.

EXCURSION TO HAMPTON COURT.

At 9 o'clock, Mr. D—— and myself took seats for Twickenham, by the way of Hammersmith and Brentford. Twickenham is ten or eleven miles from London, on the Thames, opposite to Richmond. It is a pleasant village, but the cirumstance which chiefly renders it interesting is, that it was once the residence of *Pope*.

Till lately, his villa, with his favourite grotto, and the willow tree which he planted, were shown to strangers. But, the place has now fallen into the hands of a baronet, who has given his porter positive orders to admit no one who, from curiosity, comes to see this celebrated house. An American acquaintance of ours had, a few days before, met with this refusal in terms so positive, that we

thought it useless to make the attempt, and were obliged to content ourselves with merely an external view of a building which was once honoured by the presence of the illustrious bard. The house is of brick, perfectly plain, and three stories high. I make no reflections on Sir John Briscoe, the present possessor; he may have the best reasons for this seemingly illiberal conduct.

From Twickenham we went on foot to Hampton Court. On our way we passed Strawberry-hill, the celebrated seat of the late Lord Orford, and now of Mrs. Damer. I had, a few days before, applied in the usual form for a ticket of admission, but not having obtained it, we could view only the outside of this fine villa; it is built in the Gothic style, although it is little more than half a century old, and is beautifully situated not far from the Thames.

Leaving Strawberry-hill, we passed on, along the river to Hampton Court. It is the season of harvest; the reapers are cutting down the *wheat*, or as it is here called, the *corn*. We were refreshed with a view of every rural beauty which the full maturity of summer can afford; the hedge rows were covered with flowers; the meadows of the Thames were clothed in their deepest green, and a meridian sun and cloudless sky added splendour to beauty.

On entering the Park at Hampton Court, we found ourselves in an extensive forest of ancient and majestic trees, disposed in regular rows, and affording a refreshing retreat from the heat of the day. Along these avenues, where we could perceive the deer in herds gliding through the openings, we walked a full mile to the venerable palace of Hampton Court. It is constructed of brick, in the

ancient style; the form is quadrangular, with an interior court. It was first erected by Cardinal Wolsey, and the tapestry with which he adorned its walls, although faded, still remains untorn.

Charles I. was a state prisoner here; he lived with seeming freedom, and with somewhat of the dignity of a king, but he still thought fit to make his escape to the Isle of Wight.

Hampton Court was the favourite residence of Queen Ann; George I. and George II. often lived here; and William III. was particularly partial to it. He rebuilt a great part of the palace, and it remains substantially as it was in his time.

The Prince of Orange, on his expulsion from Holland, had this palace assigned to him for his residence, and here, I am informed, he still resides.

A corps of horse have their barracks in the outer buildings, whether as a guard of honour to the Prince, or as an appendage of the palace, I do not know.

Although we were conducted through the different apartments, in a manner much too rapid, entirely, to satisfy my curiosity, I was still much gratified, for I had never seen the inside of a palace before. As I cannot describe all the interesting objects, I will mention merely a few of the most remarkable.

The stair case is magnificent; the walls and ceiling are decorated with superb paintings, representing heathen deities, and fabulous and real scenes of antiquity. The colours are not laid upon canvass, but upon the walls themselves.

The guard-room, which we entered first, contains arms for one thousand men, and portraits of many distinguished

persons, among which are those of Sir Cloudesly Shovel, Sir George Rooke, &c.

We were then conducted through presence-chambers, audience-chambers, dressing-chambers, bed-chambers, and other royal apartments, all of which were adorned with superb pictures and ancient tapestry. A picture of William III. on a white horse, by Kneller, is wonderfully fine. There is a full length portrait of George I. and all the rooms are more or less decorated with portraits of kings and queens, and their connections, and of the great men of their respective courts.

In one of the apartments are some pieces of the gobelin manufacture, representing the battles of Alexander the Great.

They showed us also the public dining-room where George II. used to give dinners of state.

The king's bed-chamber and that of the queen ure superbly painted; the beds are covered with crimson silk velvet, and canopies of the same, embroidered with gold, are suspended over them.

The walls of Queen Mary's bed-chamber are hung with tapestry wrought by her own hands, and those of the maids of honour; this industrious and excellent woman, the wife of William III. was at once the ornament of her own sex and of the throne of England. The famous cartoons of Raphael are here; among their subjects, which are taken principally from Scripture history, are the stories of the death of Ananias and of the blindness of Elymas the sorcerer.

The tables in many of the aparments are of *verd antique*, and, generally, the furniture and decorations of the various apartments, are in a style of royal magnificence. To

give a tolerably copious description, would be to write a volume; and, although a mere catalogue of a few cannot be very interesting, I could not be willing to pass over every thing in entire silence.

My principal satisfaction at Hampton Court, arose from the consciousness that I was actually *in a palace*, and that kings, queens, and illustrious men, had trod the boards that were then beneath my feet. While I am thus impressed with these ideas, which partake at once of moral grandeur and of grateful melancholy, I must not forget the attention which all ages have demanded, and paid, to the claims of female beauty, whether dead or living. For, there is one room devoted to the portraits of the Hampton Court beauties; I believe most of the ladies flourished in King William's time. Notwithstanding the stiff drapery of the age, several of these belles were richly endowed by nature with those external charms, whose empire, if not as enduring as that of warlike conquest, is at least more extended. But the grave has swallowed them long ago, and their beauty now lives only on the canvass.

Hampton Court is delightfully situated on the Thames, fifteen or sixteen miles from London.

We now returned on foot to Twickenham, and having crossed Richmond bridge, dined at the *Star and Garter tavern*, on the very summit of Richmond-Hill. In this tavern once lived a young woman, in the humble station of a waiting-maid, who possessed such uncommon attractions, as to inspire a young man of the first rank in the kingdom with such a partiality for her, that he gave utterance to his passion in the popular song of,

"On Richmond-Hill there liv'd a lass," &c.

Where this comely lass is now, I know not, nor does she seem to have left in the house any representative of her beauty, for, we saw nobody there, who, had we been poets, would have excited us to emulate the song of the royal inamorato.

After dinner, we ascended to the roof of the house, and took a view at leisure of this vast and delightful prospect. We saw London very distinctly.

Richmond-Hill deserves all that has been said in its praise, nor has Thomson acted the poet more than the geographer, in the description which I quoted a few days ago. The trees are so numerous in the vale as to have the appearance of an extensive forest with frequent openings, and the Thames, as it winds along its circuitous course, looks like a silver stream. The view from this hill is, I presume, one of the finest in the world; the interesting objects are numerous, various, distinct, and beautiful, so as well to entitle Richmond to its Saxon name of *Shene*, or *Resplendent*.

Leaving Richmond-Hill, we descended into the village, and while my companion waited at the door of the church, I went to find out the person whose office it was to show it to us; our object was to visit Thomson's grave. After some inquiry, I found an old woman, who undertook to conduct us. As we walked to the church, she told me that her husband knew Thompson, and assisted at his funeral, the expenses of which, said she, were paid by a gentleman of Richmond, "for Thompson, sir, was very poor, as all poets are." We had now arrived at the door of the church, which she unlocked, and I hastened to the spot, and spent a few minutes in pensive but pleasing con-

templations over the grave of this delightful poet and lamented man.

He lies under the pavement, in the north-west corner of the church, and for many years there was not even an inscription to mark where he lay. But, the Earl of Buchan, in the year 1792, placed on the adjoining wall, a brass plate, on which I read the following memorial:

"In the earth, beneath this tablet, are the remains of James Thomson, author of the beautiful poems, entitled the Seasons, the Castle of Indolence, &c.—who died at Richmond, on the 27th of August, and was buried there on the 29th, O. S. 1748." The Earl of Buchan, unwilling that so good a man, and sweet a poet, should be without a memorial, has denoted the place of his interment, for the satisfaction of his admirers, in the year of our Lord 1792.

Then follow these lines from his own Winter.

Father of light and life, thou GOOD SUPREME!
O, teach me what is good, teach me THYSELF!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From ev'ry low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

The old woman informed me that her husband, about twelve years ago, dug down to the coffin, and found that it was still undecayed, although it had then been buried forty-five years.

On the opposite side is a monument to the memory of the celebrated Gilbert Wakefield, who was buried here. After looking at the other interesting things in this ancient and venerable church, I returned to the grave of the sweet bard, and took my last leave of it.

The memory of Thomson having gained complete possession of my mind, I was not willing to pass by Rossdale House, at the head of Kew Footlane, where he used to reside. The house now belongs to Mr. Ashley, of Grosvenor-square, but was possessed, till within these few months, by the widow of Admiral Boscawen; she is recently deceased at the age of ninety or more.

Although we were strangers without any introduction, we were received in the most obliging manner, and every thing connected with Thomson's memory was readily shown. The first article that we saw was the table on which he wrote the Seasons. It is small, round, and low, but rather elegant in its appearance, being of mahogany, and having an inscription in the middle. This table is preserved with great care, as are also the two brass hooks in the wall on which Thomson used to hang his hat and cane.

They next pointed us to his favourite seat in the garden. It is a summer-house of plain boards, of a pentagonal form, enclosed completely on all sides but one, and, contiguous to the sides, there is a seat running quite around the interior part, except the entrance. It is in the midst of a garden of some extent, and is overhung by vines and trees. On the front, immediately above the entrance, is this inscription: *Here Thomson sung the seasons, and their change.*

Pardon my weakness, if such it be, in mentioning these little circumstances, and still more in experiencing strong emotions of mournful pleasure, while I lingered in the lodge which this delightful poet once frequented.

There are several inscriptions on the inside of the summer-house, one of which follows:

"Within this pleasing retirement, allured by the music of the nightingale, which warbled in soft unison to the melody of his soul, in unaffected cheerfulness, and genial, though simple elegance, lived James Thomson. Sensibly alive to all the beauties of nature, he painted their images, as they rose in review, and poured the whole profusion of them into his inimitable Seasons. Warmed with intense devotion to the Sovereign of the universe, its flame glowing through all his compositions; animated with unbounded benevolence, with the tenderest social sensibility, he never gave one moment's pain to any of his fellow creatures, except by his death, which happened at this place on the 22d of August, 1748."

Reluctantly I withdrew from this interesting scene, and pursued the foot path, which Thomson always travelled to Kew.

We arrived at the Botanical Garden, but, too late to be admitted to see it, and, indeed I was not displeased at the disappointment, for I did not wish to turn my mind to any other subject, and, therefore, stepping into a coach, we returned immediately to London.

No. XLII.—LONDON.

Christ's Hospital—A preacher there—Great number of boys educated on charity—Lord Nelson—A crowd always at his heels—His appearance.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

August 25.—In company with an American I went to the church belonging to Christ's Hospital, Newgate-street,

where we heard a preacher who seemed to be a man of warm piety and of respectable talents. The final judgment was his theme, and with much earnestness and feeling, he urged the importance of realizing the truth of the scripture representations on this most important subject.

This church presented a very interesting spectacle. There were present about six hundred boys, from the age of six to that of sixteen, who are educated on the foundation of this charitable institution. Besides these, there are three or four hundred more, principally females, who are at school at Hertford, so that at least one thousand children are dependent upon this charity. The boys whom we saw at church were all dressed in that peculiar uniform which I mentioned at Manchester, and which appears to be common in English charitable institutions of ancient date. It consists of a jacket of coarse blue cloth, buttoned close around the neck and body, and descending to the feet in a kind of skirt or petticoat, which is buckled around the waist with a leather belt. These boys formed a very interesting spectacle; they were all provided with service books, and sung to the organ, which was a very fine one, loud and deep-toned, and yet soft and clear. After service we walked into the buildings where the boys receive their instruction and have their accommodations. The buildings are very ancient and need repair. The dining-hall is extensive, and is adorned with two large pictures, one of which represents Edward VI. granting a charter to the institution; the other was so remote that we could not distinguish its subject through the iron grating which separated us from them.

LORD NELSON.

August 26.—As I was standing in a shop in the Strand, this morning, I had the satisfaction, which I had long wished for, of seeing *Lord Nelson*. He was walking through the streets, on the opposite side, in company with his chaplain, and, as usual, followed by a crowd. This is a distinction which great men are obliged to share in common with all wonderful exhibitions;—a dancing bear would immediately attract a throng in the streets of London, and this great admiral can do no more in the same circumstances. If it be a gratification, while it is new, it must soon become extremely troublesome. Lord Nelson cannot appear in the streets without immediately collecting a retinue, which augments as he proceeds, and when he enters a shop, the door is thronged till he comes out, when the air rings with huzzas, and the dark cloud of the populace again moves on, and hangs upon his skirts.

He is a great favourite with all descriptions of people; the nation are wonderfully proud of him, and, although his late unwearied pursuit of the French and Spanish squadrons has proved fruitless, the enthusiastic admiration in which he has long been held, does not seem to be in the least diminished.

My view of him was in profile. His features are sharp and his skin is now very much burnt, from his having been long at sea; he has the balancing gait of a sailor; his person is spare and of about the middle height, or rather more, and mutilated by the loss of an arm and an eye, besides many other injuries of less magnitude.

It was certainly a rational source of satisfaction to behold the first naval character of the age, a man whom his

contemporaries admire and posterity will applaud. His very name is at this moment, under providence, a palladium to this island, and no hostile fleet can meet him without dreading the event of the interview.

I have been for some time, contemplating a tour to Bath, Bristol, and the mines of Cornwall, and having procured from the alien-office, my permission to travel into the interior of the country, I have been busied for a few days past, in making every other preparatory arrangement of my concerns, and to-morrow I intend to commence my journey in company with our countryman, Mr. T———, who goes with me as far as Bristol.

A TOUR TO THE WEST AND SOUTH OF ENGLAND.

No. XLIII.—WINDSOR.

Windsor—Long famous in history—The palace—The round tower—Paintings—Furniture—The terrace—Beauty of the scenery—Eton College—Dr. Herschell's great telescope and residence.

August 26.—The day was fine, and at two o'clock, P. M. taking our seats on the roof of the coach, that we might enjoy the best view of the country, we proceeded to Windsor, and arrived at six in the evening.

Windsor is a considerable town, situated on a declivity, sloping to the Thames. It has been famous from remote antiquity, and even in the time of the Saxons was a principal pass. William the conqueror built a castle here, and

from that period, it has been, more or less, a residence of the kings of England.

> "Thy forests, Windsor, and thy green retreats,
> At once the monarch's and the muse's seats,"

have been sung by poets, and celebrated by historians; and the place is now rendered brilliant and famous, by its being the residence of the present king and royal family of England.

As no person is admitted into the royal palaces with an umbrella or a cane,* we left ours at the inn, and proceeded to Windsor Castle. This palace is very magnificent, and worthy to be the residence of royalty. Its principal parts remain as they were in the reign of Edward III. He was born here, and from his affection for his native place, rebuilt the whole, and greatly adorned the several structures. Still farther additions were made to their beauty and convenience, by Charles II. and his present majesty has done much to improve and embellish this magnificent castle.

The palace forms a hollow square, and stands on the summit of a high hill, which slopes beautifully to the Thames, on one side, and to the fields on the other. Contiguous to the palace is a chapel, which is a splendid specimen of Gothic architecture. In it Henry VI. Edward IV. Henry VIII. his Queen Jane Seymour, and Charles I. are interred.

The round tower is the most conspicuous of the war-

* This apparently whimsical prohibition is founded on good sense, for, if the visitors in such places have any thing in their hands with which they can deface the pictures by pointing out the parts which please them, they will almost invariably do it.

like buildings. We ascended to the top of this, and saw parts of twelve counties; the view is both extensive and beautiful.

We were civilly conducted through the palace, the state apartments of which are arranged in much the same way as those at Hampton Court.

The furniture and decorations are in a style of great magnificence.

There is a profusion of fine paintings, done by the first masters, English and foreign; among them are a number of historical pieces by West, representing the triumphs of Edward III. and of the black prince.

But, the objects of beauty and interest are so numerous, that, in despair of giving you any thing like an adequate account, I am almost disposed to pass them over in silence, and I should do so, were it not that a few hints, noted now, may serve to recall the principal things at a future day.

The king's audience chamber, or chamber of state, is a most sumptuous apartment. A canopy of state, of silk velvet, ornamented with a profusion of gold, is suspended at one end of the room, and the chairs are covered with blue satin, fringed with gold. In the middle of this chamber there is a table, on which lies a piece of satin, embroidered with the arms of France. They told us that the Duke of Marlborough is obliged to renew this banner every year, before a particular day in August, or he forfeits his right to Blenheim Castle.

In some of the apartments, the tables, the andirons, the chandeliers, and the frames of the looking-glasses, are of massy silver; there is one mirror consisting of *a single plate of glass*, which is eleven feet by seven.

We were shown the apartments in which John king of France, and David king of Scots, were confined. The former was taken prisoner by Edward, the black prince, at Poictiers, and the latter in the North, by Philippa, the Queen of Edward III. The armour of both these kings is still preserved, and was pointed out to us in the room devoted to ancient armour.

The superb state-bed of Queen Ann remains as it was in her time.

We had not the pleasure of seeing any of the royal family; they are now at Weymouth.

After viewing the apartments we went on to the terrace; this is a delightful walk, which encircles the palace, and affords a prospect of the surrounding country, which is beautiful in the extreme.

On the terrace, the royal family walk with the most unreserved freedom, in the presence of the citizens of Windsor, and of the numerous strangers who, from motives of curiosity, flock to this place. Indeed, on such occasions they are seen to most advantage, and we regretted that we too could not have this gratification.

The sun was near setting, when we were on the terrace; the evening was mild, and the sky perfectly clear, while the numerous groves and forests, the green declivities of the hills, and the elegant seats and lodges which adorn this charming country, were fully illuminated by the last beams of the sun, and I thought I never beheld more beautiful scenery.

It was necessary for us to return two miles to Slough, in order to be in the course of stages to Bath. This short journey we performed on foot, and on our way, stopped a little while at Eton College. As it was vacation, the stu-

dents were all dispersed, and the silent halls echoed to our feet, as we walked through its long dark passages, and beneath its solemn porticoes.

A statue of Henry VII. the founder of this celebrated and venerable institution, stands in one of the courts. The buildings are in the Gothic style, and, as they are ancient, their appearance is very impressive. They stand in a beautiful meadow, on the very bank of the Thames, surrounded by extensive and fine fields, shaded by lofty trees, beneath which the Eton boys indulge in exercise and active recreations.

Twilight was nearly gone when we left Eton, and it was quite dark before we arrived at the door of Dr. Herschell, to whom I had introductory letters. With much regret we learned that the Doctor had gone from home, and would not return for several days. I left my letters, notwithstanding, and obtained a promise of seeing the great optical wonder early the next morning. In the mean time, we repaired to the traveller's home, and retired to rest.

In fact, we were literally driven to bed by the imperiousness of our landlady. I was quietly occupied in writing, between ten and eleven o'clock, when we were told that the family hour of retiring was arrived, and they would shew us our beds. I insisted on sitting up to write. The lady, with great decision, told us, that she never permitted any light to burn in her house after she was in bed; and there was no alternative but to quarrel, or comply. I suppose she must have been worried by the Eton boys, till she had lost her temper, for it was almost a solitary instance of rudeness in a public house, as far as I had experienced, in England.

THE GREAT TELESCOPE.

August 27.—Early in the morning we repaired to Dr. Herschell's, and were admitted to see his famous optical instrument. His sister, Miss Herschell, was so good as to come out into the back court-yard, where the telescope is, and expressed her regret that her brother's absence should preclude us from the most advantageous view of his apparatus. She then explained to us the most important parts of the arrangement, and, after making all proper apologies, withdrew, and left us with the servant, to examine more minutely.

The tube of this telescope is forty feet in length, and five feet in diameter. The servant told us that his majesty had walked through it, and a boy of thirteen might do it without stooping. It is managed by machinery and ropes, and as it is always in the open air, exposed to the weather, the tube is painted, to prevent it from rusting. The end in which the reflector is placed, is constantly closed, and the other also, when the instrument is not in use.

A swinging seat is connected with the elevated end of the tube, and moves with it when it rises and falls. On this Dr. Herschell sits, when he makes his observations. He looks in at the elevated end of the telescope, through a small interior tube, which receives the reflected light from the great mirror at the lower end, and thus transmits the rays to his eye. He therefore sits with his back towards the celestial body.

On the framed work at the lower end of the telescope, which is contiguous to the ground, there are two small lodges, one on either side of the great tube. In one of

these a servant attends, and in the other Miss Herschell sits, ready to record her brother's observations. These he communicates to her, without leaving his seat, by means of a speaking trumpet, one orifice of which is at his mouth, and the other at her ear.

There is so much machinery and cordage to suspend this great telescope, and to give it motion, that the apparatus looks like the masts and rigging of a ship. The lower end of the instrument has only a circular and horizontal movement, and, with the greatest facility, it is elevated to any angle, or directed to any point of the compass.

The basis of the whole machinery is a circle of forty or fifty feet in diameter; beneath this circle is a system of rollers, which rest and move upon another flat circular rim of wood. When the horizontal movement is wanted, not only the telescope, but all the machinery is turned around on the rollers, while the centre continues fixed. When the vertical movement is required, nothing more is necessary than to pull or loosen a set of ropes, which pass over pulleys, and thus sustain the elevated end of the telescope, and serve also to raise or depress it.

There is also a swinging gallery, which moves independently of the tube, but always accompanies its elevated orifice, being sustained by ropes; there is a flight of stairs to ascend to it, and here, as Miss Herschell informed us, parties of ladies sometimes assemble, not as objects of telescopical observation, but to take tea in the air; and then, as evening comes on, to gaze at the stars, through the largest telescope in the world. This instrument is indeed a wonder, and does equal honour to the talents of the great astronomer, and to the munificence of his royal patron.

In the same yard is a great telescope, which Dr. Herschell has recently caused to be constructed for the emperor of Russia; it is, apparently, about half as large as the one which I have been describing, and there are besides this, several others, of such magnitude that each of them would appear a wonder, were it seen by itself.

Dr. Herschell's residence is a very plain, and not large house, between Windsor and Slough. It is immediately on the public road, and almost by itself; and the Doctor is under the immediate patronage, and indeed almost literally under the eye of his majesty, for the house is on the plain, near the foot of Windsor-Hill.

Miss Herschell's treatment of us was very courteous, and she obligingly requested us to renew our visit for the sake of seeing her brother.

No. XLIV.—RIDE TO BATH.

Ride to Bath—Beauty of the country and abundance of the harvest—Towns and villages on the road—The great barrow.

The coach from London came up to Slough at half past eight, and we took our seats in as fine a morning as ever shone in England. We were pleasantly situated in the hinder apartment of a double coach,* where we found a

*The double coach is literally what the name implies; it is composed of two coach bodies, joined endwise, but with no more wheels, horses, or attendants, than single coaches. They have distinct entrances, and are as completely seperate as two rooms in the same house; thus two distinct parties are at the same time rolled on the same wheels.

gentleman with his night cap drawn over his eyes, and as quiet as a profound sleep could make him. Of course he gave us no offence, and we were left quite at leisure, to admire the country through which we were travelling, and never did my eyes behold scenes of more richness and beauty than in the course of this day's ride. The harvest is abundant, and, every where, as we travelled, we were gratified with a view of fields terminated only by the horizon, loaded with stacks of wheat, or waving with that into which the sickle had not as yet been thrust.

The produce of the best lands of this country is very great; I am told that forty bushels to the acre is no more than a common crop on good grounds. The oats and barley are, this season, equally good with the wheat, and the beans* are the only crop which has been materially injured. Every where we saw women at work, gathering in the harvest; they were employed not merely in raking the straw, and carrying the sheaves, but also in reaping the wheat. The English do not, as with us, bind the oats into sheaves, but rake it together into heaps as we do hay.

Throughout our whole ride, at intervals of a mile or two, beautiful country seats adorned the road, and with their forests, their parks, their sloping fields, and their herds of deer, presented a most interesting succession of objects. For about half the way to Bath, the country was generally level, or slightly varied with hill and dale; but it afterwards assumed a bolder aspect, rising into highlands, which were more lofty, the farther we travelled west.

* Beans are extensively sown in England for horses; I allude to the great horse bean so called. Large fields of them are seen—they grow on an upright strong stalk, nearly as tall as wheat, and when in blossom appear handsome.

Our route lay through the counties of Berks and Wilts. The latter is famous for its wheat, and for its breed of sheep, called the South Down sheep; they are small, but have fine wool, and are very sweet for the table; they have no horns.

Although most of the places through which we have passed from London are inconsiderable, I will subjoin a catalogue of them, that if you please you may trace our journey.

From London we went to Kensington, Hammersmith, Turnham Green,* Brentford, and Hounslow, with its vast and barren heath; Crauford-bridge, Longford, Colnbrook, Slough, Maidenhead-bridge, Maidenhead Thicket, Hare Hatch, Twyford, and *Reading;* this is a considerable and well built town, containing about ten thousand inhabitants; it was famous in the parliamentary contest with Charles.

Next came Calcot Green, Theal, Woolhampton, Thactham, and Speenhamland; this is a part of the town of Newbury; near which, in the time of the civil wars, two great battles were fought, at both of which King Charles was present. I had not time to visit the fields of battle, but they informed us that the graves of the slain are visible

* Perhaps you remember Goldsmith's ludicrous blunder in attempting to pun upon the name of this place; for this fine poet was so ambitious of exciting merriment, that he would even descend to a pun, to accomplish it. As he sat at dinner with some friends, he abruptly cried out to the servant, that the peas were *stale.* "What shall I do with them, sir?" "Carry them to Hammersmith"—(the servant stared)—"why that's the way to Turnham Green;" (turn 'em green)—Goldsmith meant to have said, and as it was a borrowed pun, he should have had it correctly; but he said: "that's the way to make 'em green."

to this day. We passed Speen-Hill, Speen, Benham, Hungerford, and Froxfield, near which are the extensive domains of the Earl of Aylesbury, and a respectable institution for maintaining the widows of clergymen.

Connected with the domains of the Earl of Aylesbury is a vast forest, in which we saw hundreds of deer gliding through the openings.

Near this place, it is said, are the ruins of Wolf Hall, where the marriage of Henry the eighth with Jane Seymour was celebrated.

Marlborough is a considerable market-town, situated in a valley which presents a delightful view, as we approach it from the hills. Many Roman ruins have been found at this place.

OVERTON,

near the river Kennet, is famous for its fine ale, which we tasted. While the coach waited at the door, for the coachman to drink his ale, I ran forward a mile, and ascended a vast mound of earth, which had been erected near the road. Its form is that of the lower segment of a cone; its base covers perhaps an acre, and its height is one hundred and seventy feet. It is evidently a work of art, for the void from which the earth was taken to form it, remains to this day surrounding the base of the mound. Probably it was a sepulchral monument reared for some king or great commander. There are a multitude of similar mounds on the hills in the vicinity for several miles; they vary very much in size, but there is no one which, in this particular, can be compared with that which I visited. Possibly these hills have been the seat of some great battle, and these may be monuments for the slain. There is

a tradition that a king by the name of Silbury lies buried beneath the great mound or barrow, and that thence it is called Silbury-hill.*

BECKHAMTON INN.

Near this place there is a figure of a horse as large as the animal itself, which was formed by removing the soil on the side of a hill, and thus exposing to view, the bed of chalk which lies beneath: it has a very singular appearance.

WANSDYKE.

This place derives its name from a ditch and rampart which runs across the country, over Salisbury plain, from east to west. The ridge of earth appears to be six or eight feet high from the bottom of the ditch, and is supposed to have been erected for a boundary between the West Saxons and the Mercians, or for a defence against the incursions of the Britons. It is a venerable remnant of antiquity.

DEVIZES

is a considerable and populous borough. While we took tea at this place the waiter informed us that Russia and Austria had declared war against France.

At this place we parted with the gentleman whom, in the morning, we had found asleep in the coach. After

* Two Americans who visited this spot after me, have since informed me that they measured both the *area* of the base, and the *height* of this stupendous mound, from an impression that the statement in the text was overrated—but they said they found both correct. I trust the mention of this circumstance will be excused by my readers. August, 1818.

his nap was over, he proved to be an agreeable and intelligent companion, intimately acquainted with the country through which we were passing, and ready to impart to us all the information which we desired. Discovering that we were strangers in England, his politeness led him to offer us unexpected attentions, and when we parted at Devizes, he gave us his name, and promised to procure us admission to see the woollen manufactures of Trowbridge, where he resides, and which we were therefore induced to determine on visiting.

After passing through Melksham, Bathford, and Bath Easton, we arrived at Bath, at 10 o'clock at night, when it was completely dark.

No. XLV.—BATH.

The great pump-room—The great bath—Heat of the water—Promiscuous bathing—Sketch of Bath and its environs—Its geological features different from those around London—Invalids—Excursion to Trowbridge—Manufacture of cloth—A popular commotion—Thomas Henniken—Barracks—Composition of the bath waters—Anecdote.

August 28.—The first excursion which we made in Bath was, as you may well suppose, to its celebrated waters.

We went into the great pump-room. This is a large and handsome apartment, in a magnificent stone building, erected over one of the springs, and here the valetudinarians and others come to drink the water which is drawn from a marble urn, by a man who attends for that pur-

pose. As we had just breakfasted, we did not at that time taste the water. There are several smaller pump-rooms, and a number of private baths, but there is one principal bath that forms a great object of curiosity, and which we went next to see. It is called the king's bath; it may be twenty-five or thirty feet in diameter, and four or five feet deep; it is accessible to all decent people, and from its uncommon magnitude, is, as you may well imagine, a fine place for bathing and swimming, since there is full room for the free use of the limbs, as on the sea shore. The water, when it first boils up from the spring, is of the temperature of 116°; there is a very ample supply, and such a large mass of warm fluid, of course, sends up a copious vapour, which hangs, in a cloud, over the surface of the bath. Some part of the heat is dissipated in this manner, so that the bathers rarely have the water hotter than from 100 to 106°, but as the temperature of the human body is several degrees lower, the water always appears quite warm. The heat is somewhat different in the different baths, but the coolest of them differs very little from blood heat. In the king's bath, the water rises so rapidly in several places, from the spring, as to throw the whole mass into a degree of agitation, like that of a great boiling caldron. It is a remarkable fact, that most of the warm springs in the different countries of the world are very copious, and it is certainly astonishing that any natural cause can operate to impart heat to them, so uniformly and so long. It is not astonishing that the celebrated Geyser springs in Iceland should be hot, and very hot, since they are in a volcanic country, where all the phenomena of volcanoes are frequent, extensive and grand. It is not surprising even that they should throw

such vast columns of boiling water to so great a height, because the great heat of that region would give steam and other elastic agents, any required degree of power.—But, in Britain there neither is, nor does it appear that there ever was, any active volcano; there is no trace of one remaining, and yet the Romans bathed their athletic limbs in the hot fountains of Bath, and they have flowed hot for two thousand years as we certainly know. This proves a cause of subterranean heat, deep, because it varies not with the changes of the air, and powerful and seemingly unchangeable. Some geologists refer such phenomena to a vast central fire always existing in the interior of the earth. All we can say, is—"causa latet vis est notissima."

At night, when the bathing is over, the water is permitted to run off into the river Avon, and the baths are cleansed; the regular flow fills them again, in season, for the next day's bathing. Those who are disposed to pay for a separate bath may have one, but without the advantage of uniting exercise and bathing at once, which is enjoyed in so high a degree in the king's bath. When going into this, the persons undress, in an adjoining apartment, and throw on a loose robe, flowing to the feet, and drawn close around the neck, like a night gown; thus equipped, they plunge into the warm sea, and, (such is the etiquette of the place) without distinction of rank or sex. Those who, from any personal cause, are disagreeable, have a separate provision made for them, and are not admitted here. In this agitated and steaming bath (the large one) with an impending cloud of condensed vapour, the people who are bathing impress a spectator with the idea of a vast kettle of boiling hot water, in which human victims are immersed.

We spent the day in walking around Bath and its environs. I was so unfortunate as not to find Dr. Currie; I called at his house, but he had gone into the country.—Although I had taken no other letter of introduction to Bath, because I knew that my stay there must be short, I regretted this disappointment the less for that reason, than because of my curiosity to converse with a man so generally and so justly celebrated.*

Bath, the most beautiful city in England, is built in the midst of an amphitheatre, formed by high hills, which are numerous in this part of England, and include narrow valleys, generally very fertile and productive. In such a valley the greater part of the old town of Bath appears to have been originally built, but the new town, which is by far the more beautiful portion, slopes gradually from the top of the hills, on the northern and western side of the valley, and descends quite to the plain ground. The hills are verdant to their very summits, and there is a striking similarity between this natural amphitheatre, and that of Castleton in Derbyshire; only, this is on a smaller scale, and, while there is at Castleton more of grandeur, arising from magnitude and extent, there is here more of beauty, derived from fertility and cultivation.

The geological features of the west of England are very different from those which are found around London So well is it now understood, that the scenery of a country depends on its geology, that, either being stated to a skillful person, the general features of the other may, with a good degree of confidence, be inferred. London rests on vast beds of clay and gravel, and the surrounding country is either level or varied with gentle undulations.

* Since deceased.

As we proceed west through the chalk counties of Berks and Wilts, the hills become more considerable, but bounded by gentle curves, and their tops are round or flat. But at Bath we come upon the confines of the Alpine district of England; the hills assume a bolder outline and are much more abrupt and a different series of rocks begin to prevail.

The river Avon, flowing on towards Bristol, runs through the valley of Bath, and adds much to its beauty, while it passes out at the only opening which there is, on that side, among the hills.

Bath is not only the most beautiful city in England, if we include the idea of its situation, and of the picturesque scenery of the country; it is also the most magnificent in the structure of its buildings. Oxford is superior in the grandeur which arises from antiquity, and from the peculiar effect produced by numerous Gothic buildings; but Bath unites modern elegance, decorated by the finest embellishments of architecture, with the massy and expensive style of former ages. There are no brick-houses; they are all constructed of fine light-coloured free-stone, which is found in abundance in the vicinity. It is so soft, when first taken out of the quarry, that it can be wrought with great ease into any form, and yet it soon becomes hard and firm, by exposure to the weather. We observed the workmen cutting it with a saw, and the instrument moved in it with apparently as much ease as in hard wood. The stone is hewn and smoothed, in order to prepare it for building, and it forms very beautiful materials for houses. Stone must ever be superior in dignity as well as durability to every other building material. Hence

Bath, in proportion to its extent surpasses London in dignity as well as beauty.

The situation of Bath, upon the declivity of a hill, exhibits it to great advantage, and affords, from the elevated streets, fine views of the opposite country. Upon this hill and its declivity, are the residences of most of the people of opulence and fashion, who, in such numbers, resort to Bath. All the houses are handsome, and many of them distinguished for elegance and grandeur. The Royal Crescent and the Circus are extremely magnificent.—The Circus is, what its name implies, a circle of houses; the pile is extensive, and the houses are very beautiful; it is intersected by streets, crossing each other at right angles, in the centre of the circle, which is thus divided into quarters. It is almost unnecessary to remark, that within this circus is a large void, resembling the space which used to be included within ancient castles and palaces.

The hills on the other side of the valley present their green sides to the eye of the beholder, adorned with fine gardens, groves, pleasure grounds, and houses; the hills are lofty, and the houses are built on their very tops.

Bath is said to contain about thirty thousand inhabitants; and, at certain seasons, it is probably the most dissipated place in the kingdom. It is resorted to by many real invalids, but by far the greater number belong to that class who wear away life in a round of fashionable frivolities, without moral aim or intellectual dignity. In this slavery, which, were it not *honourable*, because it is *fashionable*, would be regarded as more grievous than that of manual labour, thousands in England spend year after year, till life slides from beneath their feet.

This is not the season to find company at Bath, and therefore we did not see it in all its splendour. We observed, however, many invalids; for, the present period of the year, when the gay world are flown, like birds of passage, to other parts of the island, is the most favourable to those who seek quiet and health. Many of these infirm people are drawn about by servants, in little hand carriages, with three wheels; a pair of wheels is placed behind, in the usual manner, and the third beneath the middle of the carriage before; connected with this last there is a lever, passing to the hand of the invalid, who is thus enabled to steer the vehicle.

The waters of Bath appear to have been well known to the ancient inhabitants of this island, and particularly to the Romans. Beautiful remains of Roman baths have been found buried near the springs;—a few years ago, "a set of baths, with all the apparatus for warm and vapour bathing, that used to form an important part of Roman luxury, were discovered here accidentally, beneath the foundations of an old priory."

In and about Bath there are many other remains of antiquity, which I had not time to visit. Near this town a battle was fought between Charles I. and the forces of the parliament; a monument is erected on the spot to the memory of those who fell on the royal side.

My companion and I having determined on an excursion to Trowbridge, a village about ten miles south from Bath, we took a post-chaise at six o'clock, P. M. and proceeded over a very hilly country, through Bathford and Bradford. It was quite dark when we arrived; in the course of the evening we sent our names to our late stage companion, who had been so obliging as to tender us his

civilities, and received from him every assurance of kindness, and an invitation to breakfast to-morrow.

August 29.—We found our new friend living in genteel style, and, like many others whom I have seen in this country in similar circumstances, *a bachelor*. After showing us his grounds and gardens, and the other interesting things about his house, he conducted us to see two principal manufacturing establishments, for the fabrication of broad-cloth and cassimere. This town, and a few villages around it, are very famous for producing goods of this kind, of a superior quality, and our principal object in making the excursion, was to see the manufactories of these articles. Under the patronage of Mr. Williams, (for this was the gentleman's name) we saw the machinery and some of the operations by which wool is brought to the condition of those beautiful and durable fabrics, which form so large a part of our clothing. Of this machinery, and of these processes, I decline attempting the description, for whatever may be done by oral communication, I fear that in writing I should be tedious, without being intelligible.*

The steam-engine has recently been applied with great advantage, to the aid of this species of manufacture, but the workmen are violently opposed to every thing which diminishes the necessity of manual labour. There were, not long since, some serious disturbances in Trowbridge, on this account; buildings were burned, windows beaten in, and other violences committed. Two or three years ago, the disaffection, arising from similar causes, became so serious, that it was thought necessary to make an exam-

* Cassimere is made to differ from broad-cloth by having four setts of threads in the warp instead of two.

ple of one Thomas Henniken, a young man of nineteen, who was hanged. So strong were the popular feelings excited on the occasion, that about seven thousand workmen assembled at the village where he was executed, and bore him, in solemn funeral pomp, to Trowbridge, where they interred him, and erected over his grave, by voluntary subscription, a handsome monument, to perpetuate his memory. We saw this monument in the church yard. The inscription alludes, in very intelligible *hints*, to the manner of his death; but the writer seemed afraid to speak out.

Through the kind offices of Mr. Williams, the heads of the manufacturing houses which we visited, treated us with great politeness; we owe this gentleman obligations of gratitude, since we were unknown to him except by our own story.

After visiting the manufacturing establishments, we went to see the barracks in the vicinity of this town.—They are now occupied by an Irish regiment, in which we were surprised to see a great proportion of boys, who could not be more than fourteen or fifteen years old.

Trowbridge is an ancient town, containing about seven or eight thousand inhabitants, who live chiefly by manufactures. Almost every hamlet in England has, in the long progress of their history, been rendered famous by having been the scene of some memorable action, or, the birth-place of some distinguished person. In Trowbridge they pointed out to us the house, where John of Gaunt used to reside, and that in which Ann Boleyn was born.

It is said that the best broadcloth in England is made at Trowbridge, and the adjacent village of Bradford. They import from Spain, all the wool that is used in these

manufactories, and (a circumstance which appears very singular,) this commerce is permitted even now in time of war. The English wool is too coarse for the fabrication of the finest broadcloth; that which is sold under the name of Wiltshire cloth is manufactured in this vicinity, as are also most of those pieces which are vended with us, under the name of London cloths; they also are made of Spanish wool. The Yorkshire cloths are made of English wool; it is well known that they are comparatively coarse, and do not command so high a price in the market.

Declining additional civilities which were offered us by our newly acquired friend, and taking leave of him, not without some degree of regret so naturally excited by his unmerited and gratuitous kindness, at two, P. M. we set forward in a post-chaise for Bath.

We arrived just in season to take a coach for Bristol, but, as we were unwilling to leave Bath without tasting its waters, we ran to the pump-room, and, although it was closed, as it regularly is, every afternoon at four o'clock, we made use of that key which opens the locks of most countries, and obtained admittance. The taste of the water is slightly chalybeate, and disagreeably warm, exciting the idea of an emetic. Bath water has been frequently analyzed, and ample information on this subject may be found in Dr. Saunders' treatise on mineral waters. It will be sufficient to remark, on this occasion, that its mineral impregnation is rather weak. It contains a small quantity of carbonic acid, and of azot, and the solid matters are chiefly sulphat and muriat of soda, carbonat of iron and of lime, sulphat of lime, and a little siliceous

earth. The whole amount of solid contents in a gallon, probably does not much exceed one hundred grains.

It is certainly surprising, that so minute a proportion of foreign matter should give to these waters any considerable degree of efficacy, and, as they are really efficacious in many diseases, we must impute a great deal to the conjoined operation of the mineral ingredients and of the temperature.

The afternoon being very pleasant, we went from the post-chaise to the top of the coach, and, within two hours, arrived at Bristol, which is twelve or thirteen miles from Bath. There was a man on the top of the coach who was with Captain Law, in the Jupiter, when that ship struck the ice and went down; he was emigrating to America, but was glad to escape back to Europe with his life. The villages of Keynsham, Brislington, &c. through which we passed, were of no great consequence; the country was hilly and picturesque, even more so than around Bath.

When we stopped at the inn in Bristol, although several of the house servants were standing by, not one of them offered to lend us any aid in descending from the top of the coach, or discovered any disposition to carry in our trunks, until they were called upon for that purpose. We were amused with the contrast which this deportment exhibited to what we had experienced, the evening before, at Trowbridge.

When we arrived there in a post-chaise, it was sounded through the house, in an instant: *a chaise is come;* the porter at the door first raised the hue and cry, and we could hear this short sentence repeated from one part of the house to another, like a responding echo; immediate-

ly the porter, the ostler, the boots and the waiters, came trooping to our aid, and we could hardly get out of the carriage, through the crowd of arms raised for our assistance.

I presume you readily understand the thing without an explanation; the strangers in the post-chaise were expected *to pay well*, and to pay servants of every description, while the men on the top of the coach, might *possibly* have money, but, in all probability, rode there to save it. Thus it is, that in England, as in most other countries, the attentions which a traveller receives at the inns, are proportioned very exactly to the style in which he arrives.

No. XLVI.—BRISTOL.

The Avon—Deep mud—The hot wells—Lyttleton's description of them—Beautiful fossils—St. Vincent's rock—Prospect—A Roman camp—A lunatic—Anecdote of an author—Virulence of English jacobins—Babtist institution—Manufactures—Pins—Glass—Brass—Iron—A fair in a church-yard—Sketch of Bristol—Redcliffe church—Nuisance.

August 30.—In the morning we walked out and crossed the bridge over the Avon, at the confluence of which with the Froome (a river of inconsiderable magnitude,) Bristol stands. We went down along the quay, and observed the flag of our country flying among the ships.

The Avon is a narrow river, and the rapidity of the tide renders it very dirty at all times, except dead low water, when the channel is almost dry, and the ships rest in

the mud, which is so soft and deep, that they become perfectly imbedded in it and remain upright. We were on the quay at low water, and saw the ships in this situation. The quay is a very fine one; it is constructed of hewn stone, and extends on both sides more than a mile, but Bristol has not the bustling appearance of Liverpool.

THE HOT WELLS.

We next took a coach, and proceeded to the celebrated hot wells of Bristol, which are situated a mile below the town. These waters do not merit the name of hot; they are merely *not cold;* their temperature is about 70°, or from that to 76°. They have very little taste, and their chemical qualities are not very well marked, for they contain not more than about fifty grains of solid matter to the gallon. This consists of carbonat and sulphat of lime, and muriat of soda and magnesia; the gaseous matter is a little carbonic acid. The water is remarkably soft, and so pure that it is fit for every domestic purpose, and is even in much request for long voyages, since it is not prone to putrefaction at sea.

There are pump-rooms, and baths here, and all the necessary accommodations. These waters have been much resorted to by invalids, but, when we were there, we saw very few people of any description. I looked, but in vain, for the original of that vivid picture, which the author of the letters ascribed to the younger Lord Lyttleton, has drawn of the hot wells of Bristol. He says: "I exhibited myself at a public breakfast, at the *Hot Wells*, and sat down at a long table, with a number of animated cadavers, who devoured their meal, as if they had not an hour to live; and, indeed, many of them seemed to be in that

doleful predicament. But this was not all. I saw three or four groups of hectic spectres engaged in cotillions; it brought instantly to my mind *Holbein's Dance of Death;* and methought I saw the raw-boned scarecrow, piping and tabouring to his victims. So, I proceeded to the fountain; but, instead of rosy, blooming health, diseases of every colour and description guarded the springs. As I approached to taste them, I was fanned by the fœtid breath of gasping consumptions, stunned with expiring coughs, and suffocated with the effluvia of ulcerated lungs. Such a living Golgotha never entered into my conceptions, and I could not but look upon the stupendous rocks, that rise in rude magnificence around the place, as the wide spreading jaws of an universal sepulchre."

The allusion to the scenery around these wells is the only part of this description which was strictly applicable to the place as I saw it; but, it was very easy to imagine the rest.

These springs boil up, on the banks of the Avon, between high and low water mark, but they have contrived to exclude the tide, so that the fresh water is at all times accessible. The place in which these wells are situated is extremely singular; the scenery is very wild on one side, where St. Vincent's rock rises with ragged and perpendicular cliffs from the banks of the Avon, and the springs are completely sheltered from the north winds, by the hills, which almost impend over them, while on the opposite side of the river, the country assumes a softer aspect, although it is still very hilly, and every where varied and picturesque.

In this vicinity are found the beautiful siliceous crystals known by the name of Bristol diamonds, for the word dia-

mond appears to be almost every where applied by the common people to all crystalline bodies which are moderately transparent and beautiful.* We went into a cottage near the wells where an old man had a collection of fossils found in the neighbouring hills; he was a dealer in them, and this kind of traffic appears to be carried on in England at every place where showy minerals can be found. This old man had one specimen of uncommon beauty: it was *a cornu ammonis*, studded on the interior part with brilliant crystals of pyrites, but, as usually happens with specimens of great beauty, he demanded so high a price, that he will probably retain his prize a long time. Fine specimens of the sulphat of Strontites are found in this vicinity.

ST. VINCENT'S ROCK.

We ascended to the top of St. Vincent's rock. The river Avon, at this place, passes between high impending cliffs, which rise three hundred feet perpendicularly, from the water's edge.

I went to the very brink of this frightful precipice, and looked down into the abyss through which the river flows. An English and an American ship were, at that moment, passing down the stream, and appeared directly below us; their masts reached but a little way up this lofty wall of rock.

Turning to the left, we had a fine view of the green and fertile hills of Somerset, undulating in continual and varied succession, as far as the eye could distinguish them, along the horizon.

* Especially if they will cut glass.

The river Avon divides Somerset from Gloucestershire. On the right we could see the Severn, into which, at the distance of four miles, the Avon empties, and farther off, we saw the mountains of Wales. Nor were the interesting objects those which appeared in the *distant* prospect alone; for, casting our eyes upon the ground beneath our feet, we discovered the remains of a military work, which is said to have been once a Roman camp. With the evidence of this fact I am unacquainted; but, whatever may have been its origin, the work is evidently very ancient; the trench is still deep, and the rampart nearly entire; it appears to have enclosed two or three acres of ground. Roman coins, and other relics of the Roman people have been found on this hill.

While we were observing the scenery from St. Vincent's rock, a ragged miserable looking man, with a pale countenance, came up to me, and begged charity. I enquired for the grounds of his claim, when he informed me that he was subject to fits of epilepsy, and of mental derangement, and that in the lucid intervals, and suspension of his fits, he was accustomed to visit St. Vincent's rock, to ask alms of the strangers who resort to this celebrated spot. I asked him whether he was not afraid that in some moment of mental distraction, or of bodily convulsion, he should fall down the precipice; he answered no, and left me in astonishment, at his own indifference to such imminent danger, and at the temerity of his friends, (if he has them) or the negligence of those who ought to protect such miserable sufferers under the most terrible of calamities.

We now walked back through the village of Clifton. This village is merely a continuation of Bristol. It is in

habited principally by gentry, and answers to the west end of London, and to the new town in Bath. It consists of magnificent stone houses, whose situations are so high, that they overlook the river, and the country beyond. There are many fine houses about Bristol which are uninhabited, unfinished, and falling into decay.

We stopped a moment at the Exchange, which is a building of considerable extent and magnificence, modelled after that in London, but inferior to it in magnitude and elegance. Although it was the hour of business, it was by no means thronged, nor yet was it wholly empty.

I dined to-day with the Rev. Dr. Ryland, principal of the Baptist college here, a man of much respectability, from whom I received every kind attention. At his table I met the author of a very voluminous work, well known on both sides of the Atlantic. Although he is a clergyman, he was, like many other men who are friends to religion, and the best interests of society, so completely dazzled and blinded by the meteor of the French revolution, that he entered fully into the views of the political reformers of this country. In short, he came under the lash of the law, as one of the seditious, and was confined in the prison of Newgate, where he wrote the work above alluded to; this latter fact, however, I had not from himself, but from a London bookseller. Here he had leisure also to reflect on his political theories, and to make such an estimate of practical consequences, that he has since abandoned his former favourite projects, and now warmly condemns himself and his old coadjutors. I heard him say that he considered their views as hostile to religion, and the best interests of mankind, and, in proof of the cor-

rectness of his opinions, he related a number of anecdotes concerning the communications made to him by his associates in Newgate, who had fallen into like condemnation. Although our author then wore a black coat as well as now, he was believed by those whose cloth was of a different colour, to be so *thorough going* in their schemes, that he might safely be trusted *with secrets worth knowing*. Accordingly, while he and a principal leader, who, like himself, had some how or other, "fallen such a pernicious height, into that dungeon horrible," were conversing in the midst of solitude and darkness, his companion informed him that his views and those of his friends were not confined to the reformation of the government, and that, when affairs should come into their hands, not a public teacher of religion should be suffered to exist. My informer, who had not contemplated such dreadful extremities, resolutely replied: "Sir, I am a preacher, and the moment I get free from prison, I will preach again." "Then (said his companion,) I will be the first to plunge a dagger into your bosom!"*

After dinner we visited the library and museum of the Baptist Institution. This is a seminary devoted to the education of young men designed for the ministry of the

* It is but justice to the Rev. Mr. Winterbotham, the gentleman here alluded to, to cite the following passage from the remarks on this work, contained in the Quarterly Review for July, 1816, p. 561: "Winterbotham's was a hard case; he himself always denied the expressions for which he was found guilty, and it was the firm belief of his friends and of his congregation, that he had been convicted upon false evidence. It is the more honourable to him, that, being thus an aggrieved man, he should have afterwards condemned himself for entering into the views of the political reformers."

Baptist Church. It has, at present, only twenty students. The library contains about six thousand volumes, and the museum a considerable number of curiosities. Among these is a collection of Hindu gods, and objects of idolatrous worship, which have been sent out to England by the Baptist missionaries, now in Hindostan. They exhibit a mortifying picture of the degradation of the human mind in those otherwise favoured countries. Among the ancient coins, there were a few very interesting specimens; particularly some of the period of William the Conqueror; and a *Jewish sheckel*, on one side of which was a vessel of incense, and on the other Aaron's rod putting forth buds.

MANUFACTURES—PINS.

August 31.—Bristol is celebrated for its manufactures of various kinds, and we have spent this day in visiting such of them as we found accessible. We went first to a manufactory of pins. You would be amused and instructed to see the various processes which are instituted, before this little instrument is completed.

In the first place, the brass wire of which pins are made, is extended by the force of a wheel, for the purpose of rendering it perfectly straight. It is next cut, by a huge pair of shears, into pieces of the length of five or six inches, and the points are immediately formed on both ends of the pieces; they are then cut into two, again and again, until they become of a proper length, and, as often as a blunt end is formed by cutting, a new point is made by holding a number of pieces at once against a wheel, which revolves, and performs the office of a grind-stone.

The point being formed, the pin goes next to receive its head. The heads are made by twisting fine wire spi-

rally, around another, of the same diameter with the pin, till it assumes the form of the little elastic brass cylinder, which is used in making suspenders, and was formerly worn by sailors as a hat-band. This spiral cylinder is cut lengthwise, and the pieces are then in a proper form for heads. A little girl sits with a quantity of these in her lap, and, catching one at a time on the end of each pin, she places the latter, with the head upon it, in a kind of springing vice, which, by repeated compressions, gives the head and pin that degree of mutual adhesion, which prevents them from separating. The pins go next to be whitened, which is done by covering the surface of the brass wire with a film of metallic tin, that is, common block-tin.

Last of all, they are stuck in rows upon the pin-paper. This is performed by little girls, who sit at a table with their laps full of pins. Each has, before her, a kind of hand-vice, in which she fixes the paper in such a manner, that, by a single movement, the ridge of paper through which the pins are to be thrust, is formed, and made to rise a little above the upper part of the vice. The little girl then takes up, with a comb, a number of pins, in such a manner, that they hang between the teeth perpendicularly; a convenient number of them are then placed between a thumb and finger, and laid in such a manner, that each pin rests in a little channel or groove, prepared for it, in the top of the vice; the right thumb is covered with a thick cot of leather, and by means of this the pins are thrust through the paper, and they are sure to perforate it regularly, because the grooves keep them from deviating. One more movement of the vice brings the heads of the

pins quite home to the paper, and then, after being rolled, they are fit for sale.

It is surprising, that even in so simple a business as pin-making, there should be so many facilities to insure accuracy and expedition. This is one of the great secrets of manufactures, which is well understood in this country, and but little in ours. A man who perfectly comprehends all the principles of a particular business, whether mechanical or chemical, may nevertheless fail of success from ignorance of some apparently trivial circumstances, or from inattention to them.

GLASS.

We now looked in at several of the glass-houses which came in our way; but, as this was not the day for blowing white glass, we were disappointed in our expectations of seeing the operations connected with that branch of the manufacture. We saw nothing more than the blowing of common porter-bottles. This business is very simple, but, possibly, you may not have seen it, although there are now a number of glass-houses in the United States.

The materials are kept melted in large crucibles in the glass-house furnace, which is a great dome in the middle of the building. There are small apertures in the middle of it, through which the workmen put their iron tubes when they dip them in the melted glass. When they do this, they turn them, round and round, till a sufficient quantity of glass is collected on the end of the tube; it is then withdrawn, and this glowing knob of half fluid matter is rolled, over and over, on a board moistened with water, till it assumes somewhat of the form which it is ultimately to have. The workman then blows through the

tube, and the glass is inflated, and would thus naturally assume a globular form, but, he causes it to take any shape he pleases, by dropping it, while still red hot, into a stone mould, when, by a vigorous inflation of his lungs, he gives it the form of the mould, whether cylindrical, hexagonal, fluted, or whatever it may be. With respect to porter-bottles, I believe no other form than the cylindrical is ever used. The bottom of the bottle is indented by a blow dexterously applied. The tube is then broken off from the neck, by gently wetting it at the proper place, and stuck by means of a piece of melted glass to the bottom of the bottle; the mouth is now introduced into the furnace, and softened, when, by the aid of an instrument like a pair of shears, it is regularly formed, and it is completed by coiling a ring of melted glass around the outside, which forms the protuberance that we always see around the necks of common black bottles. Lest the bottle should, by cooling too rapidly, become brittle, it is carried by a boy, on the tine of a long fork, to the annealing furnace, where it is exposed to a very moderate heat, a good while continued, and thus it contracts slowly and equally, and in this way becomes strong.

BRASS.

In the afternoon, we went under the patronage of a gentleman of Bristol to see a brass manufactory, a mile out of town. The proprietor was not there, and we could not obtain admission without some delay and difficulty. In general, it is far from being easy to gain admission to see the manufactures of this country, especially chemical ones. There is much jealousy of the views of strangers, and, unless a man comes to *buy*, or is introduced under the

wing of an influential friend, he cannot often gain admission. A fee to the servants and workmen is the surest introduction, when the master is not present, but as this method is not honourable and hardly honest, one would not choose to resort to it.

Brass is composed of zinc and copper, and in this manufactory, the copper is prepared for uniting with the zinc, by dropping it, when melted, into water, which divides it into small globular masses, and thus saves the trouble of dividing it mechanically. The zinc is not employed in the metallic state. That ore of the metal called *calamine*, which abounds in this part of England, is pulverized, and mixed with the copper in the proportion of sixty-four parts of calamine to forty-two of copper; to this mixture a sufficient quantity of charcoal is added, and the whole is placed in crucibles and exposed to heat in a furnace for about three days and nights; at the end of this time the crucibles are withdrawn from the fire; and the brass is poured into ingot moulds, or between large slabs of granite; the latter mode gives it in plates fit for cutting into wire and for various other purposes. Brass is sometimes made in the United States, but metallic zinc is employed, for calamine has not been found in our country, in any such quantity as to be capable of being profitably used.

Our next visit was to an extensive iron foundery, into which we went without introduction or leave, but, finding that we were unwelcome guests, we did not stay long. We were not treated rudely, but were merely asked whether we "wished to buy," or "to see any particular person," and whether "we belonged to the trade." Their hints were understood and regarded, and, indeed we were the less solicitous to protract our stay, as this species of

manufacture is carried on extensively in our own country, and no secret is made of any part of the business.

It struck me as somewhat singular, when passing through the ancient church yard of St. James, to-day, to see great preparations making for a grand fair, which is to be held here next week. Booths are already erected, in the church yard, and in part filled with merchandise.

In some of the booths the tombs were made to serve as seats, and we were shocked with the gross indecorum of making the sanctuary of the dead a mart for fraud and a scene of vice. Tumblers, rope-dancers, and showmen have already erected their tents, and there can be no doubt that their great master and patron will be faithfully served by them in the course of the ensuing week.

Observing one booth devoted to the sale of trinkets, I bought a bosom pin, which I cheapened somewhat, notwithstanding the positive assurance given without a previous question on my part, and often repeated without a doubt expressed, that it was pure gold—real gold, inclosing a topaz—"no imitation, sir, a genuine topaz." I did not contradict the fellow, but allowed him to suppose that I thought myself, for a few shillings, the possessor of *a genuine topaz*. But, as we withdrew from the yard, I remarked to my companion that my bosom pin was, without doubt, like the green spectacles which the vicar's son Moses bought at the fair;—the glasses to be sure, were good for nothing, but then they were set in silver frames. Accordingly before I was out of the yard, my topaz dropped from its socket and fell upon the ground, and the pin of pure gold appeared to be only gilt. I returned to the stall where I had bought it, and received another pin, doubtless equally valuable.

We took a turn on St. Michael's mount, one of the high hills on which Bristol stands, and enjoyed a distinct view of the city, and an extensive one of the hills and valleys of Somersetshire. Bristol does not occupy so much ground as New-York, although its population is about seventy thousand. The streets are in general narrow, many of the houses are old, and the aspect of business is dull. There are, however, still some marks of commercial enterprise. They are digging a new channel for the Avon, intending to divert it in part from its present course, and to convert the bed which it now occupies into a wet dock, to be kept permanently full, like the docks in Liverpool and London. Over the new channel they are preparing to erect a cast iron bridge, the materials for which are now lying by the side of the road. These things do not look like a decline of commerce, into which, it is every where asserted, that Bristol is falling, and of which the languor of the town seems to be an indication. I have already alluded to the fact that many long rows of houses, begun on an elegant plan, and completed as to the walls, are now falling into ruin. This is the case at Bath also, and the fact is imputed in both cases to a ruinous speculation, which, about the year 1792 or 1793, led the people of these places to build fine houses almost without number, under an impression that a rapidity of growth, beyond all former example, would fill them with tenants.

Bristol was anciently a walled town; the wall is now however broken down, although several of the gates remain, and we entered the town beneath the arch of one, when we arrived from Bath.

Sept. 1.—We attended service in the morning in the Radcliffe church, venerable for its antiquity and for its

Gothic architecture. It was filled in part by the military. The service was performed principally by chanting, which always strikes me as a caricature, and, unless habit has reconciled one to it, as rather adapted to excite ludicrous than solemn emotions.

We lodged in an ancient tavern at Bristol, where *every accommodation*, was under the same roof, and we were so annoyed by the effects proceeding from one, that had not our engagements called us almost constantly abroad, we should have been almost induced to change our lodgings.

The pungent odour of ammonia (hartshorne) mixed with some rather offensive effluvia, so completely pervaded the whole house, and especially the upper flats, where our bed chambers were, that tears were ready to start at every moment, although the people of the house seemed unaffected by it. This gas, it is now known, is the genuine offspring of putrefaction, being composed of hydrogen and azot, both of which exist in animal matters in abundance, and are evolved by putrefaction in such a manner as to unite and form this singular gas.

No. XLVII.—JOURNEY TO CORNWALL.

Leave Bristol—List of towns and villages—Bridgewater—Taunton—Exeter—Difference between English and American views—Stage Coach companions—One of Pindar's heroes—Launceston—An ancient castle—Mud cottages of Devonshire—Bodmin—Truro—Traits of manners.

Sept. 2.—My companion, Mr. T——, having determined on travelling north, we parted at Bristol, and it be-

came my lot to journey alone. Having been up till a late hour last night, and being waked again very early this morning, I had obtained very little rest, and was but poorly prepared to encounter the fatigues of a long and rapid ride. The coach in which I had taken a seat for Exeter started with the rising sun and a very fine morning.*

We crossed the river Avon, and, as we passed along, the road was thronged for many miles, with people going to the fair. For the first six or seven miles from Bristol, we were almost continually ascending the hills of Somersetshire, and our increasing elevation gave us the finest retrospective views of Clifton, St. Vincent's Rock, Bristol, and the opposite banks of the Avon.

It was with extreme regret that I passed near the residence of Mrs. Hannah More without stopping to pay my respects to this illustrious friend of mankind and ornament of her sex. I was not possessed of any means of introduction to her, and thought it hardly consistent with decorum to go to her house without. Her residence is about twelve miles from Bristol, and is called Barley Wood. She is universally revered and beloved by all descriptions of persons from the cottage to the throne, and in fact her

* Most of the places through which we passed in the course of the day were very inconsiderable. They were, Yanley, Broadfield's Downs, Red Hill, Langford, Churchill, Cross, Weare, Rook's Bridge, High Bridge Inn, Huntsfield, Stretchel, Paulet, Puriton, Crandon Bridge, *Bridgewater*, North Patherton, Thurlerton, West Monckton, *Taunton*, Bishop's Hill, Runwell, Wellington, Rockwell Green, Maiden Down, South Appledore, Willard, Collumpton, Bradninch, Crab Tree Inn, *Exeter*. In the whole seventy-seven and a half miles.

writings are adapted to the instruction of the possessors of both.

We soon came to Broadfield's Downs, which is one of those extensive tracts of waste land with which England abounds; they are pastured in common, and are not without beauty from the fern, the furze, and the yellow and purple heath flowers with which they are adorned.

We now had numerous hills to descend, and so steep that we were often compelled to lock a wheel.

After travelling about ten miles, the lofty Mendip-hills appeared in view on our left, and accompanied us for many miles. They are destitute of trees and seemingly barren, but contain lead mines, which I did not stop to explore, as I had before seen such mines in Derbyshire.

On the top of one of the most lofty hills, at the foot of which we passed, we saw very deep trenches, and a high rampart, enclosing apparently many acres, and obviously the ruins of some ancient military station. I could find no notice of this remarkable object in my itineraries, and my companions were equally ignorant with myself concerning it. In this dearth of information, I inquired of the coachman, as a last resource, and he, with all the gravity of an antiquarian, informed me that the hill had been fortified by the Romans, the Saxons, or the Danes; if he had only added, *or by some body else*, his account of the matter would certainly have been as true as it was definite.

We breakfasted at a little village called *Cross*, and from this place to Bridgewater, a distance of twenty-six miles, we travelled over one continued tract of level meadow and pasture land, extending many miles on our left, till it was terminated by hills; and, on the right, reaching to Bristol

channel, which, with its islands and vessels, and the opposite coast of Wales, was often in view, as we rode sometimes within a mile or two of the shore.

Bridgewater is the first town on this morning's ride that deserves notice. It is situated a few miles from Bristol channel, on the river Parret, which is navigable at high water, for ships of two hundred tons, but, like the Avon, is drained at low water, and like the same river, is very muddy at the flood, owing to the rapid influx of the tide, which, here as well as at Bristol, rises to a great height. Bridgewater is a very ancient town, and seems to have been once walled, as the massy gateways remain to this day. The streets are narrow, the houses small and in decay, and the whole aspect of the place disagreeable.

From Bridgewater to Taunton, a distance of eleven miles, the country began to rise again, and to exhibit wheat-fields intermixed with meadows. At Taunton we dined. This is a very handsome town, the houses are constructed of brick, and, in the modern style; the two principal streets cross each other at right angles; it contains between five and six thousand inhabitants, and is remarkable in history as having been the theatre of many of the executions of *Jeffreys*, the sanguinary and infamous judge, in the reign of James II. Whatever veil may be drawn over the atrocities of a man, while he is surrounded by sycophants and rendered popular by success, he is almost sure to receive from the unbiassed decisions of posterity the estimation which is his due. The judicial integrity and unspotted virtue of *Sir Matthew Hale*, will rise in sweet remembrance through all succeeding generations, while *Jeffreys*, now proverbially surnamed *the infamous*, will be remembered only to be execrated. It was

near this town that the defeat of the Duke of Monmouth happened, which led to these executions.

At Maiden-down, nine miles from Taunton, we entered the county of Devon. We were, every where, delighted with the picturesque scenery of lofty hills clothed in green, and cultivated to their very summits.

While they were changing horses at Collumpton, a small town, the houses of which are of stone, I walked forward a mile, and gained the summit of a high hill in a field contiguous to the road, where I enjoyed a prospect of great extent and beauty, and possessing in a high degree that deepness of verdure, and that neatness, variety and finish, which are so remarkable in English views, and which more than once before, I have had occasion to mention.

The verdure of England, as I have already remarked, is much more intense than that of our country; the trees, the hedge-rows, and the fields, are so very green that, in a cloudy day, they appear almost black; the humidity and temperate nature of the climate of this island are, without doubt, principal causes of its fine verdure, for England is never scorched by such torrid suns as ours.

I was fortunate to-day in having a large coach and only two companions, who were social and obliging in their deportment. One of them bore so strong a resemblance both in countenance and manners, to a friend of ours in America, that I took no small satisfaction in looking at him, and before our day's ride was through we all became known to each other. Indeed, I find that people in Old as well as New-England, are fond of knowing something of each others private history, when they are accidentally connected in stage coaches, packets and other situations,

of a similar kind. I have not often been questioned in so many words, as to my name and history, (although this has happened more than once) but some very meaning, half interrogatory remark has been usually made, alluding to my supposed residence, pursuits, or views in travelling, and I have found it useful to yield to this harmless curiosity, especially as mine has been commonly gratified in turn, and civility and a degree of confidence sufficient to promote familiar conversation have followed of course.

One of my companions, to-day, was a citizen of Windsor, who is, some how or other, connected with the king's household, in such a manner, that he is, if I may trust his own story, drawn occasionally into personal conversation with his majesty, on topics connected with his business and concerns, not as a monarch, but as an individual, and as an inhabitant of Windsor. My companion related anecdotes of the king and royal family, which, whether apocryphal or not, were very amusing; he, however, manifested much respect for the family, and particularly for the king. Before we parted, he gave me his name and card, and proffered his civilities, when I should visit Windsor again. Till he disclosed his name, I had not been aware with how considerable a personage I was travelling. He was no other than Mr. Secker, one of Peter Pindar's principal heroes; he is frequently celebrated in those numerous effusions of Peter's Billingsgate muse, which he has devoted to the royal family of Windsor. This gentleman was, however, so modest in the enjoyment of a distinction which he has shared with the king himself, that he never once alluded to the circumstance.

We arrived at Exeter, about nine at night, but it was dark, and nothing could be seen of the town.

Determining to proceed with all possible expedition to the end of my journey, I went to bed at ten, and at midnight was called up, to set forward in the royal mail, the only coach which runs from Exeter on the route which I was travelling. As I had enjoyed but two hours of repose the night before I left Bristol, I now resumed my journey with a stock of only four hours sleep for three days. It continued dark till we arrived at Oakhampton, where we breakfasted at five o'clock, with an allowance of only fifteen minutes of time. It is not common to find poor inns in England, but in this instance, we were served with miserable tea, and miserable bread, and attended by a surly waiter. I came to the house with extreme fatigue, and left it with extreme disgust.

We continued our journey through two or three small villages to *Launceston*. At the distance of several miles on our left, as we travelled, appeared the mountains of Dart-moor, a bleak and barren ridge, rocky and destitute of forests and verdure. This naked appearance of hills and mountains is a circumstance which strikes an American very forcibly; he naturally contrasts it with the aspect of those in his own country, which are, more or less, covered with fine forests, presenting, in summer, a beautiful declivity of green tops of trees, interrupted by, here and there, a pasture, a corn-field, or a prominence of rocks.

Devonshire, as far as I have seen it, is a country of hills and valleys, and apparently, more productive of grass than of corn. Hence they raise numerous herds of cattle, a thrifty, but small breed, resembling the American cattle; their colour is commonly red, and they are much esteemed in the London markets.

We did not stay long at *Launceston*. It is a considerable town, situated on a high hill; it is visible at a great distance; the houses are of stone and very ancient. We entered it under a spacious gate-way, arched with massy stone, and exhibiting every appearance of the most venerable antiquity. The tall grass waved on its top, and evinced that many a generation had passed away since the soil on which it flourishes, began to accumulate.

On a very high and steep hill in the middle of this town, stand the tottering walls of an ancient castle. They are extensive, lofty, and sufficiently injured by time, to form a very impressive ruin. We saw this object four miles before we reached the town, and my eyes never wandered from it for a moment; for, what can be more gratifying to a traveller, whose country contains no remnant of antiquity, except a few relics of barbarous tribes, than to behold an ancient castle; a proud but melancholy remembrancer of the ages of heroism, chivalry, and unbounded, although rustic, hospitality.

Of this castle, or of its founder, I believe there is no distinct account; it seems to be agreed however that it is older than the Norman conquest; even the out-works remain in a tolerable state of preservation; the tower is circular, and the fortress, on account of its strength, was anciently called Castle Terrible.

Launceston is the frontier town of Cornwall, which we next entered. The country soon assumed a wild and barren aspect; the hills became more lofty, and the cultivated fields upon them less numerous. Villages, the walls of whose houses were constructed of mud, and whose roofs were thatched with straw, grew more and more frequent. I had observed this kind of cottages, occasionally, ever

since we entered Devonshire, and they now became quite general. Their appearance is very rude and comfortless, but, they are said to be nevertheless, dry, warm, and healthy mansions. You will perceive that I am speaking of the houses of the peasantry only; they are very low, having only a ground-floor and a garret; and the thatched roof projects a good deal over the wall, to defend it from the rain. They may perhaps be comfortable, but one would have sooner supposed that they were constructed to shelter cattle than men.

We dined at *Bodmin*, which, although a decayed and insignificant place, is a borough-town, and sends two members to parliament.

From Bodmin to Truro, no interesting object occurred. We passed through another little vile borough, called St. Michael, which contains about a dozen mud cottages, *and sends two members to parliament.* Cornwall is notorious for rotten boroughs; although, as a county, it is entitled to two members only, it actually sends, on account of its rotten boroughs, more than forty.

We arrived at *Truro*, which is eighty-eight miles from Exeter, and one hundred sixty-five from Bristol, at four in the afternoon. At this place I left the coach, and took lodgings for the night, designing to make Truro my head quarters during my excursions in Cornwall. As we drove into the town, I observed a great quantity of block-tin lying in the market-place, I presume, exposed for sale. This metal, it is well known, has been long one of the staple commodities of Cornwall.

I was fortunate to-day in my companions. One was a lawyer, and the other a merchant, and both were possessed of so much intelligence, good nature, and good man-

ners, that the tediousness of the journey, through a dreary country, was beguiled by the pleasures of conversation, rendered more intimate and familiar by a pelting rain, which, in the afternoon, obliged us to shut the windows of the coach, and to seek our enjoyments within its narrow limits. As one of my companions lived in Exeter, and the other in Cornwall, they were able to give me all the information which I wanted concerning the objects of local interest and curiosity in the country through which we were travelling, while, on the other hand, they drew from me, by numerous inquiries, a great many remarks concerning my own country, its institutions, government, manners, and improvements of various kinds, and these communications were received, not with sneering incredulity, but with candour, and an apparent disposition to learn the truth. I mention such circumstances as these, not because they are in themselves particularly interesting, but, that by exhibiting to you a faithful picture of the real incidents of the life which I lead in England, you may thus be enabled to form a more correct estimate of the country than you could do from any general descriptions or dissertations. One's impressions, concerning the English character, will be materially altered, by mixing with the people of the country *away from London*. They appear almost one and the same people with those of New-England, and it is surprising, that a lapse of almost two centuries, and a state of things, in many important particulars, so widely different, should not have produced a greater deviation in our country, from the original manners and habits of England our parent island. I have been frequently surprised at the spontaneous confidence which people manifest here, and, in many instances, on a slight acquaintance, and with an association known to be only temporary.

No. XLVIII.—EXCURSION TO REDRUTH.

Sterility of the surface—Richness of the bowels of Cornwall—Civility of the people—Redruth—A singular letter of introduction—Carnbre—A castle—Druidical monuments—An unexpected danger.

Sept. 4.—This morning I left Truro in a hired gig, and drove nine miles to Redruth. The country was every where hilly, or, as they term it here, mountainous. To Cornwall, which is nearly destitute of trees, and condemned to the privations of a thin and sterile soil, and the inclemency of a fickle and stormy climate, the Creator has given in the bowels of her territory, an ample compensation, for the deficiencies of the surface.

The indications of a mining country which appeared for many miles, on the other side of Truro, now became more frequent and striking. Vast heaps of earth, gravel, and stones, every where deformed the prospect, and pointed out the places, where, for a succession of ages, the Cornish men have bored into the ground in search of tin and copper. Among these heaps appeared, here and there, the mud cottages of the miners, and the machinery with which they draw up the ore and rubbish. I met many of the people of the country on the road, some driving before them large mules, laden with ore, and others conveying it in carts. Almost without exception, they pulled off their hats to me in a respectful manner, as the people of New-England do to a stranger. It appeared to be an evidence of the simplicity of their lives, and of their freedom from the archness and impudence of the lower orders in great

cities. But, this decent respect for strangers appears not to be growing up with the rising generation, for, not one of the numerous children whom I met, paid me the least attention.

Redruth is in the centre of the mining country. It is a village of some consequence, built of granite, which is called Moor-stone, in Cornwall, and having a paved street. Cornwall has abundance of granite, in which the constituent parts of this stone are remarkably large and distinct. It is used here for monuments of every description. On the road from Launceston, I observed a number of *crosses*, which were erected in Roman Catholic times, and, having, some how or other, escaped the zeal of the reformation, are now used as mile-stones and land-marks.

A gentleman at Bristol to whom I was introduced, having learned from me my intended route, and the views by which I was actuated in travelling, gave me, of his own accord, a *circular* letter of introduction, a thing which was as new to me as it was kind in him. The letter was addressed to Mr. Rowe,* at Redruth, and to twenty or thirty more, who lived in the different towns through which I intended to travel, and in other parts of the kingdom; their names were arranged in a column with the places of their respective residences annexed, and the author subjoined an introduction and recommendation which was to be considered as addressed to the whole number of the friends he had named; and, to give the thing the utmost latitude, there was a concluding clause recommending me to all other persons who had any knowledge of the author. The first use which I made of this ample instrument was to make myself known to Mr. Rowe of Redruth.

* A Baptist clergyman

by whom I was received with the greatest kindness. With him I went to see a lofty hill near Redruth, called *Carnbre*. Its sides and top are covered with detached rocks of granite, some of which are of vast size, and on the summit of the hill is a small castle, the walls of which have braved the elements for many centuries, and will continue to stand after the present generation are in the dust.—There is no account of the founder. It stands upon an almost inaccessible pinnacle, composed of huge rocks of granite.

Lord Dedunstanville, within whose domains it is, has erected a door, stopped the windows, and covered the top of the walls with sheet lead, in order to prevent the farther decay of this venerable structure.

On this hill, within a thick wood, which formerly existed here, it is believed that the British Druids had one of their mysterious retreats; and some monuments, consisting principally of circular heaps of stone, are attributed to them. There is one rock which is very remarkable; it lies on the surface of the ground, and would fill a small room. On its top are scooped out a number of deep and regular cavities, generally circular, or elliptical, and appearing to have been evidently a work of art. One cavity, which in form is different from the others, is so shaped as just to receive a human body, laid out at length, with the arms extended, and the feet close together. I made the experiment by lying down in the cavity, on my back. in the manner just now described, and found that it exactly received me. At the feet there is an outlet cut through the side of the rock. It is believed by many that in this place the Druids put to death their human victims, laying them with awful solemnity in this sacred cavity;

it is supposed that the other cavities in the rock were used to contain consecrated vessels or fluids, or, that they were, in some other manner, auxiliary to the immolation.*

From this hill we had an extensive view of the surrounding country and of Bristol channel; how different is this view from that seen from Richmond-Hill; the one is all verdure, luxuriance, variety and beauty, the other almost universal dreariness and sterility.

As we descended from this hill, I had well nigh fallen into the shaft of an ancient and long neglected mine, which was completely overgrown with bushes, and so hidden by them, that my feet failed me before I was aware of my danger; happily, I fell forward with so much force, as to catch hold of the shrubs, and to throw myself partly on to the side of the pit; otherwise I might have gone down, I know not what dreadful distance. It is astonishing that such places should be left exposed, but familiarity with danger appears almost always to produce negligence and indifference in those who are exposed to it.

In the afternoon I went with Mr. Rowe, to visit some objects of curiosity a few miles from Redruth, but a heavy rain arrested our progress, and as we were in a gig without a top, we were completely drenched before we arrived again at the village. I returned to the inn, and betook myself to the employments which are my usual solace in

* I am aware that granite as well as other rocks, is occasionally found worn by time into fantastical forms, some of which have been with us in America, taken for objects of idolatrous worship among the Aborigines. Some scientific men suppose these appearances on Carnbre and other similar ones in different parts of Britain to have the same origin.

those numerous hours, when separated from my country and the objects of my early attachment, I long for the consolations of society, and the delightful influence of the face of a friend.

No. XLIX.—DESCENT INTO THE DOLGOATH MINE.

Productions of the mine—Rudeness of the surface—Profits of the Dolgoath mine—Costume of the miners—Dangers and difficulty of the descent—The scene of labour—Cheerfulness and civility of the miners—Great steam engine—Dangers of mining—Singular instance of delicacy—A ticketing.

Sept. 5.—This has been a very busy day, and the consequent fatigue hardly leaves me spirits to record its occurrences.

I was introduced yesterday to Mr. Magor, a manager of the mines, who called upon me this morning, and conducted me to the Dolgoath mine, situated three miles west from Redruth. It is the greatest mine in Cornwall, and is wrought principally for copper, although it affords tin and several other metals. My companion was a man of information and intelligence, and I received from him uncommon civilities.

Our ride led us through a mining region; every thing here points towards this object; it is the great concern of the country, and in some department or other of this business, almost every man, woman, and child is employed. For it, agriculture, commerce, and manufactures are neglected, and that industry which, in more fortunate countries, is employed to fertilize and adorn the surface of the

ground, is here directed to those treasures which are concealed beneath incumbent hills and mountains.

You would be astonished to see what quantities of rubbish, the industry of the Cornish miners has collected on the surface; it gives the country an appearance of sterility and rudeness almost inconceivable.

Redruth is in the centre of a circle of about twenty miles in diameter, within which are contained almost all the important mines. I came into the country with the impression that tin is its principal production, but I find that copper is by far the greater concern, and that tin is only a secondary object. The tin is less abundant than formerly, but the copper much more so, and the latter article now commands so high a price that the working of the copper mines is a very profitable business.

The expenses of the Dolgoath mine are about seven or eight thousand pounds sterling a month, and the clear profits for the last five months have been eighteen thousand pounds, that is, at the rate of forty-three thousand two hundred pounds, or one hundred ninety-two thousand dollars a year. These facts make it very evident that the mining business in Cornwall is a great and profitable concern.

The miners are under the immediate control of a chief, who is called the captain of the mine. Mr. Magor introduced me to one of these captains, who obligingly undertook to conduct me through the subterranean regions of Dolgoath. He is a son of one of the principal directors of the mines, and, although a captain, he did not seem to be more than eighteen or nineteen years of age; but his early advancement is not surprising, for I have rarely

found so much intelligence, and such pleasing manners in so young a man.

First of all, we repaired to the miners' ward-robe, where, having taken leave of Mr. Magor, I prepared for my descent, by throwing off my own dress, and putting on that of the miners. It was somewhat similar to that which I wore in Derbyshire. It consisted of a very large shirt, of very coarse materials, and made like the frocks of the Connecticut farmers; then of a pair of large sailor trowsers, striped across with white and black, of the coarsest stuff which is ever employed for horse blankets, and, over all was a loose coat, which, like the rest of my apparel, exhibited the strongest evidence that it had often been below the surface. I wore a pair of cowskin shoes, without stockings, made fast by tow strings, passing under the sole and over the instep. Over my head they drew a white cap, which they crowned with an old hat without a brim.

Besides the captain I had another guide, an experienced miner, who went before, while the captain followed me; each of them carried a supply of candles tied to a button-hole, and, like them, I bore a lighted candle in my left hand, stuck into a mass of wet clay. Although I was preparing, like Æneas, to descend into the shades below, I could not boast of his epic dignity, for he bore a golden branch, while I carried only a tallow candle.

The mines of Cornwall are of much more difficult access than those of Derbyshire, for, instead of going horizontally, or with only a gentle descent into the side of a mountain, we are obliged to go perpendicularly down the *shaft*, which is a pit formed by digging and blasting, and exactly resembles a well, except in its greater depth and

varying size, which is sometimes greater and sometimes smaller, according to circumstances. The descent is by means of ladders; at the termination of each ladder there is commonly a resting place, formed by a piece of timber or a plank fixed across, in the stones or earth, which form the walls of the pit; this supports the ladder above, and from it the adventurer steps on to the ladder next below.

With each a lighted candle, so held by the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, as to leave the other three fingers at liberty to grasp the rounds of the ladder, and with the right hand devoted wholly to the same service, we commenced our descent.

It was laborious and hazardous, but we did not stop till we had descended four hundred feet. The rounds of the ladders are constantly wet and muddy, and therefore very slippery; many of them, through length of time, are decayed, and worn so very small, that they seem on the point of giving way; in descending perpendicularly, with these disadvantages, the utmost caution is therefore requisite, on the part of a novice, lest he should quit his foothold before he has a firm grasp with his fingers, or lest, in the dim twilight shed by his candle, he should make a false aim with his foot or hand, or, take an imperfect and untenable hold with either; not to mention the danger of the giving way of the rounds of the ladder, any of which accidents would send him to a place whence he would not return; for, the resting places at the feet of the ladders, as they fill only a small part of the shaft, would diminish, very little, the chance of going quite to the bottom.

When I first began to descend, I made it very laborious, by drawing my body, as near as possible, to the ladder, thus imposing on the muscles of the arms and chest

the painful task of supporting me with my arms bent in quite an acute angle; but, my guides instructed me to hang off from the ladder, as far as possible, thus keeping the arms straight, and it is incredible how much it diminished the labour of the muscles.

Having arrived at the depth of four hundred feet, we came to what the miners call, an adit or level, that is, a passage running horizontally, or, at right angles with the shaft. This passage had been made through the solid rock, and was high enough to allow us to pass along stooping, which we did for a considerable distance, when the sound of human voices from below, indicated our approach to the populous regions of midnight; while the rattling of mechanical instruments, employed in breaking off the ore, and the report from the explosion of gunpowder, echoed and reverberated along these narrow caverns, with the sulphureous and suffocating smoke, presented a combination of circumstances which might well have given one the impression that he had arrived in a worse place than the mine of Dolgoath.

Proceeding along the adit, we came to another shaft, down which we descended two hundred feet more, and were then full six hundred feet from the surface. This was the principal scene of labour: at about this depth, there were great numbers of miners engaged in their respective employments. Some were boring the rock; others charging with gun-powder, the holes already made; others knocking off the ore with hammers, or prying it with pick-axes; others loading the buckets with ore to be drawn to the surface; others working the windlasses, to raise the rubbish from one level to another, and ultimately to the top; in short, all were busy; and, although to us

their employment seems only another name for wretchedness, they appeared quite a contented and cheerful class of people. In their manners they are gentle and uncommonly civil, and most of them paid me some mark of respect as a stranger. I spoke to an old man, whom we met: "Well, how are you?"—"O, thank God, sir, *indifferent* well—hope you are the same." I thanked him for his good wishes, which were sincerely meant, without doubt, although somewhat ambiguously expressed.

We occupied three hours in exploring the mine, and, in this time, travelled a mile under ground, in various directions. The employment was extremely laborious. We could rarely walk erect; often we were obliged to crawl on our hands and knees, over sharp, rugged stones, and frequently it was necessary to lie down flat, and to work our way along by the points of the elbows, and extremities of the toes, like seals on a beach. At one time we descended, and, at another, ascended through a narrow aperture, where we could only with difficulty squeeze ourselves through, and we then continued our progress by stepping on the projections of the rock, as men do in going up or down a well. My perspiration was so violent, that streams literally ran from my nose, locks, and chin, and, in this state we came to the channel where the water of the mine flows off, through which we were obliged to wade along, half leg deep, for thirty rods.

I was, upon the whole, much gratified and instructed. I saw the ore* in its natural state, imbedded in solid rock,

* The only copper ore which is wrought to any extent in Cornwall, is the yellow sulphuret, or copper pyrites. Native copper, grey sulphuret, or vitreous ore, oxid of copper, both the brick red

principally quartz and schistus; quartz being frequently what is technically called the gangue of the ore, and schistus the rock. Some varieties of this rock are here provincially called killas, and by the geologists grauwacke. The mine produces also some tin, cobalt, pyrites, blue vitriol, and even silver. Very little progress is made without blasting, and this destroys more lives than all the other casualties of the business put together. They exploded one blast while we were there; we, of course, retired a proper distance, out of danger.

Having seen all the interesting things of the place, we began to ascend. We were drawn up a small part of the way in a bucket, worked by a windlass, but we went up principally by ladders, in a shaft quite remote from that in which we descended. It was that in which the rod of the steam-engine plays to draw up the water.

This engine is one of very great magnitude. The rod, which is made of pieces of timber, and, at the top, cannot be less than five or six feet in diameter, descends perpendicularly one hundred and eighty fathoms, or, one thousand and eighty feet, and motion is propagated through this whole distance, so as to raise a weight of thirty thousand pounds at every stroke, for this is the power of the engine.

The steam-engine is now extensively employed in mining, not only to raise the water, but the ore; indeed, without it, the mine of Dolgoath could not be wrought; the strength of horses and of men is a useful auxiliary, but would effect, comparatively very little alone.

and the ruby red, the latter often in octahedral crystals of great beauty, the arseniates of copper, &c. are found in this rich mining district.

At length, after a most laborious and painful ascent, less hazardous it is true, but incomparably more fatiguing than the descent, because the muscles now have to lift the weight of the body, we reached the surface in safety, at a great distance from the place where we first descended. With joy, with gratitude, I beheld the returning light of heaven, and although I could not think that, in my case, the enterprise was rash, because my views were professional, I should certainly dissuade any friend from gratifying mere curiosity at so much hazard. The danger is serious, even to the miners, for, by explosions, by falls, by mephitic gases, and other causes connected with the nature of the employments, numbers of the people are carried off every year, and, on this account, Redruth and its vicinity has an uncommon proportion of widows and orphans.

The ore, after it is brought out of the mines, is broken in stamping mills, pounded with hammers by women and young girls, washed, sifted, and sent away to Wales to be smelted. Wales has abundance of coal, and Cornwall very little, which is the reason that the ore is carried over the Bristol Channel.

Immediately after coming again into day-light, we made all possible haste to shelter ourselves from the cold wind, as we were afraid of the consequences of checking too suddenly a very profuse perspiration; the nearest house was our wardrobe, to which we immediately resorted, and performed a general ablution from head to foot. I then resumed my proper dress, and prepared to return again into more comfortable life. Before taking leave of my conductors, who, with the greatest patience, good-nature, and intelligence, had done every thing both for my safety and

gratification, I offered them a small recompense; but, with sentiments of delicacy, not often found in any country, among people of that condition in life, they declined taking any thing, alleging that it was not decent to receive money of a stranger for a mere act of civility; and it was not, till after repeated solicitations, that I could induce them to yield the point. Such magnanimity among people who are *buried* most of their lives, and who seem to have a kind of right to tax all those who live on the surface, was as unexpected as it was gratifying. It is not true, however, that the Cornish miners live permanently below ground; they go up regularly every night, and down again in the morning, so that they perform, every day of their lives, the tour which seemed so formidable to me.

I now hastened back to Redruth, and dined, by invitation of Mr. Magor, with the proprietors of the mines or their agents, and those of the several companies who manufacture copper and tin. There are certain set days when these gentlemen meet—the one party to sell, and the other to buy, the produce of the mines; the ceremony is called a *ticketing*, because the proposals for buying are sent in, written on *tickets*, and the whole affair is preceded by a dinner, of which all partake at the expense of the mines. To-day there were about fifty people assembled on this business. The steward of Lord Dedunstanville, a principal proprietor, presided at table. In the course of fifteen minutes, the ore, to the amount of about eighteen thousand pounds, was sold by a method which unites all the advantages of a vendue without any of its clamour. I have not time to describe it, for, although it is wonderfully sim-

ple, it would require minute specification to render it intelligible.

The produce of the Cornish mines is now prodigiously great; that little district around Redruth is said to produce five hundred thousand pounds sterling a year.

I spent the evening with Mr. Rowe, who, with Mr. Magor, seem as if they could not do enough for me during my short stay in Cornwall.

I retired to rest, at night, well satisfied with my day's work, and most favourably impressed with Cornish hospitality, and with the spirit of civility which seems to pervade the labourers in the mines equally with the gentlemen in the country.

No. L.—EXCURSION TO THE LAND'S END.

Abundance of rain—Bad roads—The last house in England—Nature of the coast—The Logan rock—Inconsistent traits in the Cornish character—Smugglers—Mines under the sea—Penzance—Mount's Bay—Granite and other rocks.

Sept. 6.—I took breakfast with Mr. Magor, and spent the morning in visiting collections of minerals, and in selecting enough of Cornish specimens for a box, to be transmitted, by the waggons, to London. Being assured, on all hands, that I should gain no additional information by visiting any of the other mines, and having devoted to this object as much time as I could spare, I took leave of those friends whose more than polite attentions entitle them to my warmest thanks, and at two o'clock P. M.

proceeded westward on my way to Penzance. It was a market day, and the streets of Redruth were so crowded with people, that it was difficult to find room for my gig to pass. The sun shone, when I left this hamlet, but, I had not proceeded two miles, before the heavens were black with clouds and wind, and the rain poured down in floods. A temporary shelter, first beneath a hedge row, then in a blacksmith's shop, and finally in a cottage, did not prevent me from being thoroughly soaked, for, the rain continued, with short intervals, most of the afternoon. My ride of eighteen miles to Penzance presented very little that was interesting. The country was hilly and barren; the roads were very bad, jolting me intolerably, and the weather was as inauspicious as possible. To make the matter worse, I mistook my road, and passed through fields, farm roads, and unfrequented paths, and had it not been for the uncommon kindness of the country people, who took much pains to set me right, I should have been benighted where I could have obtained no accommodations.

I passed the hamlets of Camborne Hale, St. Erth, and several others of no great consequence, and built, like most of the villages of Cornwall, of stone or mud. Just before I reached St. Erth, the bay of St. Ives, with the town of that name, famous for the Pilchard fishery, appeared on the right. I was now within half a mile of the ocean which washes the northern shores of Cornwall. Near this place is the residence of Mr. Giddy, M. P. to whom I had a letter of introduction, but, as my time did not allow me to call, I crossed the island, which is here not more than half a mile wide, and in a short time, the English channel came into view.

I drove down the hills to its very brink, and pursued my route along the shore, three miles farther, to Penzance, where I arrived, uncomfortable, with wet clothes, and with muscles extremely rigid from my late tour through the mines, and from the inclemency of the weather to-day.

Under these circumstances, I received, with no small pleasure, the hearty welcome of a good hotel, and the comforts which it afforded, which, with the assiduities of the people of the house, soon made me forget the inconveniences of roads and weather, and the more serious ones of subterranean adventures.

Sept. 7.—At seven o'clock in the morning, I left my gig at Penzance, and, taking a fresh horse, rode on his back, ten or eleven miles, to the Land's End, the south-western extremity of England. Frequent and barren hills, covered with abundance of heath and furze, and bearing, here and there, a few thin crops, attended me all the way, and the humid skies of Cornwall showered down rain incessantly, till I was wet through every garment. Fortunately my horse was active, and in eighty minutes I arrived at the village of Senan, just on the borders of the ocean. I took breakfast at a house, on the sign-board of which was written, "*The last house in England.*" It certainly was not the first in comfort, but its refreshments, although humble, were most welcome to a weary and drenched traveller. Without loss of time I mounted my horse again, and rode one mile farther to the very western extremity of England. I tied the horse to a rock, and hastened to place my foot on the last cliffs of this proud island. This extremity of Cornwall is subject to almost continual rain, and to frequent tempests. It is not abso-

lutely unproductive, for, it yields about ten bushels of wheat and twenty of barley to the acre, but, the inclemency of the climate almost represses vegetation, and the frequent storms give it the appearance of having been, for ages, lashed with wind and rain.

The land is high and terminates in lofty, perpendicular cliffs of granite. Near the verge they are much broken, and piled upon each other, in such frequent and irregular heaps, that it is not without some difficulty and danger, that one can make his way to the edge of the precipice. There, I cast my eyes down a fearful height, and contemplated the sea breaking with fury at the bottom, and roaring in the crevices and cavities of the rocks. I may be very erroneous in my estimation of the perpendicular height. I should imagine that it is nearly one hundred feet, but a little way inland from the shore it is twice as much.

The objects which strike the observer when standing on this celebrated spot, are the lofty cliffs, extending along the shore as far as the eye can see; the Longships Lighthouse, erected on a rock, a little way from the land; in a clear day, the Scilly Islands, and always, the expanse of the ocean. I could not help sending a wish over its billows, as I looked towards my country!

I was now three hundred miles from London; my journey was extended to its utmost possible limit, and nothing remained but to set my face again towards the metropolis!

An object of some curiosity, led me to return by the Southern coast, to Penzance. I took a guide to conduct me to this object, which is denominated the Logan Rock. It is about three miles from the Land's End towards Penzance. The weight of this rock, from measurement, is

estimated at three hundred and twenty tons, but, it is so poised, on the verge of the precipice on a base not larger than a hat, that a single man may move it, backward and forward, like a cradle. Formerly, it could be moved with a single hand; now, it requires a shoulder. I, of course, repeated the experiment, and it succeeded to my satisfaction.

On this tempestuous and inhospitable coast, many a ship has been wrecked, and, to the reproach of this otherwise mild and inoffensive people, they universally plunder the wreck, although it is said they first make the greatest exertions to save the sufferers. In this difficult service, rendered here peculiarly so, by the nature of the coast, they accomplish wonders, but, having rescued the people from death, they consider all the rest as free plunder.

Among these wild cliffs, the smugglers had, till lately, a secure refuge; from Jersey and Guernsey they introduced immense quantities of spirits; but severer laws and a more vigilant execution have since cut off the traffic, and my guide complained to me that Mr. Pitt would not now let them have a glass of gin.

At the Land's End, the houses are built of granite, which appears to be the basis of the whole country in these parts. Its constituent parts are wonderfully distinct; in some places I observed it undergoing decomposition and crumbling into pieces.

Once more on my horse, I hastened back to Penzance. Near this town, a few years ago, the enterprise of the Cornish miners opened a gallery beneath the sea. They sunk an artificial shaft at some distance from the shore, pumped out the water, and thus formed a mine under the ocean. No lives were lost in this presumptuous business,

but a ship in a storm ran against the shaft and destroyed it.

In other instances mines, begun on land, have been continued under the sea. One of my guides in the mine of Dolgoath assured me that he had often worked in such a mine, when he could hear the waves chafing the gravel over his head! "O sacra fames auri, quid non cogis mortalia pectora!"

Taking a hasty dinner at Penzance, from which I had been five hours and an half absent, I stepped into the gig at two, and proceeded for Falmouth. Before leaving Penzance, I will add that it is one of the largest towns in Cornwall; it has a few ships and a multitude of fishing vessels. It stands on Mount's bay, along the shores of which I travelled. This bay derives its name from a curious island in it near the eastern side, which rises in the form of a mountain. It is of only a few acres extent, but it consists almost entirely of high perpendicular cliffs, sloping a little so as to form an acute cone. On the very summit of this island there is a castle, which, although it has existed, time out of mind, is still kept in fine repair. It was anciently a monastery, and many curious relics of antiquity are said to be preserved there; it is a most singular and commanding object. Mount's bay forms perhaps two thirds of a circle which is three or four miles in diameter; it is surrounded by lofty hills, and, although not a safe road for ships, is a very beautiful piece of water. In passing around it, I was again drenched with rain which fell in great quantities, and, as the shower was declining, I stopped at the little town of Marazion, on the eastern side of the bay, near St. Michael's mount, for so is the rock called which I just now described.

I pursued my journey, without any interesting incident, to Helstone, a village that derives some little consequence from the *Stannary* laws which are still in force in Cornwall. The country was every where hilly, and presented frequent heaths covered with yellow and purple flowers.

A little before sun setting I passed through the village of Penryn, two miles from Falmouth, and soon after, on turning a point of land, the latter town suddenly came into view, with the lofty and cultivated hills which surround its fine harbour, and give this beautiful piece of water the appearance of a smooth lake.

Being much fatigued with my late adventures, I relinquished the design which I had entertained of pushing on to Truro, and determined to stay a day at Falmouth, which is twenty-five miles from Penzance, and about thirty-six from the Land's End.

Cornwall is for the most part, what is called in Geology a primitive country. Granite is the principal rock, and no granite is found in travelling from London towards the Land's End, till we come to Devonshire and Cornwall. The side walks of London bridge, and many of the pavements in London, are made of Cornish granite, provincially called Moor-stone. In general it is a very durable rock, but sometimes it is prone to decomposition; the firmest rocks of it are gradually destroyed, and are carried down by water into the valleys, there to form porcelain clay. Excellent clays of this description are obtained in Cornwall and Devon. I saw extensive hills of granite passing to the state of porcelain clay.

Geologists also reckon primitive schistus and grauwacke among the rocks of Cornwall. Coal is not one of its pro-

ductions, and ought not to be, according to the associations which this combustible is known to have in other countries and in other parts of Britain.

No. LI.—FALMOUTH.

Situation and appearance of the town—Harbour and surrounding country—Pendennis castle—Station for packets—View from the heights near Falmouth.

Sept. 8, *Sunday.*—I went into the only church which I saw in the place;—in the morning a considerable portion of the audience was composed of the officers and soldiers of Pendennis castle, but, in the afternoon, the pews were almost empty, although the streets of the town were swarming with people.

Falmouth is built principally of stone, but with very little elegance; the streets are narrow, crooked, dirty, and mean, and although the town contains about five thousand inhabitants, it makes but an insignificant figure. It is however delightfully situated, on the western side of one of the finest harbours in England, and enjoys a considerable trade. The bay, as I have already remarked, is almost surrounded by high hills, the declivities of which, sloping to the harbour, have considerable beauty. Several small rivers, or arms of the sea, flow into the harbour, and give water carriage to Penryn, Truro, and other towns. The entrance into the bay is between two lofty hills, on one of which stands Pendennis castle, built by Henry VIII. and rendered famous by its brave defence against the par-

liament forces, in the time of the civil wars. The fortifications are enlarged and now appear very formidable. The hill on which Pendennis castle stands, is uncommonly beautiful, and forms a peninsula, from the isthmus of which I saw the Lizard point distinctly.

Falmouth harbour affords a safe road for the largest ships, and derives no small share of its present consequence, from its being the station for the Lisbon, West-India, and American packets.

On the opposite side of the bay, is the little village of Flushing. So completely is Falmouth harbour surrounded by the land, that the outlet cannot be discovered either from the town, or from any part of that side of the bay on which the town stands, but, on ascending the hills, on the way to Truro, the mouth of the harbour comes into view, and, with it, the shipping, the town, the bason, and Pendennis castle. From these heights the prospect is very fine, and a stranger who would go away with the most advantageous impressions of the appearance of Falmouth, should never approach any nearer to it than the summit of these hills.

No. LII.—RIDE TO SALISBURY.

Lonely evening ride—Robberies less frequent in England than is generally imagined in America—Exeter—Ambition in a shoeblack—An English lieutenant—His refinement—Axminster—Charmouth—French and Spanish prisoners—Sympathy of the lieutenant—Death of a young woman—Waste land—Bridport—Telegraphs—Dorchester—Duke of Gloucester's death—Blandford.

Having no friends in Falmouth, and seeing nothing to detain me there, I stepped into my gig, a little after sunsetting, and drove twelve miles to Truro. My ride, although solitary, was pleasant, for, as twilight declined, a full moon quickly lighted up the heavens, and shed her lustre on the hills. As I was driving through Penryn, I met Mr. Magor, one of the kind Cornish friends, from whom I had received so many attentions at Redruth. I shall ever remember this worthy man with pleasure, and he allows me to hope that we shall meet again in London, before my final departure from that city. My ride was marked by no other incident, for, although I was travelling alone, and unarmed, through a country by no means populous, I felt no apprehension of assault or robbery. Such events, I believe, do occasionally happen in England, but they are so unfrequent that no one seems to trouble himself about them. I had provided myself with a pair of pocket-pistols, but, finding them useless lumber, I threw them into a closet, as soon as I was settled in London, and they will, in all probability, not be disturbed till I take my leave of England.* I saw no robbers on my

* During no part of my residence or journeys in Europe did I carry any weapon, or need any.

ride, but I met several parties of the country people, dressed in their Sunday clothes, and walking with much apparent gaiety.

Truro is one of the handsomest towns in Cornwall; it is built of stone, and stands on the declivity of a hill; its principal business is in copper and tin, and it enjoys the coinage or stamping of the latter article.

Sept. 9.—At five in the morning I left Truro in the stage. It was with reluctance that I relinquished the idea of visiting Plymouth; for, I found that the arrangement of the stages was such that this deviation would demand a greater sacrifice of time than I could afford, consistently with the plan which I had formed of visiting Paris in the course of the autumn. I gave up the idea with the less reluctance, as I expect to see Portsmouth, which is distinguished for the same thing which makes Plymouth interesting, that is, for being a principal station of the royal navy.

As I travelled over the whole of the route of to-day, when I was on my way down, I shall say nothing of the country, but merely inform you that we reached Exeter at nine at night. The moon shone with great splendour, and I walked out with two or three of my stage companions, to obtain such a view of the town as we could by moon-light.

Exeter is tolerably built; it contains about seventeen thousand inhabitants. It stands on the navigable river Ex, over which there is a handsome stone-bridge, and enjoys a considerable trade. We walked in a beautiful grove of ancient forest trees, which is situated immediately back of the town; near this grove we saw the remains of an ancient castle, which, as we were informed, was

battered down in Cromwell's time, for Exeter was loyal, and afforded protection to Henrietta, queen of Charles I. by which means it drew down the vengeance of the parliament. We saw the Cathedral also; it is one of the most spacious and magnificent Gothic structures in the world; and although it was almost five hundred years in building, its appearance is quite uniform; as it was night we could not see the inside, and were able to admire only the grandeur and magnitude of the plan.

We lodged in a vast hotel, where there was even a greater number of servants than is usual at English inns. When I called for *the boots* to bring a pair of slippers, I was surprised to see, instead of the squalid, miserably looking fellow, to whom this duty is usually assigned, a well-dressed young man enter the room, with the smart air of a cockney. I supposed that there had been some mistake, but I soon found that this was really *the boots*, who had, by good management or good fortune, risen to be a kind of *head of the boot-blacking department*, and employed others under him, to do the brushing and blacking, while he gave only the last polish, and received the orders and fees. This was a station of dignity which I had never seen before.

One of my companions to-day was a lieutenant in the English navy. He had circumnavigated the world with the celebrated Vancoover; he was present at Copenhagen, with Nelson, when he almost annihilated the Danish marine, and, in the course of an active life, had seen much of war and adventure. He considered the attack on Copenhagen as a rash thing, for which Nelson would have been disgraced, had he failed; and he maintained that the English ships, from their being aground, were all in the power

of the Danes, at the moment when Nelson, with such masterly address, sent that famous note to the Crown Prince of Denmark. I should have derived much pleasure from the society of the lieutenant, had he not interlarded his conversation with so much that was coarse, profane, and indecent, that it was scarcely possible to hear him with patience, and yet he had so much to say that was new, odd, or witty, that he usually succeeded in drawing the attention of the party. In describing a battle in which he acted a part, he gravely assured us, that he knew the calf of an officer's leg to be carried away by the wind of a cannon ball. The lieutenant was John Bull in his coarsest character, and he was a genuine sailor besides. He was very fat and unwieldy, but, with all his coarseness, was so frank, good natured, and generous, that he conciliated those around him; and, indeed, he seemed to have some taste for milder pleasures than those of war. I was speaking to him of my intention to visit the Isle of Wight, when he broke out in praise of its fine views and beautiful scenery; for the moment, he seemed to feel something like the emotions of a poet, or a lover, and swore, with a great oath, that if a man would ascend one of the fine hills in the Isle of Wight, and lay himself down beneath the shade of a tree, with *Thompson's Seasons, a cigar, and a glass of grog*, he must be a brute if he did not experience some emotions of tenderness! It was no wonder that our sailor, even in this happy moment of accidental softness, connected the idea of a glass of grog with all his pleasures, for, at every place where the coach stopped, he drank a tumbler of brandy and water, and, in the course of the day's ride, he swallowed twenty tumblers full.

Sept. 10 —As the lieutenant and I were travelling the same road, we took seats in the coach for Salisbury, and at four in the morning left Exeter. It was dark when we started, and the day was not fully disclosed when we reached Honiton, a stage of sixteen miles. Honiton is a small town, built on one street in a valley. While they were changing horses, I walked on, with some of my stage coach companions, and ascended a hill, up which the road winds for nearly a mile. From this elevation we saw one of the most noted prospects in the kingdom. It is an extensive and fertile vale, surrounded by lofty hills, which rise with steep and verdant sides. On one of those heights we observed a military work, which appeared quite distinct at the distance of two miles; we were told that it was a Roman camp.

From Honiton we proceeded through a country of lofty hills, some of which were fertile, but many served merely to pasture a few cattle, and were covered with heath and furze.

Ten miles brought us to Axminster.

This is a neat small town, situated in a plain. There is here a manufactory of broad cloth and carpets, and my itinerary informs me that the place is remarkable in history, on account of a bloody battle which was fought in an adjoining field between Athelstan and the Danes; the field is, for this reason, called king's field to this day; in this battle Athelstan was victorious, and built a church over the graves of some of those of his army who fell in the contest. He appointed seven priests to pray for their souls, and erected monuments which are said to be still standing. I saw the church, but had not time to go into it.

At the distance of six miles more, we came to Charmouth, on the shore of the English channel. Between Axminster and this place we were overtaken by some coaches which were employed in conveying French and Spanish prisoners, apparently of some distinction, who were taken in the late battle between the combined squadrons and Admiral Calder. While the coaches stopped a few minutes, we had an opportunity of observing the sorrowful countenances of the prisoners, especially those of some French ladies, who appeared as if they had been weeping. There was a French colonel in one of the coaches, a man of respectable appearance, and our sympathy was not a little excited for these disconsolate people. The lieutenant was particularly interested, for, although he was rough, he was capable of strong pity for those whom the events of war had made prisoners in a strange country. He spoke French, and alighting from our coach with his hat in his hand, went bowing up to the French colonel, and tendered him his sympathy, his best services, and *a glass of grog;* the former was accepted, but the two latter were politely declined.

We had now left the county of Devon, and had arrived in Dorset. As we descended a steep hill into Charmouth, they pointed out the place where, only last week, a young woman was killed instantaneously by the turning over of the coach. She was riding on the guard's seat, which is as high as the top of the coach, when, through some mismanagement, the carriage turned over, fell upon her breast, and crushed her with its weight. Indeed, notwithstanding the superior skill of English coachmen, and the fine roads of this country, it is wonderful that fatal accidents do not more frequently happen. When it is consid-

ered that a stage coach in England often carries from six to twelve persons on the roof, with a great quantity of luggage, while there will rarely be more than six or eight within, to balance this top heavy machine, it is surprising that there can be any safety in this mode of travelling.—But people soon learn to ride on the top without concern.

Charmouth is a little village, situated at the foot of a steep hill; it is noted for having been the scene of two Danish victories over the English, and afterwards, in the year 833, of a complete overthrow of the Danes themselves in a naval battle. Here, while the the coach stopped, I again ascended the high hills on foot, that I might obtain a good view of the coast, which is lofty, bold and varied, rising into abrupt hills, with green and fruitful valleys, while the hills themselves are overgrown with heath, furze, and fern.

My walk lead me the better part of a mile through this wild growth; I purposely avoided the roads and found it quite difficult to get forward, because the thorns of the furze were so numerous, that they caught my clothes at every step. The asses are very fond of picking among the furze, and in most places in England the traveller sees them loose upon the heath deserts. I thought of snakes, but except in museums, I have never seen a living one in England.

From Charmouth to Bridport we continued along the coast, with the English channel constantly in view, and with scenery such as I just now described. All along I was astonished, as I have very frequently been, in England, at the extensive tracts of waste land.

It is certainly surprising, in a country so populous as England, and which needs every bushel of corn it can

raise, that a traveller should often ride for four, five, and even six miles, through tracts uncultivated, unenclosed, and covered with heath, fern, and furze, which are almost universal on the commons or downs, as they are frequently called. The furze is a shrub, about two feet high, armed with sharp prickles, and bearing a profusion of bright yellow flowers, which, contrasted with the fine green of the furze, and with the purple and other coloured flowers of the heath,* give, at this season of the year, to these uncultivated tracts, for miles together, an extremely beautiful appearance. The parliament, are, however, every session, passing laws to enclose the commons, one after another, but the poor people are bitterly opposed to these proceedings, as they regard it as one of their privileges, to pasture a few sheep and cattle upon the commons, which become inaccessible to them after they pass into the hands of great landholders. They also dig the turf and cut the furze for fuel, and would, without doubt, experience serious inconvenience from the loss of these resources, although the nation at large would be benefitted. You might suppose that these lands must necessarily be barren, or they would not be permitted to remain waste; this is the case in a considerable number of instances, but the fact is by no means universal, for cultivated and fertile fields are occasionally seen in the midst of these deserts, and parks, and country seats sometimes occur. The thing which astonished me most, with respect to this subject, was, that such waste lands are found in the immediate vicinity of London itself; witness

* The heaths are extremely varied in their appearance, and constitute some of the most delicate specimens among the plants of the florist.

Hounslowheath, Blackheath, and Clapham and Wandsworth commons, which collectively occupy many hundreds of acres.

Bridport is an ancient borough town, remarkable for a manufactory of sail-cloth, twine, nets and cordage, upon which articles I observed the people at work, as I walked through the town; Bridport is neatly built on a single street of half a mile in length.

In passing along the coast we frequently saw the telegraphic signals on the high hills; the lieutenant asserted that intelligence had been transmitted from Plymouth to London and back, in the short period of fifteen minutes, although the whole space penetrated by the telescopes was twice two hundred and fourteen miles. There is a grand telegraph on the top of the admiralty in Westminster, with which these subordinate telegraphs communicate. We saw also, on the heights, contiguous to the shore, signals contrived on purpose to give early notice of the long expected French invasion; they are merely heaps of combustibles, which are to be set on fire whenever the grand flotilla makes its appearance.

From Bridport to Dorchester is fifteen miles. Dorchester is a place of considerable size and some magnificence. It was formerly a capital Roman station, and vestiges of the Romans are numerous and distinct in its vicinity. My book of roads informs me that there is a fortress called Maiden-castle, with intrenchments forty feet deep, still existing in the neighbourhood of Dorchester.—I had to regret that I could not, without too serious a sacrifice of time, stop to see it, and I was compelled for the same reason to pass by Weymouth, which lies on the coast only eight miles from Dorchester. This place is

not however particularly interesting, except as being, occasionally, for a few weeks in the summer, the residence of the royal family; they resort to it for the purpose of sea-bathing and to amuse themselves with sailing, and they of course, draw after them a throng of nobility and gentry.

At present, a cloud is cast over their gaiety, by the recent death of the King's brother, the Duke of Gloucester. There is, more or less, a national mourning on the occasion, and, there is no small bustle among the manufacturers who are employed in dying their refuse cloths black, as the general mourning creates a great demand for this colour; it was just slack tide between the fall and spring shipments, and the Duke's death has put every thing in motion again, so that there is reason to believe that the cloth manufacturers and venders, and the taylors were not the most sincere mourners; for, as the poor man lay some weeks dangerously ill, the tradesmen made their arrangements accordingly, and were anxiously waiting for his exit. Events of this nature are always turned to profitable account, and are regularly brought to market in some form or another.

Be it a victory, a birth day, or the death of a great man, some one is sure to make money out of it.

From Dorchester we travelled through a beautiful country, and a number of villages occurred in the distance of sixteen miles to Blandford, where we dined by candlelight. From this to Salisbury, we rode over a country which was generally level, and formed a part of the great tract of territory, called Salisbury plain. We travelled more than twenty miles after dark, and, as the evening was hot, and the coach very much crowded, we were so

uncomfortable, that I was very glad, when, at midnight, we arrived in Salisbury. Having resolved to spend a day in this place, I shook hands with the lieutenant, with whom I had now travelled a long distance, I could not but feel some sympathy and concern on his account, for he was on his way to Chatham, to join a great expedition, now fitting out there, for an unknown foreign service; as I parted with him he said that he was a going, he knew not whither, like a bullock to the slaughter.

No. LIII.—EXCURSION TO STONEHENGE.

Donkey riding—Old Sarum—Origin of Salisbury—Shepherds and their flocks—Shepherd's dogs—Mrs. More's Shepherd of Salisbury plain—Stonehenge—Description of its present state—How it was fifty years ago, and originally—The temple of Abiry—Barrows—Wilton-house the Earl of Tembroke's.

Sept. 11.—On account of my fatigue, I did not rise, this morning, till a late hour; I breakfasted at eleven, and soon after, mounted a little white poney, the best horse I could procure, and although he had lost his ears and the greater part of his mane and tail, I thought, that, as his feet were left, he might serve to carry me a few miles, to an object which I had long ardently wished to see; this was no other than the venerable ruin of *Stonehenge*. My horse was hardly equal to the dignity of the excursion, for he was not much larger than an ass. Perhaps this circumstance ought rather to have recommended him to my preference, for, you must know that the ass, so long despised and devoted to the most degrading services, has,

this summer, attained the highest honours in England.—Under the more polite appellation of a *Donkey*, he is now selected as the companion of the morning excursions of the ladies at Brighton, and other fashionable places; descending from the chariot and coach, and even from the fine English horse, they shun the danger of these giddy stations, and take the air and exercise, on the back of the humble *Donkey*.

OLD SARUM.

The first object that attracted my attention, was the celebrated rotten borough of *Old Sarum*, which is two miles from Salisbury. I saw this famous spot, although, on account of the intervention of a river, over which there was no bridge, I did not go on the ground; I was however within a quarter of a mile.

The history of Old Sarum is, briefly, this. Just by the river there is a spacious and lofty hill, which, from the remotest antiquity, was occupied as a military station, and fortified with a strong castle. All the nobles of the realm were summoned to this place, in the reign of the conqueror, to swear fealty to him. The town and cathedral were included within the limits of the fortifications, by which means the clergy and people were continually subjected to the oppressions of the military, and they suffered from the want of water also, for which reasons, about six hundred years ago, they obtained leave from the Pope, to remove and build *New Sarum*, or Salisbury, with the cathedral which is now there.

From that time *Old Sarum* declined, and that which was anciently, one of the most splendid and important places in the kingdom, is now a ruin. The remains of the

castle and ramparts are still to be seen, and they are so conspicuous and commanding that they struck me with wonder at a considerable distance, and before I knew what they were. Of the town of Old Sarum, not a single house is left; still the place retains some of its most important privileges, and although no human being inhabits there, it sends two members to parliament. It is said, that not long ago, the right of election was vested in a single person; now, I am told, it resides in seven. The election is held in a booth erected for the occasion, beneath a particular tree, which was pointed out to me by some people whom I saw in the fields. Old Sarum lives only in history and sends two members to parliament, but Manchester and Birmingham send none!

SHEPHERDS AND THEIR FLOCKS.

While passing over the plain, I saw great numbers of sheep going to a grand sheep fair, about to be held at Salisbury. On this plain are fed the South Down sheep, without horns, with black legs and faces, and producing three or four pounds of fine wool per head; there is also the Leicestershire breed, small, but making fine mutton, and the Wiltshire breed, large, and affording a great quantity of wool.

Salisbury-plain appears to be very well adapted to the raising of sheep, and accordingly, shepherds and flocks are frequent upon it. I conversed with the shepherds, and found them intelligent and civil; they are always attended by a dog, without whose assistance they could not manage their flocks, and it is astonishing how easily this little animal commands them; when the course of the flock is to be turned, the dog runs along the ranks, with great zeal, and

much barking, nor does he stop till he has headed them, when they wheel as readily as an army at the word of command; in the same manner the shepherd's dog reclaims a straggler, whom he never leaves till he has brought him back to the flock. I know these are common facts, but I could not help standing with admiration, to see how intelligently the dogs planned and executed their measures upon the slightest intimation from the master, or even without. You will not think it surprising that, under these circumstances, the interesting story of *The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain* should have recurred to my thoughts;—I could easily imagine that I saw, among the shepherds, the good man whose history Mrs. More has told with a degree of simplicity which might delight a child, and yet with such dignity, elegance, and interest, as would entertain and instruct the most enlightened understanding.

STONEHENGE.

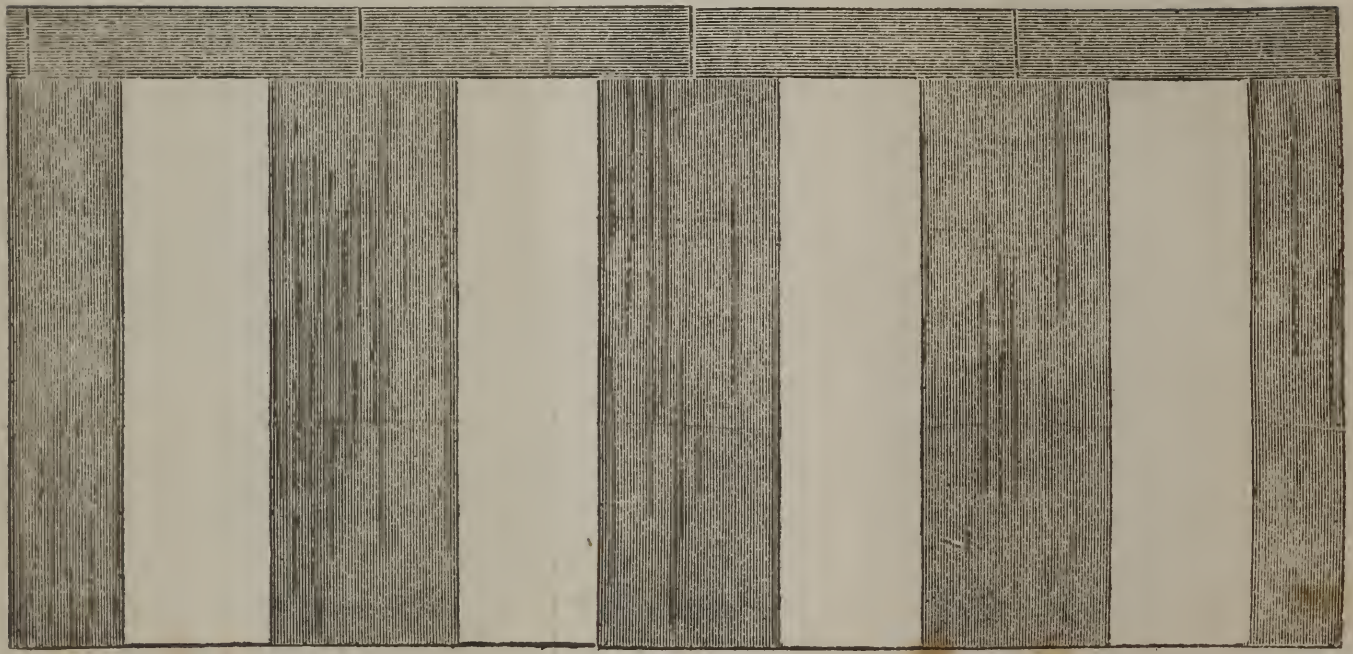
After riding five or six miles, I arrived at Stonehenge. It is situated in the midst of this vast plain, on ground which is, in some small degree, elevated above the general surface. There have been different opinions among antiquaries as to the purpose for which Stonehenge was erected. By some it has been supposed to be merely a monument, but, the more general, and certainly the more gratifying opinion is, that it was a grand temple of the British Druids. Yielding to this as the more probable conjecture, I will endeavour to give you a correct idea of the present state of this wonderful object. Part of it remain entire, and parts are fallen down in massy ruins.—Such is the magnitude of the stones, that, as was well remarked by a writer on the subject, every stone is by itself

a ruin. As I approached, I was filled with awe and astonishment, and when I entered the pile, I felt the strongest emotions of solemnity. The ponderous parts of this massy structure which remain, would almost render credible some of the fables of antiquity, and induce us to admit that the Titans had been employed in constructing a work, to the erection of which the strength of the present race of men seems totally inadequate. I allude not so much to the extent of the whole plan, although this is great, as to the astonishing magnitude of the stones of which it is composed. The only living beings which I found at Stonehenge, were a shepherd's boy and his dog, reclining on one of the fallen columns; there is no house for miles around, and thus the ruins of this Druidical temple strike a solitary traveller like those of Balbec and Palmyra, in the deserts of Asia.

Before we can correctly understand the present situation of Stonehenge, we must endeavour to ascertain what was its original form. So much of the structure still remains that there is no great difficulty in doing this, and I find, on looking into a book upon this subject, that my own impressions are confirmed by those of Dr. Stukely, who examined the Drudical antiquities of Salisbury-plain, with the most exact attention.

First of all, there was a broad ditch, forming a complete circle, which enclosed the whole. The earth was removed from the ditch and thrown up, on the outside, so as to form a parapet or breast work, which is now much reduced in height, by time, but, judging from the space, from which the earth was removed, must have been once four or five feet high; it is conjectured that the use of this mound was to exclude the people, while the Druidical

Part of the exterior circle of STONEHENGE *represented in a right line.*



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mysteries were performed within. I measured this mound as well as I could, by walking around it, and found the circumference to be three hundred and six paces, or about nine hundred and eighteen feet.

The structure itself appears to have been originally composed of two circles and two ellipses or ovals, all concentric, besides the altar in the centre or near it. The first or outer range of columns formed an exact circle of three hundred and ten feet in circumference, which gives one hundred and three feet for the whole diameter of the temple. This circle seems to have consisted of thirty upright stones, placed at the distance of four feet from each other, with their best faces inwards; each stone was about seventeen feet high above ground, six feet wide, and three feet thick. This astonishing circle of columns was crowned with similar stones, of inferior, but proportionate size, laid horizontally upon the tops of the perpendicular ones, in such a manner, as to connect them completely into one work, forming a continued impost, or corona; they were secured in their places by mortices and tenons, and the whole height of this colonnade, with the imposts, must have been about twenty feet.

The annexed sketch will give you an idea of the exterior circle, only recollecting that the arrangement is circular, instead of being, as I have represented it, in a right line; I have not attempted great accuracy in the proportions, but I believe the sketch is, in this particular, tolerably correct. Of this outer circle, there are actually standing, at this time, fourteen perpendicular stones, with six horizontal ones; on the north-eastern side of the circle there are eleven stones standing together, without any interruption, and on their tops lie five horizontal ones, which

also are continued without interruption. This account, together with the sketch, will give you a correct idea both of the original and present state of the exterior circle.

To show you what dilapidations time and violence are making upon this venerable ruin, I will give you the following account of this circle, from a work published by Cooke, in 1755:—"Of the uprights there are seventeen left standing; eleven of which remain continuous, by the grand entrance, with five imposts upon them. One upright more, at the back of the temple, or on the south-west, leans upon a stone of the inner circle. There are six more lying upon the ground, whole or in pieces, so that twenty-four out of thirty are still visible at the place. There is but one impost more in its proper place, and but two lying upon the ground, so that twenty-two are carried off."

The next circle of stones was placed nine feet within that which I have described. The stones were much smaller; they are only about six feet high, and one foot thick, and there seem to have been originally about forty of them. They have no tenons on the top, for they were never crowned with horizontal stones, but seem to have been added merely by way of balustrade, to form an aisle, or outer walk, between themselves and the great external colonnade, before entering into the interior of all. This circle is so simple as not to need a sketch; only eight or ten stones of it are now standing. The author just now quoted, said of them, in 1755, "There are but nineteen of the whole number left, but eleven of them are still standing, and five particularly in one place continuous."

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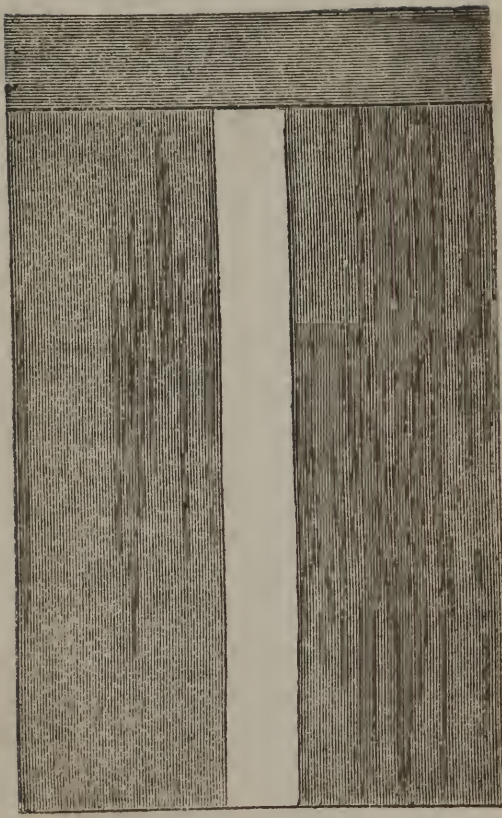
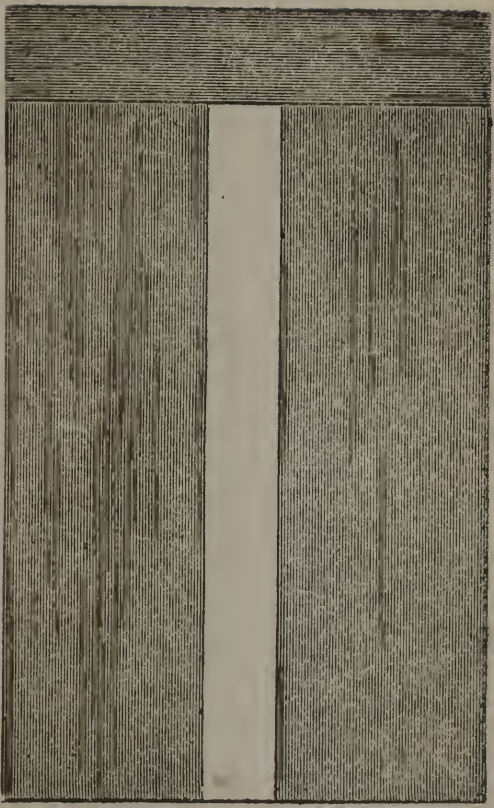




The next range of stones within, did not seem to me quite so clear in the disposition of all its parts. It appeared however as follows: Its form was elliptical, and the magnitude of the stones was much greater than that of any which have been described. On one end, and two sides of the ellipse, it was composed of upright stones, the highest of which measured about twenty-three feet in altitude, by seven in width, and three in thickness. They were arranged, not like those of the first colonnade, at equal distances from each other, and connected by capitals, continued all around, but they were placed in pairs, and the two stones of a pair were so near to each other, that I could merely press my body through, between them, whereas I rode, on horseback, between those of the great circle. Each pair of upright stones was joined by a horizontal stone on the top, and the pairs stood disconnected, like so many distinct triumphal arches; still, the pairs were so arranged as to correspond with the elliptical form. Cooke, the author whom I have already quoted, thinks, and, as it appears to me, with the strongest probability, that there were originally five pairs of these stones, which Dr. Stukely calls *trilithons*, from their being composed of three stones: two pairs were placed opposite to each other, on either side of the entrance of the temple; two more, a little farther in, were in a similar situation, and the fifth pair stood alone, opposite to the entrance. This last pair was about twenty-six or twenty-seven feet in height, including the capital; the other pairs were somewhat lower, declining towards the supposed entrance of the temple. If this were the original arrangement, the effect must have been very grand; for those columns which still remain standing, impress the beholder with the

strongest emotions of awe and sublimity. I am uncertain whether the remainder of the ellipse was completed with similar stones; nothing of them remains now; those which I have described would fill up the whole of the ellipse, excepting that part which is generally considered as having been the entrance of the temple, and this, I am inclined to believe, was completed by small upright stones, about five or six feet high, which are standing there now.

The annexed sketch will convey an idea of the pairs of stones.

Thus they stood, each pair having a cap, or horizontal stone. Entering Stonehenge from the north-east, which is believed to have been the avenue of the temple, we find two pairs of stones now standing on the left hand side of the ellipse, with their capitals as represented above. From their enormous magnitude the beholder can hardly credit his own eyes when he perceives that these vast columns have, some how or other, by human means, been erected, and crowned with their capitals scarcely inferior in weight to the pillars which support them. On the right hand of the ellipse, one pair of stones, with their capitals uninjured, are now lying on the ground; they fell about seven or eight years ago. One stone of another pair is standing; its fellow is fallen and lies broken below; the capital is gone. Directly before the spectator, another column is reclining against a stone of the inmost range; (to be described immediately) while its companion lies in pieces on the ground, and the capital remains with it unbroken.

It appears by the following passage from Cooke, of the same date with the other citations, that this part of Stonehenge has escaped better than the rest, and has undergone

very little change during fifty years; "each trilithon is ten cubits, and each interval about six. Of these, there are five in number; three of which are entire. Two are ruined indeed in *some* measure, but the stones remain *in situ:* this part of the work being the most perfect of the whole. That at the upper end is exceeding stately though in ruins; one of the uprights being fallen, the other leaning."

At the distance of a few feet within, was another ellipse of nineteen upright stones, about seven or eight feet high, tapering like an obelisk; they never were crowned, and only six of them are now standing. Cooke says; "of these only six are remaining upright. The stumps of two are left on the south side by the altar. One lies behind the altar, dug up, or thrown down by the fall of the upright there. One or two were thrown down probably by the fall of the upright of the first trilithon on the right hand; and a stump of another remains by the upright, still standing.

Last of all, at one end of the inner ellipse are the fragments of a huge stone, lying on the ground, and said to have been anciently elevated above all the rest of the structure; it is called the altar, but is now so broken that I cannot give any conjectures concerning it.

It seems that the altar was unbroken in Cooke's time, for he writes thus; "The altar is a blue, coarse and firm marble, as designed to resist fire; placed a little above the upper end of the ellipsis; four feet broad, sixteen long, and twenty inches thick; leaving round it room sufficient for the ministration of priests."

At some distance from the main structure are a number of detached columns standing by themselves. All the

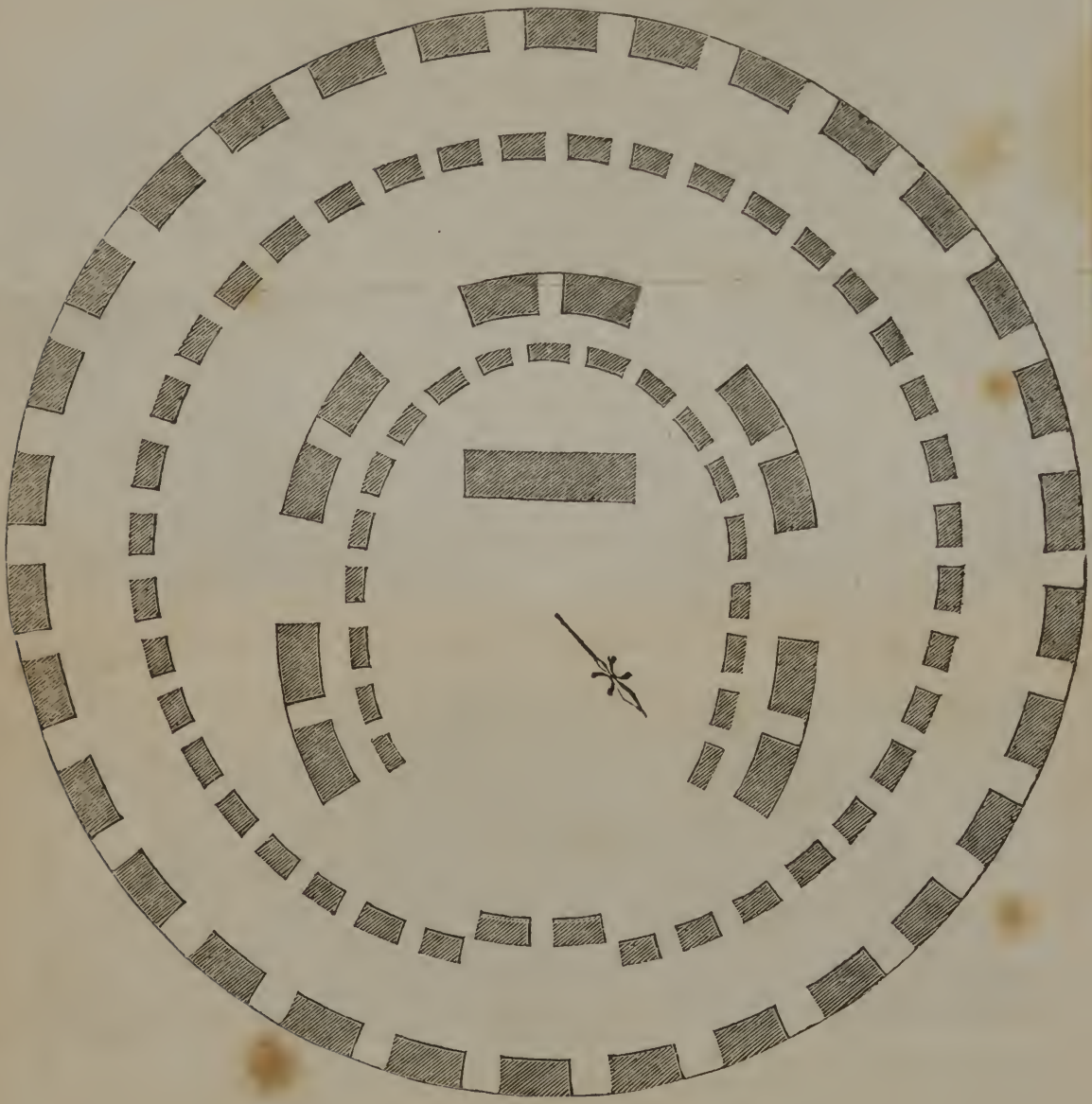
stones were wrought by the chisel, to give them beauty, for the parts which were formerly below ground, and have been exposed by falling, are in their rude state.

Most of the columns are formed from a sand-stone, which, when rubbed in small fragments, easily pulverizes between the fingers, but when in large masses, is very difficult to break.

Such is the present state of this wonderful ruin. It far exceeded my expectations, and it almost exceeds belief. If you will reconsider the description which I have given, and realize the dimensions of these stones, you will wonder with me how, especially in a barbarous age, they were ever elevated to their present and former height. The tops of the highest pillars and the bases of the capitals upon them, are about twenty-four or twenty-five feet from the ground, and it is calculated that the largest stones weigh from thirty to forty tons.

Having been beaten by tempests for ages, they are all so deeply and curiously furrowed by the elements, that this circumstance alone would be a sufficient proof of their antiquity. Stonehenge certainly does not correspond with any modern notions of a temple; for it has not and undoubtedly never had any other covering than the canopy of heaven; still, if rites were performed, if sacrifices were offered and the deity or deities implored in this, as a consecrated place, it would deserve the name of a temple. The whole structure, taken together, must have been very grand and beautiful, and so much of it remains that there can be no doubt, the ideas of antiquaries concerning its plan must be substantially correct; I shall therefore subjoin that which Cooke has given.

A plan of STONEHENGE, *anciently called* CHOIR GAUR, *that is*
THE GREAT CHURCH, OR GRAND CHOIR.*



* Cooke renders it the circular high place of the assembly or congregation.

This plan will, I believe, convey a perfect idea of the original arrangement of Stonehenge. You will recollect that in the exterior circle, and in the exterior ellipse, the horizontal stones on the top are not, and cannot well, be represented here; but they are easily supplied by the imagination.

There was another Druidical temple in this part of Britain, north of the great road from London to Bath, and not far from Overton and the great barrow, called Silbury-hill. Dr. Stukely has given an account of it, and it is described by Clarke, in the work so often alluded to. It is called the temple of Abiry, and appears to have been much more extensive and stupendous than Stonehenge, although it was constructed on a plan extremely similar. The temple of Stonehenge is supposed to have contained one hundred and forty stones, whereas that of Abiry consisted according to Dr. Stukeley, of six hundred and fifty-two stones; portions of this astonishing work are remaining to this day.

BARROWS.

All around Stonehenge, as far as the eye can see, the plain is covered with tumuli, or barrows, those sepulchral monuments, of which I have already mentioned the greatest in Britain, if not in the world, I mean Silbury-hill. That barrow is on the northern side of Salisbury-plain, for this plain is an extensive tract, in some places thirty or forty miles in diameter. It is not absolutely a plain; it rises into frequent hills of moderate elevation, and they, as well as the whole country around, rest upon beds of chalk and flint: the surface is a fine soft turf, very smooth, and nearly destitute of trees; millions of sheep are pas-

tured upon it. It is a country remarkable for interesting antiquities, for, it is full of camps, tumuli, and other monuments of the Britons, Saxons, Romans, or other ancient nations. These tumuli, in their form, are generally spherical, or rather, they are obtuse cones. They are very various in magnitude, but are rarely less than thirty feet in diameter. From the top of one I counted about seventy others in view, and Dr. Stukely says that from nearly the same place, he enumerated one hundred and twenty-eight.

They are generally surrounded like Stonehenge, by a broad ditch, with a circular mound. Some of them were circular, others oblong; and I observed some circular mounds, without any barrow within, and one was even scooped out to a great depth, so as to present nearly the concavity of a sphere.

There is not the smallest doubt that these barrows were sepulchral monuments, for, Lord Pembroke opened one in the year 1722, and, at about the depth of three feet under the surface, he found a skeleton entire. By the order of his Lordship, Dr. Stukely opened several, in the course of the following year, and found the remains of the dead, sometimes burnt to ashes, and at other times lying in naked earth. They were sometimes accompanied by heads of spears, swords, bones of horses, dogs, and other domestic animals, and by beads and trinkets, such as are usually worn about the person. In one instance these were all female ornaments, but there was found with them the head of a spear, from which circumstance it was concluded that the lady was a heroine.

It appears probable that these tumuli were raised only for the illustrious dead; for, if it had been usual to throw

up such monuments for every one, the country would have been filled with them. Perhaps they were erected principally on fields of battle, over the graves of men of distinguished rank and heroism, and, as was practised by the ancient Greeks and Romans, and is still done by the aboriginals of America, the friends of the deceased composed his funeral pile of those things which had been most dear to him while living, and which, as they conceived, might be wanted by him in another world.

Having surveyed these interesting antiquities, I turned my face again toward Salisbury. The land over which I passed is partly cultivated, but principally in turf; wherever the plough has gone, it has turned up large quantities of flint stone, which lies in small masses, or nodules, in a bed of chalk.

My little horse's gait was so hard, and his step so short, that when he trotted, I could scarcely breathe; he had therefore become so much worried by being kept constantly upon the gallop, that he fell in the midst of a smooth path, and threw me over his head into the dirt; but, as I had only a very short distance to fall, I was not materially injured.

WILTON HOUSE.

I turned three miles out of my way to the borough of Wilton, to see Wilton House, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke. I was without introduction or recommendation, and my appearance, on account of my recent fall, was rather against me, but a fee to the servants gained me a ready admission, and every attention which I desired. I was conducted with sufficient deliberation, through every part of this magnificent villa. It was begun in the reign

of Edward VI. A. D. 1557, on the scite of an ancient nunnery, and was finished in 1630. In this house Sir Philip Sidney is said to have written his Arcadia. I cannot pretend to describe the interesting objects in Wilton House; it is in fact a palace. It is surrounded by an extensive park, filled with firs and lofty oaks; through the park runs a large and beautiful river, and all the surrounding scenery is delightful.

The collection of antiques, in this villa, is very extensive and interesting. It consists of statues, busts, and pictures, and other things of a similar kind. The complete collections of the Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarine, and the greater part of that of the Earl of Arundel are here. Most of the busts and statues are genuine Grecian and Roman productions, and it was certainly very easy to admit what I was so much disposed to believe, that the busts give us correct likenesses of the celebrated men whom they represent. Nero's countenance is worthy of his base character. Cicero's features are lean, muscular and sharp; he had a wart on his right cheek, near the nose. Here I saw the ancient sella curulis of the Romans. It is a chair, constructed of copper and iron, except the bottom, which is of wood. It is without arms, and is so heavy that it required all my strength to raise it from the floor.

One apartment is devoted principally to the armour taken, by the first Earl of Pembroke, at the battle of St. Quintin. The suit of armour which he wore on that occasion is here; at the head of the room hangs his picture, and before him are the proud trophies of his victory, consisting of shields, swords, battle-axes, spears, arrows, and suits of armour.

The collection of pictures is extensive and superior; there are a great many by Vandyke. Among others there is a piece twenty feet long and twelve feet high, containing nineteen full length portraits, representing the then family of Pembroke.

The person who showed the picture to me said, that the late king of France, as an inducement to the Earl to sell this picture, offered to give him as many Louis d'ors as would cover it.

The house is adorned with a number of large tables of various kinds of beautiful marble, of granite, of agate, jasper, &c. and, generally, the apartments are finished, furnished, and adorned in a style of almost royal magnificence, little, if at all, inferior to Hampton Court. The structure is of stone.

THE CATHEDRAL.

Returning into Salisbury, I spent the remainder of the afternoon in surveying its stupendous cathedral. I have already hinted at its origin, and shall not detain you long upon the subject. Its spire is the highest in England; it measures four hundred and ten feet; the cathedral itself is nearly five hundred feet long, and in perfect repair. It is extremely beautiful and magnificent, and the inside has that air of grandeur and solemnity, for which Gothic cathedrals are unrivalled; but it is inferior in this particular to Westminster Abbey. They showed me a large round table of coarse oak boards, on which the workmen who built the cathedral were paid off, at a penny a day. With this slight notice I leave this magnificent cathedral, one of the most perfect specimens of Gothic architecture extant. It is impossible for me to do it justice by description.

Salisbury contains about seven or eight thousand people.

No. LIV.—JOURNEY TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

Southampton—Cowes—Newport—Carisbrooke Castle—A very deep well—Water drawn from it by a donkey—Steep hill—Adventure on the mountains—Undercliff—Singular coast—A landslip—Geological remarks—Jack-daws—Chalk Formation of England—Manner of obtaining eider-down.

Sept. 12.—At midnight I rose, took a seat alone in the hinder apartment of a double coach, and at six in the morning found myself at Southampton, which is twenty-five miles from Salisbury. Southampton is a handsome town, containing about eight thousand people; it is built of brick, and its ancient walls and towers are still standing.

After breakfast I embarked on board a passage-boat and sailing down the beautiful river on which Southampton stands, at half past ten, arrived at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. The scenery on Southampton river is beautiful, for, the banks are finely cultivated, and adorned with country seats. It is about fifteen miles from Southampton to the Isle of Wight,* but, the strait which separates the latter from the opposite shore, is not more than four or five miles wide. At the mouth of Southampton river, on the right, stands Calshot castle, built by Henry VIII. and near it, a country seat, in the castle style, erected by a Mr. Luttrell, but, so near the water's edge, that it is in danger of falling into the sea. It is called Luttrell's folly.

We had a tolerably pleasant run from Southampton, but, frequent rain and fogs passing over us, continually obscured, and sometimes entirely hid the surrounding scene-

* My passage money was only one shilling, the cheapest fare that I met with in England.

ry. The fog clearing, and the sun breaking out, as we approached the Isle of Wight, gave us fine views of its green hills, sloping with gentle declivity to the water. The town of Cowes also, with the country seats in its vicinity, appeared before us, while a crowd of masts on our left, covering the water to a great extent, varied the scene, and pointed out Spithead, one of the principal stations of the royal navy.

COWES.

Cowes stands on the northern part of the island, on both sides of the small river Medina, which nearly intersects the country, and passes by Newport, its principal town, affording boat navigation to Cowes, and spreading out, at its junction with the sea, so as to form a safe and convenient harbour, which is often a temporary station for ships going to sea, or recently arrived.

The town is neatly built of brick, and rises with considerable beauty from the water, presenting some elegant houses, which are finely situated on the hills; it contains, as I should imagine, about two thousand inhabitants.

After procuring a little book, descriptive of the interesting things of the island, accompanied by a map, I prepared to go into the interior.

In all the celebrated places in England, there are little compilations of this kind, which are sold under the name of guides, or companions; they contain, in concise terms, information concerning all the objects of local curiosity which are most worthy of the attention of a stranger; although rather abounding in their encomiums upon the particular places which they celebrate, they are usually very correct, and greatly facilitate the views of a traveller, by

leading him, without loss of time, to the things most worthy of his observation.

As I intended to go on horseback, my landlord offered me a little white pony for the excursion; he was even smaller than the one that carried me to Stonehenge; but, as my fall on that occasion, had not given me the most advantageous impressions of *donkey riding*, or of any attempts to imitate it, I declined accepting his proposition, and finding an empty post-chaise returning on the road which I wished to travel, I took a seat in it at two o'clock P. M. and rode five miles to Newport. Our route was along the Medina, through a beautiful country, hardly inferior to the most cultivated regions around London.—Within a mile or two from Newport, we passed by the new and complete barracks, which have been erected for the reception of three thousand men. In various parts of England I have seen similar establishments; they are commonly of brick covered with slate, and afford elegant apartments for the officers, and comfortable lodgings for the men. The barracks in the Isle of Wight are now the grand depot of the recruits for the army and East India service. England maintains, at present, a great military establishment, which, in many instances, fills even her villages with the pomp of war, and causes the French horn and the trumpet to resound amidst the quiet of rural scenes.

NEWPORT.

Newport, the metropolis of the Isle of Wight, is not the beautiful place that your Newport is. Although there is no similarity in the towns, I need not assure you that the name alone interested me, and carried my thoughts back

to scenes which I delight to remember, and hope to enjoy again.

Newport is situated on a plain, which is surrounded by hills; it is neatly built of brick; it is regular in the arrangement of its streets, and has markets, schools, an infirmary, and other institutions which do it honour. It contains about three thousand inhabitants, and, from its being the metropolis of the island, and nearly in its centre, Newport holds a rank in the scale of towns rather higher than we should expect were we to judge from its population alone.

CARISBROOKE CASTLE.

The first excursion which I made from Newport was on foot to Carisbrooke Castle, situated on a lofty hill, nearly a mile west of the town. I have always been strongly interested in the fate and sufferings of Charles I. partly from respect for his private character, which was certainly much better than that of the average of kings, and first magistrates, of whatever name, and partly from that strong sympathy which we always feel for the sufferings of people of elevated stations. I was therefore particularly gratified with the sight of Carisbrooke Castle, which, you know, opened its gates, with seeming hospitality, to receive the royal fugitive, and then treacherously closed them on the royal prisoner. I allude to King Charles' taking refuge here, after his flight from the palace of Hampton-Court. The governor of Carisbrooke Castle pretended to be his friend, and received him with apparent kindness; but the unhappy monarch had only fallen into a snare, for the governor detained him a prisoner, till he could deliver him into the hands of his enemies. I am

not disposed however to defend the tyranny and want of good faith which brought on the ruin of Charles, any more than I am inclined to admire the malignant cunning and canting hypocrisy of the usurper.

Carisbrooke Castle is, independently of this historical association, a very interesting ruin, and is the fairest specimen of the ancient castles of England which I have had an opportunity to examine. The whole fortification covers several acres of ground. It is surrounded by a broad and deep ditch, which was, probably, once filled with water; next come the walls, enclosing the whole of the defensible part; they are of stone; they are very high and were repaired completely, and I believe for the last time, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. I crossed a bridge which is laid over the ditch, and entered the castle beneath a massy arch in the wall, formerly furnished with a portcullis.—The doors are of oak and very ancient; some say that they are coeval with the Saxons, or at least as old as the Norman age. Immediately after entering the gate, the remains of the apartments in which King Charles was confined were pointed out to me. Only the wall is now standing, but the fire places mark the situation of the apartments, and the window from which it is said he attempted to make his escape, remains entire with its iron grates. But this part of the fortification is now a mere ruin. The walls are overgrown with ivy, and the stones which once witnessed the sighs of the devoted royal victim, now echo only to the croaking of numerous jackdaws that build in the crevices of the tottering wall, and to the sullen murmur of the winds, which hum through the grates, with a peculiarly melancholy sound.

Near this place, within the walls of the castle, they shewed me the room where the Princess Elizabeth, second daughter of Charles, after his execution, expired a prisoner, and probably a victim to grief.

Proceeding into the interior of the castle, we saw the chapel, and the governor's house, for a governor is still maintained here, although there is neither a gun nor a soldier.

The citadel stands on an eminence in the middle of the works. I ascended to its top by more than seventy stone steps, and had an extensive view of the island. This citadel is supposed to be a Saxon work, of perhaps a thousand or twelve hundred years standing. It is now a venerable ruin.

As we were descending, my guide pointed out a well three hundred feet deep, which was dug by the Normans. He let down a lamp by means of a line, and it illuminated the walls so far that I could see them distinctly, while it continued to burn perfectly well at the surface of the water two hundred and twenty feet down. When water is dropped into this astonishing pit, it occupies about five seconds in descending, and the length of the tube produces a very distinct and pleasing echo.

The water is uncommonly fine, and is raised by means of a *donkey*, turning a great wheel, as a dog does a spit, or a squirrel a wire-cage. It is no fiction; the animal is actually enclosed in a wheel and travels around in it, without making any progress forward. "One of these animals died in the year 1771, after having performed this service forty-five years; another which was kept for the same purpose twenty-six years, died in 1798, being thirty-two years old. His royal highness the Duke of Glouces-

ter on a visit to this island, seeing the extreme docility of the animal, was so well pleased that he ordered him a penny loaf per day, during his life. A young one has since been taught to perform this business."

Leaving Carisbrooke Castle, I returned to Newport, and at 4 o'clock mounted a white horse as gigantic as the one which I rode at Salisbury was diminutive. I travelled slowly across the island, by the way of Gods-hill. The country is every where varied with hills and dales; the valleys are beautiful, and the hills productive either of grass or corn. I passed by several little hamlets and numerous private seats, the most remarkable of which was Appuldurcombe, the ancient seat of the Worsley family. The house is spacious, but the recent death of Sir Richard, its late possessor, has closed the doors of the villa, and prevented me from seeing its fine collection of paintings, and of Roman and Grecian antiquities.

STEEP HILL.

Just at dusk, I arrived on the sea-shore at the foot of Steep-hill, the highest ground in the island. Although the twilight had begun to prevail, I was solicitous to enjoy even a shaded view from this celebrated height, and therefore lost no time in commencing my ascent. By the appearance from the foot, I was deceived both in the altitude of the mountain, and in the difficulties of the ascent; and indeed, this is not the first instance in which I have formed an erroneous judgment of the height and steepness of English hills; they are usually naked, destitute of trees, and covered with smooth turf, which circumstances produce a deception in the particulars just now mentioned. In this instance I found the ascent difficult and laborious,

and, when accomplished, I lost my labour, for, by the time that I had arrived on the summit, only the last glimpses of twilight lingered upon the hills, and, immediately after, a sudden cloud, with a thick mist, came over, wrapping every thing in dense vapour, and involving Steep-hill, and me, in complete darkness. I would gladly have returned by the way that I ascended, but I could not find it, and was therefore compelled to go down at random, without knowing precisely in what direction. It so happened that I chose the steepest part of the hill, and the mist, which had by this time increased to a small rain, rendered the grass so slippery, that I could not keep my feet, but frequently fell, and was compelled for the sake of security from this accident, to sit down, and thus slide along with my feet first, now and then pushing my heels into the turf to check the rapidity of my motion. At length, with no small difficulty and fatigue, wet and hungry, and with clothes mutilated and defaced, I effected my descent, and hastened to an inn at the foot of the hill. It was the only house in that vicinity, and when I rode up to the door and called for the hostler, the master came out and told me that his house was full, and that he could not possibly receive me. After much debate, I positively insisted on staying, and told him I would sleep on the floor, as he said that his beds were all occupied. This proposition was accepted, tea was provided, and I was about to make use of my hard couch, when a bed, which some one of the family had generously relinquished in my behalf, was brought into the room. I lay down upon it, but I could not sleep till a late hour, on account of the mirth and festivity of a party of nymphs and swains, who had come to Steep-hill for their amusement, and had by pre-

occupying the house well nigh turned me away in a country of strangers, to sleep on the ground. I did not seek admittance to their society, but they appeared to belong to that class with whom romping passes for vivacity, and laughter for sprightliness. I was not however so much disobliged as not to feel some sympathy in their pleasures, till sleep rendered me insensible to noise and equally forgetful of them and myself.

Sept. 13.—Rising early in the morning I reascended Steep-hill, by a different and less laborious route. On its top I found a telegraph, with a small lodge, and an attending officer; the situation is admirably chosen, for watching the motions of hostile squadrons, and ships in the channel. The top of Steep-hill spreads out into a plain of considerable extent, forming one of those tracts which the English call Downs, for the word properly signifies a plain upon the top of a hill, although it is applied also to plains, situated no higher than the general surface of the country.

I was much gratified with the view. The whole island was at my feet; it extends twenty-three miles in length, and fourteen or fifteen in breadth; these are, I believe, its extreme dimensions. It is very hilly, and in some parts even mountainous. The highest hills are on the side next the English Channel, which, with the ships in that part of it, was in full view from this elevation; the southern counties of England also, with Spithead and the fleet lying there, formed a part of the prospect.

Thus situated, I almost aspired to the self-complacent feelings of Robinson Crusoe, in the Island of Juan Fernandez:

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the land and the brute."

UNDERCLIFF.

Again on my horse, I rode westward along the sea coast. The path which I pursued lies at the water's edge, or very near it, at the foot of a range of high hills, of which Steep-hill is a part. The country between this range of hills and the shore is called *Undercliff*, and seems to have been formed by the fall of great masses of earth and rocks from the hills.

The country here has a singular and peculiarly interesting appearance. I rode along the shore for five miles, over ground which, from its irregular and broken aspect, had evidently been formed in the manner which I have mentioned. On my right hand, a chain of hills attended me through this whole distance, not sloping to their foundations, but perfectly abrupt, presenting a perpendicular barrier of chalk and flint, varying in height from one to two or three hundred feet.

Nothing can be more rude than the appearance of this front. It does not look as if the chalk and flint had been exposed by the gradual washing of rain, but by a violent fracture, severing the hills in a vertical direction, and exposing the strata from top to bottom. The colour of this front is a dirty white. The strata are full of crevices and holes, where countless numbers of jackdaws build their nests; they were flying around me in every direction, and disturbing the air with their croaking.

It has been a source of some amusement and instruction to me to recollect passages from English Authors, descriptive of manners, scenery, natural history, &c. and to apply them to the objects, when they have come in my way. I was gratified, during the ride this morning, by repeating Cowper's pleasant little piece of the Jackdaw, which I had by heart.

I.

"There is a bird, who by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be supposed a crow;
A great frequenter of the church,
When bishop-like he finds a perch
And dormitory too.

II.

Above the steeple shines a plate
That turns and turns, to indicate
From what point blows the weather.
Look up—your brains begin to swim,
'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him,
He chooses it the rather.

III.

Fond of the speculative height,
Thither he wings his airy flight,
And thence securely sees
The bustle and the raree-show
That occupy mankind below,
Secure and at his ease.

IV.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises,
If he should chance to fall.
No; not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all.

V.

He sees that this great roundabout
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs, and its businesses,
Is no concern at all of his
And says—what says he?—Caw.

VI.

Thrice happy bird! I too have seen
Much of the vanities of men;
And, sick of having seen 'em,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And such a head between 'em."

As I came to the foot of the hill on which Niton stands, I passed by the road which here turns off to the right for Newport, and travelled along, a mile or two farther, to see a mass of ruins produced within these few years, by the fall of the hills. I rode, till the carriage way terminated in a foot path, leading over the broken heaps of earth, and, until even this path became so steep that I could ride no farther. Then dismounting I pursued my way on foot, till I arrived at the scene of the event which I am about to mention.

In February, 1799, there was a remarkable fall of one of these hills; the occurrence is well described in the following letter which I extract from the companion to the Isle of Wight.

"*Niton, Feb.* 9, 1799.

"About Tuesday last, the whole of the ground from the cliff was seen in motion, which motion was directed to the sea, in nearly a straight line. *Harvey* perceived the house

to be falling, and took out the curious antique chairs.—The ground above, beginning with a great founder, from the base of the cliff, immediately under St. Catherine's, kept gliding down, and at last rushed on with violence, and totally changed the surface of all the ground, to the west of the brook, that runs into the sea; so that now the whole is scattered and convulsed, as if it had been done by an earthquake;—of all the rough ground, from the cottage upwards to the cliff, there is scarcely a foot of land, but what has changed its situation! The small arable fields are likewise greatly convulsed, but not to that degree that the rough ground is; as far as the fence from the Chale side, the whole may be called one grand and awful ruin. The cascade, which you used to view from the house, at first disappeared, but has now broken out and tumbled down into the withy bed, of which it has made a lake; this last appearance is owing, I suppose, to the frost which prevents the water from running off."

"The few trees by the cottage, at the base of the rock on which you had placed a seat, have changed their situation, but are not destroyed. Harvey wanted, when I was there, to go into the house to fetch out some trifling articles, but I dissuaded him; and very well that I did, for soon after the wall to the west sunk into the ground.—What damage is done besides that which the house has suffered I cannot say. The whole surface has however undergone a complete change, and at present there are every where chasms that a horse or cow might sink into and disappear."

This letter appears to furnish a key to the geological history of this part of the island. An accident like that which is here recorded is denominated by the inhabitants

a *landslip;* an extremely happy and expressive appellation; a word not found in English dictionaries, but probably invented on the spot by the inhabitants, to express an idea for which they had no adequate term. I saw the ruins produced by the *landslip* which the letter describes, and the perpendicular cliffs which it has left, look as if they also were tottering to their fall.

Is it not probable that these phenomena are ultimately referable to the action of the sea? May we not presume that in old time, the lofty hills of this shore were washed at their very bases by the sea, which, gradually undermining them, at length produced a fracture of the hill, that part which was unsupported at the base falling down, and leaving a bare perpendicular front which exposed the strata to view. The sea, washing away the masses which had crumbled to pieces by their fall, would then undermine a new portion, and thus the operation would go on, till the mass of ruins became so great, that it would acquire permanency, and thus form a barrier against the farther encroachments of the ocean.

This seems actually to have been the case in some places, for, the soil is formed, and the plough is now driven, over what was once a sterile ruin of flint and chalk.

My impressions on this subject were strengthened, by extending my view along towards the western extremity of the island, where it rises into lofty perpendicular cliffs of chalk; some of them are 600 feet in height, and spring up vertically, from the very water's edge. The high chalky cliffs at the bill of Portland, and the needles, were also in view. These, together with those just now described, form the white cliffs, so much spoken of by mariners, and

which, with other cliffs of the same kind on the English coast, have given rise to the poetical name of Albion.

The rocks and shoals, which, on the southern part of the island, extend far out to sea, and render navigation there dangerous, may, very possibly, have been formed by the tumbling of the cliffs, from remote antiquity.

CHALK FORMATION OF ENGLAND.

I have already had occasion to remark that the scenery of countries depends upon their geological structure. I am acquainted with no district of our country which presents such a physiognomy as the south and south-eastern parts of England. It is not flat like an alluvial region; it is not rugged and rarely mountainous like a primitive country. It is marked by undulations whose boundary lines are curves of large dimensions—generally not indented, and ragged, but regularly arched into convexities and concavities; presenting cup shaped hollows, and spherical hills. Such is most of the south and east of England—part also of the north-east and of the midland counties. How different from the bold mountains and deep vallies of Derbyshire and of Bath and Bristol; and still more, from the bleak ridges and rugged vallies of Cornwall and Dartmoor, of Snowdon and Pennanmaur, of Skiddaw and Plynlimmon. Most observers perhaps, struck with the picturesque features of a country, enquire no farther than the appearances themselves, and little suspect that they depend upon the nature of the rocky formations beneath.

Chalk is comparatively a rare formation in the world. It is found in Poland, Denmark and the Danish islands, but most abundantly in France and England, and espe-

cially in England, which contains the most remarkable chalk formation in the world. I have now travelled over the most important parts of it, and am very much struck with the similarity of features, which, in different parts of the country, it presents. The soil is not deep—yet it is productive in wheat and especially in a fine rich grass, and this is more remarkable as chalk hills are dry, and water is rarely seen oozing from their sides. I have already remarked that the plough often strikes through the soil, and uncovers the chalk beneath, and that sheep thrive remarkably well, and yield fine mutton, when fed upon the chalk downs. There is another interesting circumstance which the traveller will often observe in the English chalk countries. It is the existence of flint imbedded in the chalk. Flint appears to possess no analogy with chalk, being a purely siliceous mineral, while chalk is a calcareous one, yet so constant is this natural association that I believe good flint, fit for sporting, or for war is rarely if ever, found any where but in chalk. Sometimes it is said to be deposited in the chalk in layers, but, much more frequently it is in detached nodules, perfectly imbedded in the chalk, yet entirely distinct from it; forming a continued stratum and yet commonly without any connection between the nodules; nay more, successive layers of flint nodules are found in the chalk, at different elevations, yet preserving commonly a parallelism with one another, and each obeying all the inflections of the other. Most of these facts I have had occasion to verify in the progress of my journey. Where the chalky cliffs are vertically broken, as at Niton, the included nodules of flint are also often broken with such precision, that they look like a pudding with its plumbs cut through by the knife. I have elsewhere re-

marked that flint is so abundant in the chalk counties of England, that it is used as materials for mending the roads, and it is excellent for this purpose, as it is at once so easily broken and so indestructible. At Stonehenge, wishing to break off a fragment of the ruin, to bring away with me, I seized a nodule of flint which lay at hand, but the repeated blows shivered the flint to pieces while the tender sand stone to which it was applied was scarcely affected.

There are no chalk countries in either of the Americas as far as observation has gone, and no considerable quantities of flint. Chalk beds contain some petrifactions, but as far as I am informed, they are not calcareous, as we should expect, but siliceous.

It is said that on the loftiest rocks, near the western extremity of the island, the inhabitants practise the dangerous arts, used in the Shetland islands, to catch the birds that build in these cliffs, which are inaccessible to all but such hardy adventurers. Sitting on a cross-stick, fastened to the end of a rope, which is tied to a stake in the ground, they are lowered down the precipice, till they arrive among the birds, whom they kill, while the sea is roaring below. I was informed that the eider-down is obtained in this manner in the cliffs of the Isle of Wight.

From these instructive scenes I hastened back to Newport, regretting that I had not more time to explore this interesting island. I left my horse, and, as no conveyance offered, I walked back to Cowes, where I arrived at two in the afternoon, and employed myself till bed-time in writing the journal of several preceding days, unavoidably omitted at the proper periods, on account of the rapidity of my late movements.

I did not observe any thing in the agricultural productions of this island, which is not found generally in the middle and southern counties of the kingdom. Wheat, oats, barley, and beans grow well, but wheat is the principal crop, and it is even said that the government places considerable reliance upon the Isle of Wight for the supply of the army and navy. It is, on the whole, a highly favoured spot, and one of the most desirable residences in the kingdom.

No. LV.—PORTSMOUTH.

Passage to Portsmouth—Modern taste for Gothic buildings—Ships of War—Victory—Royal Sovereign—Sketch of Portsmouth—Freedom of travelling and of conversation in England—Embarkation of Lord Nelson—Anecdote.

Sept. 14.—About nine in the morning, with a fair wind, and an uncommonly fine sky, I embarked in a passage boat, and, at noon, landed at Portsmouth.

As we sailed from the harbour of Cowes, at the mouth of which is a castle built by Henry VIII. I had a repetition of the fine views of the town and island. On our right, near the shore, we saw a villa, which Lord Henry Seymour is now erecting. He has built it, thus far, in the ancient castle style, with towers and battlements, so that it looks like the residence of one of the old feudal barons. This taste for the antique seems to be very prevalent at present in England. The king's new palace at Kew, a new church at Bristol, and various other struc-

tures, both public and private, which I have seen in different parts of England, are in this style; I have seen even a toll-house at a turnpike-gate, *in the Gothic style.*

It is certainly an odd whim to build castles, in a period when they are no longer of any use, and to introduce anew, the heavy, prison-like edifices of a barbarous age, instead of the airy, convenient, and elegant structures of modern architecture.

In our passage to Portsmouth, we sailed close to the fleet, which lies moored at Spithead. I counted between sixty and seventy sail of ships, besides brigs and smaller vessels. They were not all ships of war, although most of them were, in some way, connected with the naval service. I had the pleasure of seeing among them several ships of war of from seventy-four to one hundred and ten guns.

The Victory, the proud flag-ship of Lord Nelson, lay moored off St. Helens, three or four miles from us, and, with a glass, I could plainly distinguish her ports; she had white sides, and with her three tiers of guns, made a most formidable appearance. We passed near the Royal Sovereign, another one hundred and ten gun ship, commanded by Admiral Collingwood.

As we approached Portsmouth, I was forcibly struck with the magnitude and extent of its fortifications. As it is the great naval station, no pains or expense have been spared in making it impregnable. The ships of war are not stationed in the harbour of Portsmouth alone; the whole expanse of water between this town and the Isle of Wight, forms indeed but one great haven, which is an excellent road for ships of war.

There was a flag flying on one of the churches, which, as we were told, denoted that Lord Nelson was on shore. A crowd of people was assembled on the batteries to see him embark, and some of our passengers, as we came up the harbour, hired extra boats to land them, in haste, for the same purpose. After finding a home at an inn, I walked around the fortifications of Portsmouth.

The town stands on a peninsula, and is completely surrounded by walls furnished with gates. It is encircled also by a deep and wide ditch, and some hundreds of heavy cannon and mortars are planted along the walls, which, with the contiguous piles of shot and shells, seem to bid defiance to assault. It is the most completely fortified place in Great Britain, and almost every thing has been done by art, for the situation is low, and does not appear to possess many natural advantages for defence, except for the protection of the entrance of the harbour, which is narrow and well defended by fortifications on both sides of the mouth. The harbour is spacious, and filled principally with ships of war. On the opposite shore is Gosport, with a grand military hospital, and on the same side with Portsmouth lies Portsea, a large town, which indeed forms but a continuation of Portsmouth itself, for the streets and houses are uninterrupted. Portsea is surrounded by complete walls with heavy cannon; in it are the grand naval arsenals, which, as well as the docks, store-houses, and barracks of this celebrated naval station, are in a style of magnificence and expense, to which the world does not probably afford a parallel. You will wonder that I did not gain admission to see them. I was mortified that I could not, but I had not a single acquaintance at Portsmouth, under whose wing I could go, and

without some patronage it is difficult even for Englishmen, and almost impossible for foreigners to gain admission; there is naturally a very great degree of jealousy of the views of foreigners, and I should have been unwilling to have exposed myself to any embarrassment, because my travelling passport from the alien office restricted me to the interior of the country, and forbade me from going within ten miles of the sea coast. It is true I had paid no attention to it, and had never once taken it out of my trunk, because in England no one ever gives himself the trouble to watch a traveller, unless there is something in his appearance which excites suspicion, and Americans of course pass for Englishmen, unless they choose to make themselves known. I can perceive no difference between the freedom of travelling in England and America, except the formalities at the alien-office, nor do the people appear to exercise any more restraint on themselves in speaking of the government and its measures than the Americans do concerning theirs. I hear them in coffee-houses, taverns, and inns, in the streets, in passage-boats, and stage-coaches, venting their political prejudices and opinions, without reserve, although, I think, commonly with more decency than with us, and it seems to make no difference in their freedom of communication, whether they are in favour of the existing administration or against it, for the virtues of forbearance and long-suffering seem not to be those for which either Americans or Englishmen are peculiarly distinguished.

Thus situated, I was obliged to content myself with clambering up, on a cannon, near one of the arsenals, where I could see over the high brick wall, with which the buildings were enclosed; here I was surveying the vast

collection of instruments of destruction, and finding in the piles of shot and shells, and the long rows of cannon and mortars, more proofs of depravity than many a laboured discourse would exhibit; but I was not allowed much leisure to pursue moral reflections, for I soon had a soldier at my back, ordering me to decamp, and with a bayonet so near, that there was not time to debate; as it was once said in a similar case, *the request was reasonable, and the argument urgent*, so I marched off without delay.

LORD NELSON.

Continuing my walk around the batteries, I happened, without any design, or previous knowledge of the circumstance, to witness the embarkation of Lord Nelson. I do not say this to excuse myself from the charge of being influenced by that active curiosity which, for hours that day, kept Portsmouth in agitation, to see the hero embark whom they had so often seen before; on the contrary, I thought myself happy to behold again, and under circumstances so peculiarly interesting, the man on whom the eyes of all Britain, and indeed of Europe and America, are at this moment fixed. His late fruitless pursuit of the formidable squadrons of France and Spain, twice through the Mediterranean, and twice across the Atlantic, with the safe return of that squadron to the ports of Spain, and the lively apprehension of some great enterprise about to be undertaken by it, has excited the feelings of the nation, and his own, to a high pitch of daring, and he now goes in the Victory to command off Ferrol and Cadiz, with a view to watch the farther motions of the hostile fleets. It is an

awful responsibility to be entrusted with a commission to destroy our fellow creatures.

Lord Nelson, who had been doing business on shore, preparatory to his contemplated expedition, endeavoured to elude the populace, who were assembled, in great numbers, in the street through which he was expected to pass. He went out through a back door and through a by-lane, attended only by Admiral Coffin and a few private gentlemen. But, by the time he had arrived on the beach, some hundreds of people had collected in his train, pressing all around, and pushing to get a little before him to obtain a sight of his face. I stood on one of the batteries near which he passed, and had a full view of his person. He was elegantly dressed—his underdress white, with white silk hose, small clothes and shoes; coat blue and elegantly illuminated with stars and ribbons, of which his lordship is said to be immoderately fond:

> "Or sigh for ribbons if thou art so silly,
> Mark how they grace Lord Umbra or Sir Billy."

Yes the hero of the Nile is pleased with stars and ribbons.*

* This reflection on Lord Nelson's vanity, was written in my original private MS. Journal just as it stands here. In preparing the copy for the press, it was omitted, but I insert it again, because the fact here alluded to, (although I little thought of it at the moment,) proved very costly to Lord Nelson. It is well known, that he went into the battle of Trafalgar decorated with these very stars and ribbons, and that in consequence his person was known and singled out by a sharp shooter from the tops of the Santissima Trinidada. It was in vain that his officers remonstrated against this unnecessary exposure of his life; he replied that marks of honour which he had won by victory, he would never resign when facing the enemy in battle. 1818.

As the barge in which he embarked, pushed away from the shore, the people gave him three cheers, which his lordship returned by waving his hat.*

He was then rowed to a tender which lay at anchor to receive him; she hoisted sail and ran down for the Victory and he did not again come on shore.

During this scene the crowd accumulated so fast, that they could not be restrained by the sentinels from mounting the parapet, which is covered with a beautiful greensward, and therefore, as well as to preserve the works from injury, the people are not allowed to stand and walk there; they got upon the carriages of the great guns also, and on the guns themselves, and, although, when they were ordered down by the soldiers, they, for a time, made a show of obeying, it was not long before they became uncontrollable, and the sentinels were wedged among the crowd, and became of no more consequence than men who do not wear red coats. At this time a choleric young officer came dashing in among the throng, and severely reproached the soldiers for not doing their duty, and when they replied that they could not keep the people down, he with a loud voice, passionately ordered them to put their bayonets through any one that should presume to disobey them. It is not often that an unarmed populace dares to murmur when the bayonet is at their bosoms; but, there was, in this instance a general cry of "You d—n—d rascal, do you order them to put their bayonets through us—we will throw you into the dock!"

* This was the last act of respect which Lord Nelson ever received, while living, from his countrymen It is well known that he then left England for ever, and lost his life on the 21st of October, at the great battle of Trafalgar.

And they were closing around him apparently to put their threat into execution, when he retreated, rather more precipitately than became the dignity of his fine sword-knot, and gilded epaulets, and was followed by a general laugh. I was the more surprised at such a burst of popular resentment, because the town is exclusively military, and under the immediate control of the army and navy; it was the old spirit of English freedom.

The streets of Portsmouth are dirty, and the town presents little that is pleasing or interesting beyond the various means of war, of which it is little else than a great magazine. It contains about thirty two thousand inhabitants. On an ancient building near the water, I observed an inscription on a stone in the wall, commemorating the landing of Charles I. at that place in the year 1627, when he returned from Spain, after he had been to visit the Infanta of that kingdom; short as the inscription is, it celebrates the foreign travels of the young monarch who little imagined to what sufferings, and to what a fate, he was returning.

As I walked about the streets, I met, every where, crowds of military men, both of the army and navy, by whom Portsmouth is said to be almost exclusively supported. At the inn where I dined I saw a great number of young midshipmen; some of them were tender boys who seemed more fit subjects for maternal care than for war and bloodshed; it is from such beginnings, however, that *Blakes* and *Nelsons* are formed, and I could easily imagine that I saw among them the future admirals of England.

While I was standing near one of the docks, in a town where I supposed myself wholly unknown, I was surprised to hear some one call me by name; the voice proceed-

ed from an American captain whom I had known in London, and to whom I had, three weeks before, committed property and letters for America; his ship was now lying wind-bound at St. Helen's, which is off the eastern end of the Isle of Wight, about nine miles from Portsmouth. I embraced the opportunity to write again to my friends, but was sorry to find that my other letters which I had hoped were half across the Atlantic remained still in England.

While my dinner was preparing at the inn, I accidentally received an article of intelligence which filled me with solicitude, and determined me to relinquish the plan which I had formed of spending a few days more on my tour, and to return immediately to London. I therefore took a seat in the *Night Telegraph*, to set out at evening and travel all night. This was an arrangement which I regretted, for the country that one travels through in this way is lost to the purposes of observation and improvement.

No. LVI.—RIDE TO LONDON.

Twilight view—Heavy laden coach—The devil's punch-bowl—A London sportsman.

As the shades of the evening were descending, we drove out of Portsmouth. It was nearly dark when we arrived on the high hills three or four miles from the town, whence, by day, there is a fine view of the harbour and ships, and of the Isle of Wight. We could see nothing

but indistinct images of masts and turrets, blended with smoke, and a fog which was beginning to hover over the low country.

My ride was rendered uncomfortable by a very full coach, and somewhat hazardous by the numbers on the roof, where there were no fewer than *nineteen* grown people, which, with eight inside, (two more than the stipulated number,) made twenty-seven persons for one carriage, besides the coachman and guard, which made twenty-nine; the postillion, although not on the coach, made the party thirty. The numbers on the roof were so great, that their limbs hung down on all sides around the coach, like icicles from the eves in a wintry day.

I have never known so many to ride on the roof in any former instance, and I acknowledge the story is less credible than true. The night was very warm for the season, and the air in the coach became soon very unpleasant, so that it was necessary to keep a window open.

At the borough of Petersfield, which is ten or twelve miles from Portsmouth, we stopped a few minutes, and with an additional pair of horses and a postillion, proceeded on our way.

The sky was clear, and a rising moon enabled me to see something of the country. It was almost universally hilly, and abounding with wild, uncultivated heath land. Between Liphook and Godalming we passed a curious excavation among the hills; it was a vast hollow, almost perfectly spherical, and is ludicrously called *The Devil's Punch-bowl.* Appellations of this kind are frequent, I believe, in most countries, where there is any thing in nature, quite out of the common way, especially if it border a little on the terrible, or on the ridiculous. You will

recollect in our country a rocky mountain covered with a thick forest which is called the Devil's Den, and the famous whirlpool of Hell-gate, near New-York, is well known.

Just before we came to the Punch-bowl, we were joined by a London sportsman, returning from a fortnight's adventures in the fields. He loaded our coach with game, bags, and guns, and disgusted me extremely by an ostentatious display of the wonders he had performed, the Herculean labours he had achieved, and the great connections and noble intimacies to which he had been led by his taste for sporting. My Lord Darby's fox-hounds, Mr. Such-a-one's harriers, and my Lord Spencer's stag-hounds, were all at his disposal; at the same time he told us a great deal of his running a hare down *in fine style*, and all this decorated with abundance of "strange oaths." He was evidently of the cockney breed, and, in all probability, had never been acquainted even with the dogs of the noblemen whose names he used so freely.

Tired with this tedious history of his *frivolous*, not to say *cruel* pursuits, and disgusted with his vanity, I answered his animated narrations, only with Ohs! Ahs! and Indeed! and, pulling my night-cap over my face, succeeded in procuring a little respite by sleep, from a kind of entertainment, which, on account of the anxious state of my mind, was, at that time, particularly unpleasant.

We passed through Kingston upon Thames before the dawning of the day; I regretted the circumstance, as I wished to see a place which is so famous in the history of England. The full light of morning found us at Esher, sixteen miles from London, and passing along by Rich-

mond Park, and through scenes of verdure and beauty, in a good degree familiar to me before, we arrived in town at nine o'clock in the morning.

No. LVII.—A FEW DAYS IN LONDON.

The Custom-house—Bug destroyer to his Majesty—An Adventurer—Preparations for going to the Continent—Discouraging appearances—Billingsgate.

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

Sept. 19.—My whole time since I last arrived in London, has been devoted to details of business, which would be equally uninteresting to you in the narration, as they have been laborious to me in the execution. They have all been directed towards one object, that is, a shipment which I am about making for America.

In prosecution of this object, I was led this morning to the Custom-house of London. It is situated on the Thames, a little above the Tower. The building is spacious and convenient, having extensive ware-houses below, for the reception of goods, till they can be removed by the merchants. Above is a very long room, in which most of the business is done. When you consider how vast the commerce of this port is, you will readily believe that this room must present a scene of great bustle and hurry; I never have seen so much apparent confusion in any place where business is transacted, and yet there was a real principle of order running through and directing the whole, because every officer knew his own duty, and

every applicant his own business. The clearing of goods in a custom-house, where more business is transacted than in any other in the world, it will be readily believed, must often be attended with much delay, especially in the case of strangers, who are ignorant of those little circumstances of the place, and those personal peculiarities in the officers, which, in most human concerns, have more influence on the success of the suitor, than the merits of his case. Being aware of this, I did not attempt to do my own business, but employed an experienced agent, who perfectly understood all the happy moments, and the most favourable opportunities, the "*mollia tempora fandi.*" We accomplished our clearance with very little delay, and with no trouble; so far from rigorously examining the boxes and parcels, they did not land them from the boat, which brought them to the wharf, or remove the tarpauling with which they were covered, nor did any officer of the customs even go near them. This they certainly ought to have done, for I was paying an *ad valorem* duty upon them, and they could not know, without examination, whether the articles were worth five hundred, or five thousand pounds. For their value they trusted the declaration of my agent.

The vessel in which they were to be shipped, having fallen down the river, six or eight miles, to Blackwall, I went myself with the lighter, and saw every thing safely on board. So little regard is paid in this country to the small-pox, that I saw a sailor who was broken out full with it the natural way, at work on board with the rest of the crew.

The tide prevented us from returning till evening, when I had to pull an oar most of the way, and, just after we

had passed Blackfriar's-bridge, a squall of wind, with lightning and rain, came over us; the wind was a-head, and raised a considerable swell, which obliged us to pull lustily, in order to reach the wharf from which we had started; so, with blistered hands, and a drenched skin, I reached home at ten at night.

BUG DESTROYER TO HIS MAJESTY.

Sept. 20.—As I was walking this evening through the Strand, I was struck with an inscription, in staring capitals, over a door: A. B. BUG DESTROYER TO HIS MAJESTY. I had often seen the signs of his majesty's taylors; his majesty's shoe-makers, &c.; an artist whom I have employed this summer, is mathematical instrument-maker to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, &c.; but this knight of the bed bugs had escaped me till now; no doubt this bug destroyer takes good care that the royal slumbers shall not be disturbed by any of these rude vermin, which, alas for royalty! make no distinction between the king and the beggar.

To be serious—under a royal government, and with an hereditary nobility, there is no creature, however humble his office in society, who does not seek to obtain consequence by making himself, in some way, an appendage of his superiors.

AN ADVENTURER.

Sept. 21.—On my return from Cornwall, the servant informed me that a gentleman had twice called during my absence, and seemed very eager to see me, and that he had left his card, on which I perceived a foreign name, of barbarous sound, with the title of Doctor, and I was confi-

dent I had never heard of such a man. Indeed, he stated to the servant that he was unknown to me, but, nevertheless, had something to communicate, which would be of the greatest use to me, and would give me the most sensible pleasure; he concluded with leaving word that he would call again, or send me a letter.

So active an interest, manifested in the welfare of a stranger, led me to conclude, that this persevering Doctor had done me the honour to imagine that I might, some how or other, be subservient to the promotion of purposes of his own; what they might be, I could not divine, and you will without difficulty, believe that I did not feel much flattered by attentions of so suspicious a character. As I was willing however to know the meaning of advances to which I was so little accustomed, I directed the servant to invite the gentleman to breakfast, if he should call again when I was not at home.

In consequence of such an invitation given yesterday, he came this morning.

When the Doctor was announced, I met at the door a little swarthy man, dressed in black, with a countenance strongly marked by anxiety; he appeared to be about twenty-eight years old, and had the manners of one who had seen something of the world.

We sat down to breakfast at nine, when the Doctor began a discourse, which lasted, with no other interruption than that produced by a few questions and remarks, till eleven; the time was occupied in giving me a history of his life and adventures. I am not about to write his biography with minuteness. The most material facts were, that he was a German, liberally educated at a Prussian university, where, on account of his promising talents, he

was patronised by the king of Prussia, and supported by an annuity from him; till, falling into *a duel*, in which he received a dangerous wound in the breast, he was compelled to fly the country, notwithstanding he had obtained the honours of the university, and had even been crowned with the degree of DOCTOR IN DIVINITY!

Compelled to seek his fortune, he had pursued it in France, Holland, Scotland and Ireland, and in the latter country he had formed an establishment for the raising of bees, for which branch of domestic economy he conceived himself to have great talents; but, being routed by a combination of enemies, he came to London, where he had been for two years, endeavouring to procure some one to patronise another scheme of his for raising silk worms, and promoting the culture of silk, which he conceived to be on the whole *his great fort*. He had also been contriving infernal engines to destroy the flotillas of Napoleon, and with his plans and models had been dancing attendance on Mr. Addington, the Duke of York, the Prince of Wales, and other great men, but, although he had been several times on the point of succeeding in some one or another of these various schemes, disappointment had always stepped in at the critical moment, between hope and success, and poverty had at length succeeded to both, and now kept him company. His professed object was therefore to extricate himself from his present hopeless situation, by becoming useful to me, and it was this which was to give me so much pleasure. He had, by means unknown to me, learned my history, pursuits, and views in Europe: and, in short, as he was acquainted with several modern languages, he would go with me to the continent as a travelling companion; as he was versed in the ancient

tongues, he would emigrate with me to America, to teach in one of our colleges; or, what appeared to be his favourite object, to make an establishment for raising silk worms and cultivating silk.

Now, as DOCTORS OF DIVINITY, *who fight duels*, are not the men usually employed in our colleges; as the culture of silk was foreign to my pursuits; and, as I was already provided with a travelling companion; and, indeed, as I did not choose to ally myself in any way to a man, unknown to me except by his own story, and so badly recommended even by that, I declined a compliance with any of his propositions. I treated him with that degree of gentleness which is always due to misery, whether deservedly incurred or not, but it was not in my power to afford him any permanent aid, nor, did I think that any obligation of justice or generosity required it.

I was not much gratified that he singled me out as a proper subject for his views, but I repressed the exhibition of any resentment, either on that ground, or that of his having presumed so far on my simplicity or forbearance, as to make me such singular propositions, without even the decent cover of an introduction. He was, without doubt, one of those genteel, but needy adventurers, with whom London abounds, probably, more than any place, and who have furnished originals for portraits which we frequently find drawn by the British essayists, and novel writers.

Sept. 23.—My late companion in the tour to Bristol has returned to London, and determines to go with me to the continent; we have called to-day on the American minister, Mr. Munroe, and obtained our passports. This excursion from London to Paris, I have had in view ever

since I determined on visiting England; and although the portentous storm which now impends over the continent, has made me hesitate, I have determined on proceeding, because there is no probability that the countries through which I shall pass, will become the immediate theatre of war, although that state of things will doubtless render our admission to the continent more difficult, and our progress upon it more embarrassed.

After a summer of immense anxiety in every part of Europe, as to the course which events will next take; after a degree of solicitude in this country unparalleled in this age, the great drama appears to be fast ripening for a new act and armies, awfully formidable for numbers, skill, and all the machinery and munitions of modern war, are now in motion.

The fearless Russian and the fierce Cossack of the Don, hasten to meet the contemptuous Gaul, and Germany will be the theatre of the impending conflict. The negociations and the subsidies of this country, have been very efficient in bringing on this state of things: this new coalition is regarded as the chef d' œuvre of the Minister: his fleets are even now hovering on the coasts of Spain, anxiously watching an opportunity to meet the hostile squadrons; and mens' minds are prepared for events of the deepest interest, and for new tragedies perhaps even more bloody than those which have preceded.* I should much prefer a

* About this time Bonaparte, with the immense armies which had been all summer menacing the invasion of England, suddenly defiled from the coast, and commenced that wonderful career of victories, which ended in the battle of Austerlitz and the complete overthrow of the Emperor of Austria.

more tranquil state of things, but I must go now to the continent, or not at all.

Sept. 25.—My movements now have all a reference to this contemplated tour. We have been to-day to the alien-office, and obtained our passports to leave England. These passports have no farther effect than to allow us to go freely out of this country, which would not be permitted were we suspected persons; those from the American minister are to be used abroad to prove that we are American citizens. Of this fact, I had, indeed, in my own case, the most abundant proof, derived from official sources in my own country; but I was disposed to take every possible precaution, to prevent repulse, detention, or arrest, in the countries which I am about to visit.

At the proper hour we met the captain of a Dutch packet on Change, and engaged our passages; the vessel lies at Gravesend, where we expect to embark.

I dined with General Lyman, the American consul, from whom I have received many useful and friendly attentions. At his table I met two Americans who have recently returned from the continent, concerning which, and the probable difficulties of my expected tour, they gave me much interesting and useful information. Although they do not discourage me from the attempt, they give me reason to expect embarrassments, which they represent as much increased of late. One of them, Mr. A—— of Boston, was arrested at Milan, at the late coronation of Napoleon as king of Italy, and was sent under the escort of gens d'armes to Paris, where he was immured for six weeks in the temple, and was at last extricated by the interference of the American ambassador. His crime was some indiscreet remarks contained in an intercepted let-

ter; he remained for a long time uncertain concerning his doom, and his friends were, with the greatest reason, very solicitous for his fate. I hope not to be honoured, like him, with national lodgings, but, under a military despotism, and a system of universal espionage, no one can say when he is safe.

BILLINGSGATE.

Sept. 26.—My business has led me to-day to visit a place, which has long afforded the most significant phrase to denote a species of eloquence which flourishes in the greatest vigour at this celebrated spot, which is no other than Billingsgate market. It is a market for fish, situated near the tower, on the banks of the Thames, in the filthiest part of London, and the place itself and the women who keep the market, justify every impression which I had received on the subject. Those who have formed their conceptions of the fairer half of creation from novels and poems, would obtain some new ideas by a visit to Billingsgate, where they would see "heaven's last, best gift," under a guise which would probably extinguish, at least for the time, any feelings of romance.

Sept. 27.—Most of this day has been spent in immediate preparations for my departure, which is fixed for to-morrow morning.

And, now, my dear brother, I must bid you farewell, for I know not how long a period; such is the jealous rigour which characterizes the present police of France, that I shall not dare to continue my journal while I am gone. The most that I think of doing is to make a few minutes of dates, places, distances, and circumstances which will enable me, on my return to this country, to give some ac-

count of what I have seen, provided my avocations here will allow me the requisite time; otherwise, I must trust to my memory to retain, and to my tongue to relate, the events of my tour.

London, October, 26, 1805.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

After an intermission of a month I resume my Journal. I will anticipate nothing; I therefore refer you to the subsequent pages, for information respecting my continental excursion, and for the reasons of my speedy return.

A TOUR FROM LONDON TO THE CONTINENT.

No. LVIII.—LONDON TO ROTTERDAM.

Leave London—Blackheath—Stage coach conversation—Lord Hood—An English sailor on the roof—His feelings at seeing his old admiral—Dartford Gravesend—Passage to Holland.

Sept. 28.—The boats for Gravesend, in one of which we had intended to embark, to go down the river, were already gone, and, at two o'clock in the afternoon we left London; the weather was fine, and we took our seats on the roof of the coach.

We passed over Blackheath; this is a fine plain, and was the seat of the Danish army in 1011; it is said that traces of their encampment are still visible; here, also, as my itinerary informs me, one hundred thousand rebels were assembled under Watt Tyler. At the termination of Blackheath, we ascended Shooter's Hill; it is steep and

high, and from its summit, we had a fine retrospect of London, the river, and the surrounding country. This hill forms a serious obstacle to carriages, and it has been contemplated to dig a passage under it, as the level is the same on both sides.

I will mention a stage coach conversation, not as being good authority for facts, but as evincing the views and feelings of the English, respecting their present situation. An intelligent companion, an Englishman, stated, as the general opinion in England, that Bonaparte possesses accurate estimates of the wealth and treasures of this country, and even accounts of its principal estates and villas. These he affirmed were already promised to his leaders and principal officers, as the reward of their expected bravery, in conquering England. One Marshall will have Blenheim palace—another Pembroke Castle—another Alnwick Castle and so on. No great reliance can be placed, it is true, on such popular impressions, but there is no doubt that spies are constantly in England, and that the French really possess minute information concerning this country. They have ever been distinguished for their skill and perseverance in acquiring accurate intelligence as to the possessions of their enemies. It is a pretty serious reflection to an Englishman that it is not more than seven hundred and fifty years since a French army actually landed and conquered the country, and William the Norman parcelled out its estates to his captains as Bonaparte promises now to do. But England was then weak, and distracted with faction and treason, now she is united, powerful and loyal.

Near this hill we met Lord Hood on horseback, in a plain dress, with a single servant; he is now Governor of

Greenwich hospital. This is the last post of honour with the aged admirals of England; seniority is the rule of precedence, and Lord Hood, after being so long an active commander of the English squadrons, now finds in Greenwich hospital, a quiet and honourable retreat for the evening of a life already protracted to threescore years and ten. We had a sailor on top of the coach, who had been twenty-five years in the navy, and fought under Lord Hood in Rodney's celebrated battle with De Grasse, in 1781; as he espied his former commander, he could hardly be restrained from leaping down to make his obeisance and since he could not persuade the coachman to stop, he relieved his emotions, by swearing a whole volley of oaths in praise of the brave old admiral.

We changed horses at Dartford, fourteen or fifteen miles from London. Dartford is a neat little place, in a valley, and is memorable as having been the place where Watt Tyler's rebellion originated.

Passing through Northfleet, remarkable for its extensive lime pits, we arrived at Gravesend, at evening, presented our passports at the alien-office there;—were regularly cleared, and retired to rest, with every thing ready for our departure, which our captain assured us would take place in the morning, and we were inclined to believe it, as Sunday is a favourite day with the mariners for setting sail.

PASSAGE TO HOLLAND.

Sept. 29.—About nine o'clock in the morning we were ordered on board, with the promise of sailing immediately; our packet was called the Johanna Wilhelmina (Captain Vlieland.) Our trunks were examined by the Custom House officer, who received from each of us his accustomed

fee of half a crown; the thing is perfectly understood; the traveller pays his money that his trunk may not be disturbed; it is merely opened and a finger or two thrust down at the sides, and all is pronounced well; if the money is refused, the trunk becomes an object of suspicion, and with the zeal of miners they dig to the very bottom; the money which is paid for forbearance is called *civility money*.

Having formed my ideas of packets from those of Rhode-Island and New-Haven, and not imagining that any employed in Europe could be inferior, I was hardly able to suppress my disgust, when I found, that ours was only a little Dutch boat, of about thirty tons, as badly contrived for accommodation as possible. The births were all in her hold along her sides; we descended through the hatch-way, and neither air nor light could reach us except through this aperture. In this place, fourteen of us, of all ages, and of both sexes, were crowded together; yet, for such accommodations we paid five guineas each, exclusive of subsistence.

If you have ever descended into the hold of any one of *the celebrated gun-boats of our country*, you will form a tolerably correct estimate of our situation; and, in fact, this very packet was built for a gun-boat for the invasion of England; she was taken in action by the English, purchased of them by a Dutch captain, and converted into a packet to sail between Rotterdam and London. She was however, in every respect inferior to the American gun-boats, except that she was deeper in the hold, but, still we could not any where stand upright.

The captain did not fail according to his promise; he kept us till evening, when we got under way, but, the

wind which had been fair before, now became contrary, and we beat only ten miles down the river, when the tide turning against us, we dropped our anchor and waited the return of the flood.

Sept. 30.—In addition to the privations which we all endured in common, I found that my birth was so short, that I could not extend my limbs, till I contrived to lie across with my head in one corner and my feet in the other, but, the noise of the sailors and the snoring of the passengers rendered refreshing sleep unattainable.

In the morning we found the wind strong at east, and directly ahead—the sky was cloudy, and the weather chilly and uncomfortable. We advanced a few miles by beating; just far enough to bring us into the road where the river Thames opens into a wide bay, and by losing the protection of the land, begins to feel the fluctuation of the ocean. Here we cast anchor again, on account of the turning of the tide; the wind increased and caused the boat to pitch and roll so much, that I became sick; the hold, which was the only refuge from the piercing wind, was loathsome, and I preferred remaining on deck, till the termination of a very dismal day. We remained in this situation all night, and the morning brought us no alleviation of our troubles.

Oct. 1.—The east wind continued stedfast to its point, and, when the tide became favourable to our course, we could make only eight or ten miles, before we were compelled to cast anchor again, and lie tossing, through the day, with an adverse current and a strong wind, bringing in a heavy swell from the ocean. The sun was veiled, the atmosphere was cold and raw, the wind was increasing, and we had in prospect, a night much more uncom-

fortable than the last; nor, were we entirely without apprehensions for our safety, because our situation was very much exposed, and our bark extremely frail.

But, just at twilight, the captain relieved our solicitude, by standing in for the land. He was acquainted with the coast, and ran into a deep bay, to the north, in the county of Essex. A few miles from it stands Colchester, and immediately contiguous, a little village, whose name I do not recollect. Here we came immediately under the lee of the shore, and into smooth water.

So much does our comfort depend on comparison, that our present situation seemed happy, when contrasted with that of last night, and we passed this in perfect quiet, solaced with the reflection, that in our present situation, even a tempest would not expose us to serious danger.

Oct. 2.—The morning cheered us with a fine sun and clear sky, but, the wind remained as before, and we ran in quite to the bottom of the bay, and anchored within cable's length of the shore, among eighty or ninety sail of small sloops, employed in fishing for oysters; with their sails all set they were plying back and forward, and presented a scene of great life and gaiety.

This bay is famous for producing the finest oysters in England; the London market is supplied principally from its waters, and the oysters are even exported to Holland. The Colchester fishermen take them in netts which are dragged along by the motion of the boat. I have eaten excellent oysters in England, but sometimes have perceived a metallic taste very offensive and particularly in raw oysters; the popular opinion imputes it to copper in the oyster banks.

In this bay we observed two armed brigs, and near them a gun-boat captured at Boulogne; one of those which have been so long preparing for the invasion of England.

We were very solicitous during our confinement in these waters, to go on shore and make ourselves comfortable at an inn, but the alien laws were severe against us, and the captain would not run the risk of a fine of five hundred pounds for permitting us to land; and we ourselves, as aliens regularly cleared for a foreign country, and, in that way discharged from the care of the alien office, should have been liable to severe amercement and imprisonment besides,

As we could not land, we sent our captain on shore to procure us some fresh provisions. He brought us a peck of miserable apples and pears, for which he paid five shillings; for a bottle of gin he gave five shillings and nine pence, and for a bottle of rum six shillings and six pence;—a specimen partly of imposition, and partly of the high prices of the articles of life in this country.

Oct. 3.—The wind continued as before, only blowing with more strength, but we were favoured with remarkably fine weather. We dropped down the bay a mile, and anchored again, that we might be ready to put to sea, whenever the wind should become more favourable.

By this time I began to discover with what people I was imprisoned. We were a motley collection. Among our number were several Dutchmen, a German, a Swiss, a Hamburgher, a Russian, a Prussian, a Frenchman, a Jew, an English woman and two Americans; all were however very civil, but with the kindest deportment we could not be but very uncomfortable. Our captain seem-

ed to care very little for the comfort of his passengers; his object was to get our money, and to expend as little of it as possible for our convenience. Most of the passengers found their own provisions, but there were a few of us who paid each an extra guinea to the captain, and depended upon him for our table which was so miserable that we had sufficient reason to regret that we had not been our own stewards.

Oct. 4.—No change in our situation. Without a possibility of landing or of putting to sea, we were obliged to submit to our fate, although I fear, we were not actuated by all that resignation which ought to prevent a murmur, when providence obstructs our way, and thwarts our favourite purposes. The inconveniences of our situation were serious, but to me and my companion, the loss of time was the most important consequence.

We beguiled a part of the evenings, by wrapping ourselves in the sails and talking of scenes beyond the Atlantic.

Oct. 5.—Although the direction of the wind remained unaltered, it became less violent, and our captain was induced to hoist sail and to endeavour to put to sea. We continued beating all day, and at sunsetting dropped anchor a few miles from Harwich, having gained two or three leagues on our course, but as the wind was still hostile, we determined to run into Harwich as soon as the tide would serve.

Oct. 6.—Accordingly, last night at eleven, we were standing in for Harwich, when the wind suddenly changed, and blew upon our larboard beam, and we, immediately put to sea. When morning arrived, we were out of sight of land, and making a hopeful progress on our

course. But, the sky was cloudy and the wind very cold and uncomfortable.

In the progress of the day, we were visited by two British brigs of war, civilly treated, and permitted to proceed. We stood all day on our course, and night came upon us with no other prospect than that afforded by the ocean and the heavens.

Last evening we saw a partial sea-fight. Through the darkness that hovered over the face of the water, we perceived the rapid eruption of flame from the mouths of cannon; soon after, several broadsides were exchanged, and the affair seemed to be decided. In the course of an hour we came in sight of three ships, and we conjectured that one had been overpowered by two, which circumstance would account for the speedy termination of the contest.

Oct. 7.—I rose at three in the morning, and remained on deck. We were already in ten fathom water, and waited impatiently for the dawning of the day to discover to us the land. We did not descry it however till we were, as I imagine, within ten or twelve miles of the shore, to which we rapidly approached with a fine fair wind.

No. LIX.—ARRIVAL IN HOLLAND.

The Briel and other objects—Appearance of the water on the sand banks—Dutch fishermen—Maas Sluys—Nature of the dominion exercised by the French in Holland—Formalities of entrance—An evening scene on the Meuse—A young patriot—A Russian.

The first objects that arrested my attention, were the towers of the *Briel* a fortified town on the Meuse; the steeples of Gravesande on the left; farther off, in the same direction, the turrets of the Hague, and all along the margin of the sea, high sand-hills, raised by the beating of the waves, and now serving for a barrier against their farther encroachments. But, all these objects appeared, as if springing up out of the ocean, for the land beyond was so low that it could not be discerned.

Between ten and eleven in the morning, we entered the Meuse. The access is by a winding channel, for the sand-banks, which are concealed by shallow water, extend for miles into the sea, and, in bad weather, render the coast a perilous one, even to those who know it best, and always so to strangers.

The sea brought in a great surf, and, as we approached the sand-banks we could distinctly mark their commencement; the water changed its colour at once, from the deep azure of the ocean, to a dirty brown, and the boundary line was almost mathematically exact.

The Dutch fishermen swarmed around us, and as they sailed by, they all took off their hats and bade us good morrow. These fishermen dress in a singular style; they wear large hats like umbrellas, and breeches of enormous

size; both men and boys had pipes in their mouths, a proof certainly of some adroitness, for they contrived to smoke, talk, and manage their boats without breaking their pipes, and this in a brisk breeze, and a heavy swell of the sea, while the ropes and sails were constantly flapping about their heads. On board our own boat, we had been so fumigated during the whole passage, by our Dutch companions, who were incessantly smoking, that most of us were glad to relinquish the hold to them, and seek purer air on deck.

As we proceeded up the river we saw great numbers of wild geese and other sea-fowl, all around us; and, the wreck of an American ship, half buried in the sand, exhibited a melancholy *memento* to mariners. Having now advanced a considerable distance into the river, the beach and ocean gradually receded from our view; the water was smooth, and both wind and tide conspired to float us slowly up to *Maas Sluys*, a considerable village about six miles from the river's mouth. There we dropped anchor. At this station all the packets from England are obliged to stop to undergo an examination.

It will doubtless appear strange that an intercourse of this nature should exist between countries at war. The truth is, England and Holland are not *cordially* hostile; both countries are greatly benefitted by an active commercial intercourse, always existing in periods of peace, and which it is extremely difficult to suppress even in time of war. Holland is the mere cats-paw of France. Sorely against her will, her claws are thrust into the fire by her powerful mistress, while the humble and reluctant instrument gains no share of the nuts, but has the burning entirely to herself.

The Dutch, who are the nominal rulers of Holland, intimidated by the real masters of the country, the French, who are resident among them, have, from time to time, enacted severe laws to cut off the communication with England. Only a few months since they issued an edict making it a capital crime for any captain, even a neutral, to bring either goods or passengers from England: the goods were liable to confiscation, and the passengers to imprisonment or even to death. These things were well known in England, and were repeatedly mentioned to me in that country by Americans who had come from this. We arrived here therefore with halters about our necks; but we knew that the Dutch would never be permitted by the French to execute even the laws which they themselves had forced them to pass. Singular as it may appear, the Dutch, in direct opposition both to their own interests and inclinations, enact sanguinary laws against the intercourse with England, and then the French demand their own price for insuring safety against the operation of these very laws.

The whole history of the business may be comprised within a very few sentences.* At Rotterdam there constantly resides a French general, who is called *the guardian and protector* of the coast: subordinate to him is a French consul, and, at *Maas Sluys*, a Dutch comman-

* As the knowledge of some of these facts was not attained till I had been some days on shore in Holland, it would, in strictness, have been more correct to have referred the history of them to a subsequent date, but as this part of my journal was written in England, after my return from Holland, I felt myself at liberty to deviate from the strictness of chronological order in every thing but the *events* of my tour.

dant. All these men and their subordinate officers, are *bribed* to wink at the illicit intercourse with England, and they are said to realize handsome sums from this source.

The traffic is carried on in this way. Dutch boats, commanded, manned, and owned by Dutchmen, clear out from Holland as Prussian, and sail under Prussian colours; they state their destination as being for Embden, a neutral town north of Holland; their papers state that the ship is bound to Embden; the passports of the passengers are all for the same place, and the captain kisses the bible, and deliberately swears that this is his destination.

With this solemn parade, known on both sides to be a mere fiction, the boat proceeds directly to the Thames, and when she returns, the same farce is repeated; she now comes from Embden, and the captain swears that she has not touched at any other port.

In England, however, this mockery is nearly dispensed with; the boat is entered as from Rotterdam; advertisements are posted up that she will return thither, and the passengers say, without reserve, that they are from Rotterdam; sometimes the name of Embden is joined, but the frankness of the English character seems to disdain such petty arts, attended by deliberate perjury.

In this manner both merchandize and people continually pass from the one country to the other, and even Englishmen and Batavians go and return with safety. But, all this is not accomplished without ample remuneration to those who wink at the practice.

Soon after we had anchored at Maas Sluys, we were put under guard, and a soldier placed on board to prevent our landing. The Dutch commandant, without

whose permission we could not proceed up the river, was absent from his station, and we were obliged to wait his return. In the mean time, a boat from a ship of war, came along side, bringing a young naval officer, who examined our passports, took down in writing our names, ages and, places of birth, and other similar particulars, and received a contribution from each of us.

The commandant did not return till almost evening, and we had leisure to observe the objects on shore. The country, on both sides of the river, was flat, but the meadows were beautifully green; they were studded with villages and farm-houses, and the country people of both sexes were amusing themselves with rustic dances. I was much diverted with the appearance of the Dutch peasantry; you can conceive of nothing more stiff, formal, and gravely ludicrous. But, I will resume this subject when I have been longer in their country.

Before dark, the commandant came on board. He was a young Dutchman, of small stature and delicate countenance, for which he compensated as well as he could, by wearing a military hat fiercely cocked, and of inordinate size; but, to do him justice, his deportment was civil, and even mild. He also took our names, with a variety of other particulars relative to our history, and having received his fee, gave us permission to proceed up the river.

It was dark before we hoisted sail, and there was so little wind, that, with the gentle impulse of the tide alone, we floated slowly up the sluggish Meuse; the night, though slightly cloudy, was enlivened by the moon, and all was life and hilarity on board, at the prospect of a speedy release from our tedious confinement.

Some refreshments, procured from the shore, drew us to our humble board, and conviviality seemed to have obliterated the recollection of past, and the anticipation of future sufferings. Our passengers laid their heads together to produce one dish of a singular composition. As the cooks were of various nations, so this compound consisted of various and warring ingredients. Apples, onions, mustard, salt, pepper, vinegar, gin, and raw fish, just taken from the river, were mixed in due proportion, and distributed among the eager expectants, who devoured this disgusting farrago as if it had been nectar. For my own part, I could not partake, but contented myself with observing the satisfaction of others. Gin and claret went merrily round, and their influence was soon perceived in garrulity and noisy mirth. Our little boat contained a congress from almost one half the nations of the civilized world, and you might have heard the vociferation of almost as many languages; a laugh however was the same in every tongue, and in this all joined as, a sort of chorus. Nor were the gentle passions, and the merry humours, those which were alone excited. My companion, feeling, what was indeed true, that we had just arrived within the *real*, although not the *nominal* dominions of France, out of civility to the country, gave for a toast the Emperor *Napoleon*. Nobody drank it, and there was a general murmur of disapprobation. Another, a gentleman from Amsterdam, to mend the matter, and make all easy, substituted *Mr. Schimmelpennick*, the present chief magistrate of Holland.

Mr. Netchker, a young Dutch merchant from Rotterdam, of great independence and intrepidity of spirit, although somewhat rash and imprudent, instantly started up

from his seat, and protested that he would not drink Mr. Schimmelpennick's health, nor that of any other traitor, who was contributing his exertions to rivet the chains which France had imposed on his country; he declared that he would be one of the first to cut the throats of the French, who, under the name of friends and allies, were residing in Holland, only to draw its very life-blood, to corrupt its morals, to waste its treasure, and to squander the lives of its youth in enterprizes of ambition and conquest. By this time our festivity was turned into solemn attention; some feeble attempt was made to defend the grand pensionary, but Mr. Netchker triumphed and bore down all opposition, while from the violence of his feelings he seemed ready to leap over-board. Yet this young man had been twice imprisoned by the French for his boldness. His emotions were natural, for, besides the impulse of patriotism and of personal resentment, he was actuated by a sense of the injuries which his family had sustained; they were related to the Prince of Orange, and, under the ancient government, had shared in the honours and emoluments of the state. I could not but admire the dignity and noble daring of his mind, and while I was interested in him from his generous manners, I looked upon him with pleasure, as one who might, hereafter, act a distinguished part in the emancipation of his country.

There was another Dutchman on board, a young man of excellent understanding, who in terms less ardent, but not less firm, declared his hatred of the Gallic dominion, and lamented the misfortunes of his country, but seemed to despair of her deliverance.

There was a third Dutchman, (the same who gave Mr. Schimmelpennick for a toast) who addressing himself to

me, apologized for the pensionary, by saying that he submits to wear the mask, by appearing friendly to Bonaparte, while he is merely waiting for an opportunity to deliver his country from the oppression under which it groans. In addition to this you may have heard what our countryman, Mr. Ellsworth said, when he returned from England, after his mission to France. He spent an evening with Mr. Shimmelpennick, who was then Dutch ambassador in London, and heard him, in ardent and pathetic terms, and with tears in his eyes, lament the miserable subjugation of Holland. If he be really a patriot and a good man, what must be the anguish of his mind, when he sees the resources of Batavia poured into France, her youth perishing beneath the Gallic standard, Frenchmen holding the keys of her fortresses, and himself the titled sovereign of Holland, but the real instrument of her oppression.

Among our passengers was a very interesting young man, a Russian, of the name of Kenitz. He had travelled much, been largely conversant with mankind, and was possessed of the most interesting and accomplished manners. Like a true Russian, he had furs enough to protect him against a polar winter, but his countenance and person would have led to the presumption that he had been bred in the milder climates of the south. He often relieved the tedium of our passage by relating to me his adventures, and describing the manners of a portion of the world of which, even now, very little is known, for he had penetrated by land to Archangel, and had been near perishing by frost, in the snows of Siberia. He discovered also, in his turn, much curiosity concerning *my* country, and repeatedly asked me to speak *some American*,

that he might hear how it sounded. I told him that I had been all the while *speaking American* to him. O no! was the reply, do not deceive me; you have been all the while speaking *English*, just such as the people of London use;—now speak *some American*. He persisted to the last, and I could scarcely persuade him that English was the native language of my country.

We were frequently in conversation, and, one evening, he asked me if I did not think that America and Russia joined. I supposed that he alluded to the contiguous situation of Kamschatka and the opposite north-western coast of America, and answered, very coolly, that I believed not; the straits of Behring undoubtedly separated them.

The next day on deck, he said to me very abruptly, but with a meaning countenance: *do not you think our countries join?*—and, a day or two after, he pronounced very emphatically, and with a smile: *I am sure our countries join!* giving me his hand with warmth, and leaving me in no doubt as to his meaning.

Thus does it often happen to us in life, to form unexpectedly an interesting acquaintance with a stranger, and then to be obliged by imperious circumstances to break it off with reluctance and regret.

In the course of my numerous conversations with Mr. Kenitz, he related to me various anecdotes, one of which I will recite, as he stated it to have occurred under his own observation. If I mistake not, however, a similar anecdote is related by some traveller in Russia, and it may perhaps have occurred twice, as it is no new thing for an Englishman to be both stiff and loyal.

Mr. Kenitz was standing with an English friend at a great military spectacle at St. Petersburgh, where Alex-

under himself, the present emperor, reviewed the troops in person, and was riding along the lines on horseback: as he passed, all the crowd of spectators, with one accord, took off their hats and bowed and remained uncovered, till the emperor had gone quite by; when he came near where Mr. Kenitz stood, with his English friend, the latter remained firm as mount Atlas, and neither took off his hat, nor made obeisance. Dont you take off your hat to the emperor? said Mr. Kenitz. No! replied the Englishman, I bow to no monarch in Europe but George the third! Alexander was very near at the moment, and appeared to have observed this *covered head*, and to have overheard this short dialogue, for he relaxed his features into a full smile, and appeared perfectly to understand the humour of the thing.

At an early hour I retired to rest, and at three in the morning rose and gave my bed to my Russian friend, as the water came in through a leak, and made his mattress uncomfortable.

In the mean time, I lay down on a bench, wrapped in a blanket, and, when the light returned, I found that we were moored in the beautiful city of Rotterdam.

No. LX.—ROTTERDAM.

Canals—Curiosity of the Dutch—Jews—Formalities on landing—Statue of Erasmus—Boom Peas—Indiscretions of speech—Beauty of the city—Prostration of commerce—Dutch coins—Mirrors on the outside of the houses—Their use.

Oct. 8.—We were in one of those spacious canals with which Rotterdam, like all the commercial cities of Hol-

land, is intersected. In this city they are so wide and deep, that vessels of four hundred tons lie in them; thus the ships are distributed in every part of the town, and lie at the very doors of the merchants.

We now looked, every moment, for our deliverance, but we were still confined by a sentinel, till the pleasure of the French general respecting us should be known. In the mean time we had hot coffee and new bread brought from the town, and something like comfort appeared on board our miserable bark. We were forbidden to send any letters on shore, but I wrote a line to the American consul, and contrived to despatch it, with an introductory letter, addressed to the same gentleman * I requested his kind interference and the exertion of his influence with the French general, in behalf of Mr. T—— and myself, that we might be speedily released from our tedious confinement. He returned a polite note, in which he promised to come and see us after breakfast, but expressed his fears that we might be detained on board, two or three days, as the French general had gone to the Hague, and it was uncertain when he would return. Soon after, we had the pleasure of seeing the consul in person; his deportment was very friendly, and he promised to go immediately and use his influence in our behalf, but he gave us very little reason to hope for a speedy liberation, and even intimated that it was quite uncertain what they would do with us, as we had come to Holland in direct violation of very severe laws, and now lay entirely at their mercy. I

* The sentinel on board was a Dutchman—when I asked him for permission to send a letter on shore, he said that if he *saw it* he must seize the letter: I then gave him a piece of money, and he took care not to see me.

confess we did not feel perfectly easy, but, as it was impossible to retreat, or escape, (had we been disposed to do so, which we were not,) we had nothing to do, but wait patiently the course of events.

In the mean time, we were amused with the strong curiosity discovered by the Dutch, who thronged the wharf around our boat, and stood gazing at us, for hours, as if we had been wild animals from Africa. Probably this curiosity has become more active since the commerce of Holland has been almost annihilated, and the arrival of foreigners is, consequently, more rare.

We observed great numbers of Jews walking the streets, with an air of solemnity; they were well dressed, and many of them bore bulrushes and green leaves in their hands; for, they were commemorating the discovery of the infant Moses, in the bulrushes, an event which, I suppose, they reckon to have happened on this day of the year. This dispersed and despised people exhibit a living proof of the truth of prophecy, and are a striking monument of the wrath of God; they are every where mingled with the nations, and yet remain separate, bearing in their very faces such a strong *national stamp*, that it is, generally, not difficult to point out an Israelite among a promiscuous crowd collected from various countries.

In the course of the forenoon a French sergeant* came to our packet and ordered us to land; this we did with great alacrity, after being nine days confined to our little boat. Like criminals we were all, to the number of four-

* This was a veteran grenadier, who had fought in many great battles, and attained his rank for good conduct. Being now beyond his prime, he had obtained his discharge from active service, and a post of duty less dangerous and severe.

teen, marched up, under guard, to the town house of Rotterdam, a magnificent building, in which are the offices of the French general, and of his dependants. On our way, we met the American consul, who sent his servant to attend us, and to wait upon us to our lodgings, whenever we should be permitted to go to them.

The French general had not returned, but he had left as a substitute, a Dutchman, who occasionally conducts the examinations, and does most of those little details of business, not excepting the receiving of *douceurs*, with which the general does not choose to soil his own hands, although he reaps the emoluments.

We were ushered into the presence of the general's substitute, whom we found in a large chamber, where we were successively examined as to our ages, places of birth, occupations, pursuits, views in travelling, and a variety of other particulars, which were registered in a book, and most of us were permitted to go to our lodgings. A Swiss, however, with his wife and child, was ordered again on board, because he had been residing for some years in England.

The French sergeant was sent with Mr. T—— and myself to the American consul, to see if he would be answerable for our conduct; and we were told that we might remain at an inn, but in a state of *surveilliance*,* as they call it, until our passports should be returned from the Hague, whither they had been sent, for the inspection of the French general, and of Mr. Schimmelpenninck, the

* That is, we were allowed to make ourselves comfortable, but were in a state of *inspection* and *observation*, till they should be satisfied concerning our views.

grand pensionary of Holland, and until their pleasure concerning us should be known.

We took lodgings at an English house in the Wyn Haven, much resorted to by Americans, and, after those personal attentions and refreshments, which our late privations had rendered as necessary as they were grateful, we walked out with an acquaintance, who conducted us to the most interesting parts of the town. We saw, in the market place, a noble bronze statue of Erasmus, who was a native of this city. The people of Rotterdam are very proud of this circumstance, but they permit the area, around this fine statue, to be so defiled that the spectator is filled with disgust instead of admiration.

We went next on the Boom Peas, which is one of the finest walks imaginable, considering that it has not the advantage of elevation and prospect. There is a long row of magnificent houses arranged along the banks of the Meuse, in a line parallel with, and at some distance from it; the space between them and the river is planted with fine avenues of trees, beneath which, and in front of these magnificent houses, is the walk to which I allude. The opposite bank of the river is extremely verdant and beautiful, and planted with regular rows of trees, while the river itself, from the smoothness of the water, and the occasional passing of vessels, is an interesting object. But every thing is on a dead level. The verdure is even superior to that of England, but no hill or dale, or even the slightest inequality of surface occurs to relieve the eye from the monotonous sameness.

We stopped on a bridge over one of the canals, and near the dock yard, where we had a good view of a seventy-four gun ship, and a frigate, which were then on the

stocks. The friend who was with us, had before given us a caution to guard our tongues with care, and not to appear too over curious in looking at fortifications, ships of war, arsenals, and other similar things, lest we should fall under suspicion, for he assured us that the most trivial circumstance might send us to prison. He was perfectly acquainted with the state of things in Holland, and only yielded to our curiosity, in stopping at all, in a place where we might draw attention and excite jealousy. I had forgotten his salutary cautions, and while we were gazing on these ships of war, I was forcibly struck with the impression that it was only labour lost, as they would certainly be captured if they should go to sea; and, half in mirth, and half in ridicule, I involuntarily dropped an expression of this kind:—*building for England!*

Our companion appeared embarrassed, and hastily withdrew over the bridge, beckoning to us to follow him. As soon as we had turned a corner, he said to me, "sir, that was a most unguarded and imprudent remark of yours, and had it been made in Paris, would, if overheard, have sent you to the temple, and may, very possibly do so yet." I expressed my astonishment at his fears, as the remark was in itself so trivial, and moreover, could not have been heard by any one but ourselves. He replied, that Americans, who were accustomed in their own country to utter whatever they thought, were not correct judges of this subject, and that they were therefore constantly in danger from their own imprudence, and their disposition to speak their sentiments on all occasions. And, added he: "You mistake in supposing that you were not overheard, for, when we first stopped, a man came out from the arsenal, and although you did not see him, he loitered around

us, and was within hearing when you dropped that expression, and he returned into the dock yard when we left the bridge. I have no doubt that, as you were seen to be looking at the ships of war, and had the appearance of being strangers and Englishmen, he was sent on purpose to watch you; that remark of yours will be considered as proof that you are Englishmen, or that you are at least possessed of English feelings and wishes; it will be reported to the municipality here to-night, and sent on before you to Antwerp and Paris, nor shall I be in the least surprised if you experience trouble from this source before you leave this country, where you may rely upon it, a strict watch will be kept over all your movements and actions."

I need not assure you that this pointed and well merited reproof made me feel serious, and I began to recollect, with regret, some similar instances of indiscretion on board the packet, where a Dutchman, a man of some address, by dropping hints against Bonaparte and his system of subjugating Europe, drew us, more than once, into a full expression of our sentiments: before our passage was through, I had reason to suspect him of duplicity, and Mr. N——— assured me that he knew him to be a French partizan, and that we ought to be cautious how we spoke freely before him.

You may think perhaps that I have given an unnecessary importance to circumstances in themselves so trivial, but I have reason to think that, connected with some other things, they had an important influence on some subsequent parts of our history in these countries. I confess I was somewhat alarmed, but we determined to proceed, and know the worst of it, especially as an attempt to re-

tire from the country now would confirm every suspicion, and perhaps produce an arrest.

Oct. 9.—We occupied the morning with walking through the city, which we found to be both beautiful and magnificent. The canals are on a scale of which I had before formed no adequate conception, and while they give incalculable facilities to commerce, they add much to the beauty of the city, and afford the most convenient means of cleanliness. You may be ready to conclude that the canals must obstruct the passing from one part of the town to another; they do in some measure impede it, but bridges are thrown over all the principal canals, and are raised or swung off to one side when a vessel is to pass, and, at such a moment, a person may be, for a little while, impeded; there are ferry-boats in other instances, and the fare is so small, that it is impossible to pay it with any English or American coin; they have small pieces in Holland, called *doits,* which are used for such purposes as these; there value is less than a quarter of a cent.*

There are no heavy carts about the streets of Rotterdam, or the other commercial towns of Holland; such as are used in London, or New-York, would, I presume, destroy the pavements of towns whose foundation is entirely artificial; the ground beneath them is so tremulous, that the pavements have a visible fluctuation when any heavy body is moving upon them. The heavy articles of commerce are drawn upon a carriage very much resembling

* After being ferried over one of the canals, I inquired the fare, when a gentleman present replied, "it is less, sir, than you have it in your power to pay." It was a doit for the party, or else a doit each—but which ever it was, he paid it.

the American sleds, and these always go so slowly that the horses are never out of a walk.

Coaches, however, and other carriages for the conveyance of persons, are seen about the streets, going with the speed usual in other places. I observed some private carriages drawn by very beautiful black horses of a fine muscular turn, with very long and full manes and tails, flowing to a great length, like the war horses which we see in ancient pictures. I was informed that these horses were of a peculiar breed from Holstein.

There is by no means that bustle and crowd in the streets of Rotterdam, which, from the size of the city, we should naturally expect; this is easily accounted for, from the prostrated condition of commerce. The usual channels of business are obstructed, and the merchants have neither the opportunity nor the spirit to adventure their capitals in trade. I heard it said that they were afraid to have it known that they had money, and that they kept it in secret vaults, buried it in the earth, or exported it whenever they could to foreign countries, and invested it in foreign funds.*

Some of them continue to do business even under all these embarrassments. I had occasion to call with a letter of credit on a house well known in America.† My letter was promptly honoured, and I received as much Dutch coin as I wished. Bank notes, I am told, are unknown in Holland; I did not see any; and was therefore

* I was assured by a citizen of Amsterdam, that, since the commencement of the French revolution, seventy-five per cent. of the commercial capital of Holland had been in one way and another lost to the country.

† Messrs. Cremers.

obliged, as every traveller in that country is, to carry about with me a very inconvenient weight of coin; there is no alternative between this and very frequent letters of credit.

It was an agreeable circumstance to me to find that the merchants on whom I called, spoke English. The Dutch probably speak more languages than the people of any other country in Europe; for, in time of peace, their territory is a great commercial thoroughfare, and their connections with France, Germany, and England, are particularly intimate. Hence, a well educated Dutch merchant usually speaks, besides his own language, the English, French, and German, and in the cities especially, most of the people, of whatever description, have a smattering of French.

I may have occasion to mention Dutch coins, and you will remember that, when the exchange is at par, the stiver equals the English penny, and the guilder equals twenty stivers; these are the denominations most frequently used. The guilder is a silver coin nearly as large as our half dollar, and there are silver pieces of two, three, and four stivers, and even more; the stiver is again subdivided into doits, eight of which make a stiver; the doit is a small copper coin, whose value, as I have mentioned before, is about one eighth of a penny, or half a farthing English, a sufficient proof that some things are very cheap in Holland, or there could be no use for such small pieces. There are also silver coins of the value of three guilders; they are about as large as a dollar; the only gold coins which I saw, were ducats, guineas, and louis d'ors; the two latter coins, however, do not pass in tale, but by weight.

The necessaries of life are generally much cheaper in Holland than in England, and we found a very serious reduction in our expenses.

We went into a Dutch coffee-house, where, like other people, we drank coffee and pored over the newspapers of the country, although we did not understand a sentence; but we were soon satisfied, for the tobacco smoke involved every thing in clouds and darkness, so that we could scarcely see across the room, but the Dutchmen seemed perfectly in their element, and enjoyed the whiff, the puff, and the lazy rolling cloud, while our lungs were heaving with the irritation, and our eyes flowing with tears.

We visited the Exchange, which opens at one, but the merchants do not assemble till nearly two; precisely at two the bell rings as a warning to them to disperse, so that they are only about a quarter of an hour on change. Whoever remains after the bell has ceased to ring, is liable to a fine. The merchants were not numerous on the Exchange to-day, nor did there seem to be much doing among them. The grass has literally grown up in the area, and proves, but too plainly, the fallen state of this once busy and flourishing country.

After visiting the Exchange we went to the office of the French consul, and took the steps that were necessary in order to have our passports ready for Paris, by the time when we should return from Amsterdam, to which place we were now contemplating an excursion. We repaired to the office of the French general, and received the passports with which we entered the country; they had been duly approved and indorsed, and with these we were authorized to proceed to Amsterdam. At his office I saw the French general; his name is *Rosseau;* he dis-

tinguished himself at Marengo, and was wounded on that occasion; the wound has caused one leg to be shorter than the other, and for that reason, he wears a cork heel to his boot, to supply the deficiency. He was plainly dressed, and had a mild pleasant countenance.

I have mentioned Dutch curiosity; they have a singular contrivance to gratify it without seeming to be rude. Out of doors on the walls of most of the houses there are mirrors, placed immediately contiguous to the street, where people are walking; more commonly there are three, but sometimes there are twice that number. Two of them are fastened to the wall near the windows, at such angles as to reflect the images of all who are passing on the same side of the street, into the family sitting-room; a Dutch lady takes her seat near the window, and, in the line of the reflected images, so that while she is reading, sewing, knitting, or conversing, she can, at any time, simply by raising her eyes, gaze at those who are not always aware that they are thus critically reviewed, while possibly they imagine themselves passing by unobserved.

The third mirror is so placed as to give information who is at the door; frequently the image is reflected into a chamber window, and the important point of being *at home*, or *not at home*, to the particular visitor, whose image announces him the moment he is on the door-step, can be decided *promptly*, at a glance, without waiting to receive the name from the servant. This is a happy invention to save at least the trouble of an inquiry, but I think some caution must be necessary in the use of a mirror in this way, for, unluckily, although servants will lie for their masters and mistresses, mirrors will not; they tell truth two ways, and the image *may* pass from the

chamber to the door, as well as from the door to the chamber.

Oct. 10.—We received calls to-day from several of our fellow-passengers, one of whom, who lives in Amsterdam informed us that he had not yet obtained his passports, although we had then been four days in Rotterdam; we, learned afterwards that he did not obtain them till three days more had elapsed, and thus, notwithstanding that he was a native Dutch citizen, and his concerns demanded his immediate attention at home, he was detained, without any reason assigned, merely because it was the pleasure of the French general. In the same manner Mr. Netchker, although he was a native of Rotterdam, and had an establishment there, was not permitted to land and go to his own house, till he had obtained leave of the imperious and insolent foreigners who hold this devoted country in more than iron chains. Such facts as these, which exhibit to you the natives and proprietors of the country, travelling about their proper and innocent employments, detained, restricted, and embarrassed, by the insolence of a foreign despotism established among them, and that too at a time when there are not five thousand French troops in Holland, must convince you that the Dutch have really no power, and that therefore the nominal possession of it must render their servitude so much more intolerable, because it adds insult to injury.

When that severe law, prohibiting the intercourse with England, was passed, the Dutch discovered a little spirit on the occasion, and determined to try their power in carrying it into execution; not that they liked the law, but because they wished, for once, to carry a point against their French masters. Accordingly, when the next packet

arrived from England, they stationed a party of their own soldiers on deck, with orders that not a man should land till their pleasure should be known. Of this step, the French general was no sooner informed, than he sent down a few French soldiers, who went on board, and by violence expelled the Dutch guard, landed the passengers, and marched them up to the office of the general.

I was informed, again and again, and it seems to be a thing generally known at Rotterdam, that every passenger from England pays the French general one guinea, and another guinea when he returns; from this source alone he derives fifty or sixty guineas a week. English merchandise also pays a heavy duty to these French officers; and the captains of the packets, (for immunity from the gallows, to which they are constantly liable,) are taxed at pleasure, and they dare not murmur. It will be easily understood, therefore, why the French general, the French consul, and their dependants, wink at, and even protect, an illicit intercourse, which is to them so lucrative, while they compel the Dutch to prohibit it by laws written in blood, that themselves may demand a high premium for insuring safety against the operation of edicts, passed at their own instigation. Thus the dignity of Holland is trampled in the dust, and the French officers are, in the mean time, faithless to their own government, which, without doubt, wishes to destroy this traffic and intercourse of passengers between England and Holland. One can hardly believe that the thing can be unknown to the emperor; probably the gain does not all stop in Holland, and there may be greater men, nearer the throne, who find their interest in blinding him. In the mean time the

general is amassing a fortune, and the consul, one of the poor kinsmen of the new queen of France, is making rapid progress to opulence.

No. LXI.—EXCURSION TO AMSTERDAM.

Mode of travelling in the Trek Schuits—Canals—Appearance of the country—Cattle—Peat—Delft—Tombs of Van Tromp and De Ruyter—Ryswick—The Hague—Leidsendam—Beautiful country seats—Summer-houses—Holland a wonderful country—Leyden—Sprightliness of a Dutch party in the Trek Schuit—Haarlem—Dutch women.

As we were unacquainted with the Dutch language, we took a travelling valet recommended to us by a friend. This is a kind of character almost unknown in our country, but not uncommon in Europe, and highly useful to strangers, and especially to Americans The one whom we engaged could speak French, Dutch, German, and English, and had long been accustomed to travel in the double capacity of servant and interpreter. His name was Albert, but he was familiarly called Lambert. He was about forty-five years old, a native of Brussels, and possessed strong recommendations from Americans of respectability with whom he had travelled. Although he did not consider it as his duty to do every menial service, he neglected no personal attention which was necessary to our comfort, and he was so perfectly acquainted with the smaller duties of his profession, that, without bidding, he would do a hundred things for one which it would have been impossible to have censured him for had he omitted them. He

was also a man of considerable understanding, and possessed all that minute information which travellers want, concerning the interesting things of the country; and his appearance was so decent, that he might walk by one's side in the streets, and be both an attendant and a companion.

MODE OF TRAVELLING IN HOLLAND.

Having sent Lambert to engage places for us, we embarked, at one in the afternoon, on the canal leading to the Hague. We took passage in a *Trek Schuit*, which, in English, is a *Drag Boat*, and I was about to try a mode of travelling which had amused me much in the description.

The *Trek Schuit* is a boat, about fifty feet long, and eight or ten wide; it has a flat bottom, and is enclosed with perpendicular sides, and a flat top or roof, so that it forms a dry and comfortable retreat from the weather. It looks somewhat like the pictures of the ark which are given in children's books; it is a kind of house in a boat. In the stern there is a small apartment called the deck; it is furnished with a table, cushions, and other conveniences, which make it comfortable, and give it an air of some elegance and taste; it is to the *Trek Schuit* what the cabin is to a ship. Its principal advantage is, that it affords a retirement, and any person, by sending and paying for it beforehand, may take it for himself and his friends, to the exclusion of every body else. This apartment we took. The remainder of the enclosed part of the boat is all in one apartment, which is furnished with benches. and is merely decent without elegance. This part, which answers to the steerage of a ship, is called the

hold; it has windows for air and light, and is commonly filled with a promiscuous crowd. In such a vehicle we commenced our journey.

The boats are drawn, each by a single horse, harnessed to a rope which is connected with the Schuit; they go at the rate of three miles an hour. The horse travels along the bank of the canal, at the distance of sixty or eighty feet ahead of the boat, that the cord by which the boat is drawn, may be, as nearly as possible, parallel with the side of the canal, with which, however, it always forms a small angle. A boy rides the horse, a man stands in the bow to manage the cord, and another in the stern to take care of the rudder, and prevent the boat from being drawn to the side of the canal. As the mode of travelling on the canals is every where precisely the same, I will finish the subject now.

The motion is so perfectly smooth, that if the passenger withdraws his eyes from the objects on shore, he cannot perceive that he is moving; in the hinder apartment, the deck, one can read, write, think, or sleep, without any other disturbance than that of the helmsman hallooing to the boy, or to the man in the bow. At first I was beyond measure delighted with a mode of travelling so novel, so quiet, and so easy, but, the slowness of the motion and the perfect uniformity of all the arrangements soon made it tedious.

When the Schuit passes under a bridge, the man in the bow slips the string from the top of the mast, to which it is usually tied; the horse continues on, and so does the boat on account of the momentum which it has already acquired; the man in the bow catches the string, as it falls from the other side of the bridge, and slips it on to

the mast again, and all this is done without any sensible hinderance to the boat. The mast is never very high, but as it is not low enough to pass under the bridges, it is fitted with a hinge, so that it can be laid horizontally for this purpose, and then raised again. Even when the Schuits are travelling in opposite directions, the horses always go on the same side of the canal, for only one of the banks is formed into a road; to prevent any interference, one horse stops a moment, when the boats approach; the effect necessarily is, that the boat with which he is connected glides on, and the cord drops into the water and falls upon the ground, although it is still fast to the mast at one end and to the horse at the other. The boat which is proceeding in the opposite direction does not stop, but, at this favorable moment, glides over the string, while the horse which belongs to it passes without difficulty between the canal and the other horse, and at the same time steps over the cord as it lies upon the road. All this is so well understood that there is no confusion or embarrassment whatever in passing. Sometimes, when there is a sufficient difference in the height of the masts, the one passes *under* the cord of the other, without any care or obstruction.

Travelling in the Schuits is very cheap; it does not exceed two pence a mile, and although it is tedious, it is admirably adapted to the condition of the country; great numbers can go at once, with less expense than in any other way of transportation, and with entire safety and comfort, and the certainty of arriving at the appointed moment. This mode of travelling seems to afford a fair example of Dutch arrangements generally; it is economical of money, but expensive of time.

One day, being restless, on account of our tardy progress, I leaped to the shore, as the boat was, at that moment, passing near it, and walked on with all convenient speed. I found that I travelled faster than the Schuit. In half an hour the difference was perhaps the eighth of a mile, for the horses travel only on a very slow trot.

The canals are so wide that some of them look like great rivers; they vary in width from about fifty to three hundred feet or more, as I should judge; their general depth is about five feet. As the more usual fact their sides are formed of earth and sods, covered with a thick mat of grass; often they are supported by boards nailed to posts, and more rarely by brick walls.

A road for post-chaises commonly runs parallel with the foot-path in which the horse travels, but it is very narrow, and always has the canal on one side and a ditch on the other. When the canals intersect each other, the horse either crosses a bridge or is ferried over, and sometimes, one canal terminates abruptly, and there is a short carrying-place to the next, where there is another boat with a fresh horse. The horses are always relieved every six miles, or once in two hours. On account of the equal motion of the Schuits, the Dutch reckon their distances by time; for example, from Rotterdam to the Hague is four hours or twelve miles; from Amsterdam to Rotterdam, is thirteen hours or thirty-nine miles, and this is the universal language in Holland. Hence it is that a Dutch mile is reckoned equal to three English. While a Dutchman travels three miles in an hour, an Englishman travels six or eight, and this is nearly the difference between the spirit and energy of the two nations. The one is enterprising and adventurous, and often rash; the other is cau-

tious, slow and sure. An English captain will put to sea when a Dutchman would remain at anchor; the former will make a quick voyage with more hazard; the latter a slow one but with less risk. In these respects the English and American character is one and the same, and we found it therefore difficult to reconcile ourselves to *Mynheer's* tardy motions; for, do what he will, he must move slowly enough to keep his pipe always in his mouth.

First we passed the village of Over Schie; the canal was bordered with wind-mills; most of them were of brick, lofty, conical, and not destitute of beauty. They gave the country an appearance of life and activity, and a considerable number of them were employed in sawing wood. I saw no other mills in the level parts of Holland, and it is obvious that they cannot easily have any other, because they have no rapid streams.

On both sides of us were level meadows of the most beautiful green; on the left along the coast, they were bounded by lofty sand-hills, but, on the right, they were terminated only by the horizon. Innumerable multitudes of very fine cattle were grazing upon the meadows; many of them were of a pure milk-white colour, others nearly or quite black, but by far the greater number were marked by both these colours, intermixed in a very beautiful manner; and we found this fact to be general, for, wherever we went in Holland, the cattle were black or white, or striped and spotted with these colours; very rarely indeed were they red or brindled.*

We saw very few trees, except the ornamental rows which were frequent around seats and houses, and some-

* As this word is used in America, it means red with shades of black.

times the canals were bordered with them, leaving room for the horses to drag the Schuits along without interfering. Holland, although destitute of forests, has abundant resources for fuel in the peat, or turf, with which the country abounds. On both sides we saw very great quantities of this substance, dried and stacked for winter. It was covered with straw and destined for store-houses before the snow and ice should cover the meadows. We had hitherto stood out of our apartment along with the *steersman*, as they call the pilot, but a gust of wind with rain from some angry clouds, now drove us in, and before it was over, we arrived at Delft.

DELFT.

Delft is an ancient and well built town, the materials brick, as they are generally in the towns of Holland. This town was formerly famous for manufacturing a species of ware, which, from the place, was called Delft ware, but I understand that the manufactory is now ruined. We walked through the main street of the town which is built in a superior style of architecture. Silence every where reigned, but this is said to be in some measure owing to the fact that the place is inhabited principally by men of independent establishments, who do not engage in business.

We hastened to an ancient and spacious cathedral where are the tombs of many of the illustrious men of Holland; we saw the monuments of the two distinguished admirals De Ruyter and Van Tromp. Van Tromp fell in a battle with the English off the Dogger-bank. De Ruyter perished at Dunkirk. In the fashion of those times, he is laid out at length in complete armour; the sculpture is

wonderfully fine; the veins on his hands, and the skin and muscles, in every thing but colour, are the exact copy of life, and even the marble mattress on which he lies, looks soft as a pillow of down. In the same church there lies also a noble lady whose mother was killed by lightning, while the infant was still unborn. It was not even materially injured by the shock that killed its mother; it was brought safely into the world, and lived twenty-four years; this history is engraved on the tomb in a Latin epitaph.

We hastened to join the Schuit for the Hague. The deck, although not pre-engaged, was partly occupied, and we took our seats with a number who were already in it.—They appeared to be principally Dutch, for they soon expelled us with tobacco smoke, and we were glad to take our stations in the open air.* The country from Delft to the Hague, was very beautiful, and the canal was bordered with handsome country seats and continued avenues of trees. We passed the village of *Ryswick*, famous for the general peace concluded there in the latter part of the seventeenth century. On the place where the house stood, in which the treaty was concluded, there is now a monumental pyramid, which rises above the trees, and is visible a good way off. On our right, at the distance of two miles, was the House in the Wood, the once favourite residence of the Princes of Orange; we could see it rising from among the trees; it is now occupied by the Grand Pensionary, Mr. Schimmelpennick.

Having but two or three hours before dark, we hastened to the hotel which is call the Parliament of England, and

* There was a French officer on board, and the moment we began to converse in English, he turned and eyed us very narrowly.

having deposited our trunks, we requested Lambert to take us, without loss of time, to the most interesting parts of the town. Our survey was so rapid, and therefore imperfect, that you will not have to peruse a long description.

THE HAGUE.

The Hague, as every one knows, was once the political focus of Europe. Under the legitimate government of Holland it was a proud and splendid place; but the glory is departed! Odious foreigners now inhabit the palaces of the Batavian princes, and insolent upstarts, created by the power of France, pollute the seat of the noble house of Orange. But the buildings remain unimpaired, and the Hague is still, in the beauty and magnificence of its structures, the pride of Europe. Although it is a great town, they do not call it a city, but a village. Notwithstanding this humble appellation, the Hague, in point of beauty and magnificence, far exceeds any place that I have ever seen; no part of London can be compared with it; the private houses are palaces, and such is its princely air, that it would seem as if poverty and meanness, so commonly found in great cities, close by grandeur, had here been wholly excluded.

We visited the palace of the Prince of Orange, and that of the young prince, his son. I was impressed with the most painful and melancholy sentiments, while viewing these noble structures, whose former tenants are now in exile, while Holland, in vain, sighs for their return. Once her native princes extended over her the sceptre of lenity and law; her unrivalled industry, free to pursue, and sure to enjoy its own rewards, filled all the land with comfort

and gladness, while a commerce, growing out of security and freedom, crowded every port of her own territory, and hung out its flag over every sea and under every climate. But now, her chains are rivetted by foreign hands; industry shrinks from the toil whose reward another may enjoy, while wealth endeavours to conceal its acquisitions, and claims the privileges of poverty; her best live-blood is wasted in the broils of France; her once powerful navy is annihilated; her commercial flag no longer visits the Indian Ocean; silence and dejection reign in her streets, and the grass grows in the Exchanges of her commercial capitals!

We visited the parade for horse and foot, and the public squares, all of which are adorned with rows of lofty and venerable trees. We explored the gardens connected with the palaces; they are beautiful in the extreme. Every embellishment which serpentine walks, artificial and verdant labyrinths, pools of water, and variety of trees and shrubs, can give, is here exhibited. But the Dutch taste in gardening, is stiff and formal; they do not merely prune the luxuriance of nature; they cut their trees into precise mathematical figures, cubes, spheres, spheroids, prisms, &c. I saw a whole grove where the trees stood thick together, and they had pruned off the tops, so that there was a perfect plane from one end to the other; not a single ambitious leaf or twig was suffered to rise above the general level. This taste is now hardly known in England. I remember, however, to have once seen in Leicestershire, two box-wood trees, whose branches and foliage were so trimmed, as to represent a pair of peacocks, sitting each upon the stump or trunk.

We went to see the spot where the great *Dewit* and his brother were torn in pieces by an infatuated and infuriated populace; a deed of cruelty and shame which time will never be able to veil. We walked next to the street in which the foreign ambassadors resided, when the Hague was in its glory. Lambert formerly lived here, and of his own accord mentioned the late President Adams and his son, and Mr. Short, all of whom, you will recollect, have resided at the Hague in diplomatic stations.

In the evening we went to the opera. It was in French, and it is hardly necessary to add that *love* was the subject. They did not, as in the operas in London, sing the whole; the greater part was spoken, and the plot was tolerably intelligible. Being unacquainted with the language, I could not judge of the merits of the composition, or of the propriety of the sentiments. But the dress and action of the players were quite correct, and free from that gross indecency which is so often seen on the English stage. There was an uncommon degree of decorum in the audience; the house, although small, was elegant and every thing was finished before nine o'clock. The spectators were not numerous, and were principally military men.

Oct. 11.—Rising with the dawn, we secured to ourselves the deck of the Trek Schnit, and left the Hague on our way to *Leyden*. The morning was one of the finest of autumn; the sun rose with great splendour, and lighted up a clear and brilliant sky, and every thing smiled on our departure: the weather was, however, so cold, that courtesy induced us to admit into our apartment an old gentleman and lady, who looked so venerable, that we could

not be willing to let them go into the hold, and the same disposition added a young man to our cabin party. The air was so piercing, that although we were anxious to enjoy the views of the country, we were induced to remain within doors, till the fumigations of our guests, who lighted their pipes, without preface or apology, drove us out in quest of air that we could breathe. The mere odour of burning tobacco is rather agreeable than otherwise to most people; but, when the air is loaded with the smoke, and the lungs are afflicted with it at every inspiration, it becomes intolerable. Of this distinction the Dutch seem to have no conception; with them the more smoke the better, and they presume it is so with every body else. The dampness of the climate is the best apology for the universal prevalence of this disgusting habit in Holland, because the noxious vapours, from their bogs and meadows, are undoubtedly counteracted by such a never dying fire as they maintain, with vestal vigilance, under their noses.

In order to arrive on the Leyden canal, it was necessary to return two miles on that upon which we came yesterday. After arriving at the junction, we passed the villages of Voorburg and Leidsendam, and at the latter, like our Dutch companions, we drank raw gin, which is the beverage of the country, and the inhabitants recommend it to strangers, to repel the fever and ague. They have very great faith in its efficacy, and, as it commonly happens, where the duty is so generally a pleasure, faith and practice here go hand in hand.

Gin is universally drunk by the common people, for cider, and malt liquors are unknown in this country, unless imported at a great price. Yet the Dutch do not seem to be intemperate; they are probably saved from it by that

profound national phlegm, which enables them to bear a considerable quantity of stimuli, without any remarkable excitement.

The region about Leidsendam, is remarkable for presenting a series of the finest country seats in Holland.—For many miles they stand thick, on the canals, and have the appearance of much wealth, considerable elegance, and very great neatness, which is a very striking characteristic of Dutch towns, villages, and buildings of every description, but their country seats have an air of stiffness and formality. They are very fond of building neat little lodges on the banks of the canals; they are generally of an octagonal form, gaily painted, and are furnished with chairs and tables, and in these places they smoke and drink tea. On the exterior of these lodges, they very frequently inscribe some sentiment, in large capital letters, as, *my delight—peace and plenty*, &c.; Lambert translated them for us, as we passed, but I do not remember to have seen any lodge inscribed to *gin and tobacco smoke*,—perhaps it was thought that this would not create any distinction, since the first inscription that I have copied, in a Dutchman's opinion, necessarily implies them both.—Such inscriptions as these are common also on their gateways, and on the country seats themselves.

In the course of this morning, we passed a place where the water of the canal was eleven feet higher than the level of the adjacent meadow. This great depression had been occasioned by removing the ground for peat. But, generally, the lands of Holland, so far as I saw them, are about two or three feet lower than the water in the canals, and of course lower than the level of the ocean, from which they have been redeemed by the most astonishing

labour and perseverance, and converted into meadows of the most surprising beauty and fertility. Holland is, indeed, a wonderful country, and remains a standing monument of human enterprise and power. The industry which redeemed it from the ocean was hardly less than that which is necessary to maintain the conquest. A broken dyke or a sluice gate, left open by accident, or design, might soon lay these beautiful plains under water, and distress the country for years.

An inundation is to Holland a calamity nearly as great as an invasion, and it is therefore only in the most extreme cases that they resort to this desperate measure.

But, with their utmost vigilance, water is constantly accumulating on the meadows; it is drained into ditches, and from these receptacles it is pumped up by windmills and poured back into the canals. So perfectly dissimilar is Holland from every other country that I have seen, that it appeared to me a wonder, nay, almost a miracle; my expectations were not only equalled, but they were exceeded. In one point I had been deceived, and I believe it is a common misconception. I had received an impression that there were dykes along the margin of the sea to prevent its aggressions, but that violent action of the waves which has raised the vast sand hills which, along the sea shore, serve as dykes, would soon have destroyed or buried them, had they been erected.

LEYDEN.

Passing by the village of Voorsenden, without any interesting incident, we arrived at *Leyden*, which, in Dutch language, is three hours, in English, nine miles from the Hague. We found it to be a large, well built town, and

so neat that the streets had the appearance of having been swept. The town house is a spacious and magnificent building, and, immediately before it, in the middle of the street, is the place of execution; as we passed, we saw a great multitude of people assembled there, and upon inquiry, found that they had collected to see a man whipped; we were at a loss to conclude whether so great a concourse, on so trivial an occasion, had been produced by Dutch curiosity, by general idleness, or the unfrequency of public and infamous punishments in Holland.

You will not hear Leyden mentioned, without remembering its celebrated university, and some of the distinguished men who have adorned its chairs of science.—Among these *Boerhaave* holds the first rank, whether we regard his talents, his industry, his science, his extensive usefulness, or his distinguished piety. I hastened to the botanical garden, which he used to cultivate, and rapidly surveyed a place, which so often witnessed the pious contemplations, as well as the scientific researches of this truly illustrious man. The garden was not in itself equal to some others that I had seen; it contained, however, many interesting things, and, among others, a very large specimen of the American aloe, and of the broad-leafed figtree, which is supposed to have formed the first imperfect apparel of the human pair in paradise.

The buildings of the university of Leyden are immediately contiguous to the garden. There is an observatory, an anatomical theatre, a chapel, and library, a museum, and apartments for the professors, but the students reside in the town in private houses. I was disappointed in the appearance of the buildings of the university; they make no great figure, for they are so mixed with the houses of

the town, that they are hardly to be distinguished from them, nor are they in themselves remarkably handsome.

They exhibited to us a small collection of Roman and Grecian statues, and other productions of the chisel.—Among them were some marble urns, designed to contain the ashes of the dead; on one of these was the name of a young Grecian lady, with her age, which was nineteen. We saw also a small cabinet of natural history; there was, as I am informed, a very extensive one here, till the revolution, when it was transported to Paris, as was also one from the Hague, with a fine collection of pictures, that used to be at the same place; the person who told us these things (a Dutchman) poured out a strain of *blessings* upon the French, as he narrated the story,-and offered up an *ejaculation* for them, which was doubtless more sincere than pious.

The library is extensive, containing about forty thousand volumes of valuable books; we saw in it an armillary sphere, of at least two feet in diameter.

Last of all we went to the anatomical theatre, and viewed a very extensive and interesting collection of anatomical preparations, comprehending the productions of disease, and the monstrous vagaries of nature, as well as sound and regularly formed specimens; such distressing deviations from the common structure of the human frame, and such shocking redundancies, I had never seen before. But, for reasons suggested on a former and similar occasion, I forbear to particularize. I cannot, however, omit to mention that a monstrous birth is preserved in spirits in a large glass jar, and that the mother, who was so happy as to survive, has not failed, for nineteen years, to visit, annually, this her unnatural offspring. She was still

living when I was at Leyden. All these things were exhibited to us by a young lady, a daughter of the anatomical professor.

From this place we hastened to the church where Boerhaave lies interred, as we wished to see his monument; but the church was shut, and some petty regulation interfered with opening it for two hours; we could not wait so long, and therefore reluctantly passed on, and, a little after noon, we went on board the Schuit for Haarlem.

The deck was already engaged, but, as we had been civil to the people of the country, when this favourite apartment was ours, we thought that they might, in their turn, be civil to us; we therefore directed Lambert to present our petition; it was rejected, without a violation of justice I confess, and the case admitted of apology, for, I observed a young gentleman who had engaged the deck, handing into it a young lady, whose exclusive conversation he, doubtless, wished to enjoy. This pair kept the deck all the way to Amsterdam, and we were obliged to go into the hold. The air was cold, and compelled us to stay within, the windows were closed, and we saw very little of the country; from occasional glances, however, I am induced to believe that there was nothing materially different from what I have already described. We passed about midway between the ocean and an inland water, called the sea of Haarlem, and the sand-banks continued to accompany us at the distance of two or three miles on our left. This part of our tour was extremely uninteresting. From our principal amusement, derived from the views of the country, we were almost entirely excluded, and we could reap no gratification from any thing within. Our party, in the hold, was composed of Dutch women

and Dutch gentlemen, soldiers, servants, mendicant travellers, and dogs; for hours there was hardly a word spoken by any body, and stupidity, as profound as cold weather and tobacco smoke could make it, presided with a leaden sceptre, over our incongruous and lethargic assembly. Glad to escape from such "durance vile," and to breathe purer air, and use my limbs, I leaped on shore at the first convenient opportunity, and walked into Haarlem. The approach to this town was as beautiful as it could be made by meadows of an intense green, and by a succession of fine country seats. The sun was about one hour from setting, and shone with remarkable splendour upon these verdant plains, and gave the country an air of great richness and beauty.

HAARLEM.

Haarlem, like most of the large towns of Holland, is fortified with walls, ditches and gates; as we entered the principal part, I observed this inscription upon the arch: "Virtus vim vicit, Anno 1628."

I do not know to what event this inscription alludes; Lambert had a solution, but, distrusting the correctness of his historical information, I neglected to minute the circumstance at the time.

The largest organ in the world, as common report says, is in the church at Haarlem; that we might have an opportunity of seeing it, we went first to a tavern opposite to the church.

As we entered the house, a young lady of genteel appearance, and no small share of beauty, a daughter of the landlord, as I supposed, met us at the door, and courtesying, with an air of hospitality, and a very pleasant coun-

tenance, said *Mynheer!*—Short as this Dutch speech was, it was more than I could answer; so I could only bow, as a return for the lady's civility, and with that sort of feeling which a man experiences, when he has nothing to say for himself in presence of a fine woman, I passed along into the parlour, half vexed that I could not speak Dutch or that so pretty a girl could speak nothing but this harsh and dissonant language.

The Dutch women have very fine complexions, probably the finest in the world; their skins are of a very pure and beautiful white, with less redundancy of rogue, than the English women possess, but generally, they fail in expression and resemble fine wax work. They wear close caps and gowns with long waists, and their whole dress, being of the same stamp, gives them a precise and formal appearance. The fashionable ladies, however, generally appear much as in England; but fashion has very little to do in Holland, and it is probable that the dress of the Dutch is now substantially the same that it was in the time of the Duke of Alva.

The persons of the ladies are too short and robust for beauty. The women among the peasantry, make a most grotesque appearance. They wear very large hats of straw, nearly as large as an umbrella, and fancifully adorned with pictures of stars, birds, beasts, &c. Their waists are of extravagant length, and the rest of their dress is stuffed and padded out to a size that mocks all proportion; their petticoats are very short, and they wear wooden shoes with high heels. The men also wear wooden shoes, and their dress is in the same style with that of the women. They are fond of having a great many buttons on their

clothes, they are of most extraordinary size, and are figured with rude ornaments.

The wooden shoes are universal among the Dutch, and, as I am told, among the Flemish and French peasantry; in the low and wet countries they are extremely conducive to the preservation of health, while they are also very cheap, I believe they cost about six-pence sterling a pair. They are made of a solid piece of wood, which is scooped out so as to admit the foot, and is cut, externally, into a rude resemblance of it. They must, undoubtedly, be hard and uncomfortable, and, in the paved towns, they make a great clattering as the common people walk along the streets.

While we were taking tea at the inn, the church was opened for evening service, and we had an opportunity of hearing the organ, with no other trouble than that of attending the service. This organ is indeed a wonder; its size is almost incredible; they told us that it was ninety feet high, including pedestal, ornaments and all; its deep and solemn notes sound almost like thunder, while it is, at the same time, soft and sweet toned.

Near the church we saw a statue erected to *Coster*, the reputed inventor of printing, and they pointed out to us also the house where he used to live; but, as this invention is a contested point, Haarlem does not enjoy, undisputed, the honour which it claims.

Haarlem, like most of the other towns in Holland, is well built, very neat and intersected by canals. In this town we saw the only company of French soldiers that fell under our observation in Holland; most of them appeared like raw boys; probably they were fresh conscripts, who had not been as yet sufficiently drilled to go with the

Emperor into Germany in prosecution of the new war, which has recently drawn a powerful French army out of Holland, as well as a large body of Batavian troops.

A little after sun-set, the Trek Schuit not being quite ready, we walked out of Haarlem, and, taking the course of the canal, proceeded towards Amsterdam. As the evening came on, we felt very sensiby the chill produced by the damps of this low-lying and humid country, and were obliged to walk actively, in order to avoid taking cold.—Even the domestic animals of Holland appear to be liable to injury from the dampness of the air, for we observed the cows in the meadows covered with blankets, to protect them from the dews.

We were now travelling at right angles with our former route; the beautiful meadows of Holland extended all around us farther than we could see, and were more generally covered with fine cattle than ever; no villages, and very few houses, came in our way, and we held our course along the border of the unruffled canal, while the shadows of a fine evening descended rapidly upon us; but the moon soon rose with unrivalled splendour, and, during a long walk, we had full leisure to admire the quiet scenes around us, softened still more by the mild lunar light.

At length our tardy Schuit came up; we were imprisoned in her hold, which our fatigue had rendered welcome, and, at nine o'clock, beneath a superb portal, we entered the city of Amsterdam.

A Journal of Travels, vols. 1,2, & 3
Silliman, Benjamin
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National Library of Medicine
Bethesda, MD

CONDITION ON RECEIPT:
The three full tree-calf leather bindings were worn, particularly at the corners, edges, and joints. The leather on the spines was split from head to tail. Some leather was missing including most of two leather labels. The front board of volume 1 was detached. The internal hinges were broken. The text blocks were sewn two on. The sewing was weak in all volumes. Most of the pages were in relatively flexible condition even though they were dirty, discolored, and acidic. Some pages were foxed. A few pages were torn. A few gatherings extended beyond the text block. Provenance notations and book plates appeared on the exterior leaves.

TREATMENT PERFORMED:
The pH was recorded before and after treatment: before 4.0, after 8.5. The volumes were collated and disbound retaining the original sewing. The head, tail, and pages were dry cleaned where necessary; the pages were nonaqueously buffered (deacidified) with methoxy-magnesium methyl carbonate solution. Tears were mended and folds guarded where necessary with Japanese kozo paper and wheat starch paste. The sewing was reinforced. The bindings were repaired by rebacking using calf leather which was colored with acrylic pigment. Title information and lines were tooled in gold leaf onto the spines.

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